THE
PILGRIM.

A Pleaſant Piece of

GALLANTRY.

Written in *French*

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Tranſlated into *Engliſh*

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BRITISH MUSEUM

THE PILGRIM.

A NOVEL.

SINCE that the Spirit of Devotion has ſeiſed on the Knights-Errants of this Age, there is ſcarce any thing elſe ſeen in the World. Of truth their Equipage is ſomewhat different from that which their Predeceſſors formerly had; for in lieu of a Lance and a Helmet, which they did wear in thoſe days, now they have a Palmers Staff, a Hat trim'd with Cockel-ſhells, and I know not what kind of Rocket, inſtead of a Back and Breaſt, which indeed are not Iron and Lead proof; but then they do not fatigate ſo much their Bearer, as thoſe enchanted Armours formerly did. That which they have retained of their ancient Cuſtom, which devotion it ſelf could not perſwade them to alter, is a little Miſs, which ſtill ſticks cloſe to them, and for whoſe ſake, ſometime the *Palmer's* ſtaff does wagg, as the Lance did formerly. In ſhort, what difference ſoever there is betwixt that kind of

Life, which they lead now adays in their Foot Travels, and that formerly when they were con tinually beſtriding their Palfreys, all things well conſider'd, it may be ſaid that each condition hath its agreements and its Troubles, its ſweets as well as its labours. For when all is ſaid, it was no ſmall Toil to have ſo many Lances to break, and ſo many Enchantments to put to an end. You doubtleſs may have read, how that when they were to paſs over a Bridge, or to get into a Caſtle, there ſtill was ſome *Giant* or o-ther to Combat, or ſome Monſter to overcome; but in theſe times, as things are now ordered, all this is done with a Song.

No Maid, though near ſo ſtout, theſe latter years,
But becomes tame, when Palmer-*ſtaff appears:*
Nor Buxom Hoſteſs, but will wiſh and long,
When once ſhe hears a jolly Pilgrim's *Song.*

Adventure for Adventure, it is certain that theſe new Knights condition is well worth that of the Knights in former times. At leaſt wiſe, it was made Choice of, by a Perſon of a very good guſto, whom the leanneſs of the Purſe, or the exceſs of Devotion did not oblige to ramble up and down the World under that Figure. This poor *Pilgrim* had but fifty or ſixty thouſand Livers yearly Revenew; but here is the real cauſe of his Vocation.

Rome, formerly ſo renowed, has not degenerated of late ſo much in perſons of Wit, as in many other reſpects. It cannot be denied, but that the ways they now have taken unto, tend ſomewhat more towards evil than formerly, and though it ſtill is the place in which the ſanctity of the earth does reſide, it is no leſs a ſource of debauchery.

There

There has always been found in it divers Accademies of great Wits, but in our time none has made ſo much noiſe as that which was call'd of the Libertines; not only by reaſon of thoſe bold diſcourſes which were held in it; but for thoſe terrible *Satyrs* which it ſent forth againſt all perſons without exception. The Holy Father, to whoſe feet the firſt complaints againſt it were humbly laid down, by thoſe perſons that were concern'd in thoſe Truths which thoſe Accademicks did publiſh, was obliged to ſend forth divers Thundering Excommunications againſt this Society. But they being but little daunted at the *Vaticans* Arms, did but laugh and ſcoff at the Pope's juſt indignation; bringing him, and the Cardinals alſo, into play, which is the only Crime, that is not to be forgiven in *Rome*. Therefore it was no longer Saint *Peter*, that armed himſelf with Thunderbolts for their deſtruction, but Saint *Paul*, who with the Sword in hand, made a purſuit after thoſe impious perſons. There never was ſeen ſo many ſorts of perſons combined together, as there was then, to deſtroy thoſe Libertines: Serjeants, Watch-men, Guards, Souldiers, *Monks*, Prelates, both on foot and on Horſeback, all were under Arms, and one would really have taken it for a Cruſado.

There were but few perſons in *Rome* that had not ſome ſhare in their *Satyrs*, and half the City was already providing Faggots for them, ſo that it was high time to ſound the Retreat: Every one got away as well as he could, ſome diſguis'd after one manner, and ſome after another. Our *Hero*, who was one of the moſt eminent amongſt them, hid himſelf under the Habit of a *Pilgrim*; with

which, having got, without any Retinue, to *Civita Vecchia*, he took a *Felouqua*, that carried him to *Genoua*.

His deſign was for *France*; but the opportunity of a Gally, which was going to put off for *Barcelona*, where it was carrying a *Spaniſh* Lord, General Maſter *de* Camp, of the *Cavalry* of the State of *Millan*, having made him change his reſolution, he embarqued to make the ſame Voyage upon it.

There was a great number of Paſſengers on that Gally; and our *Pilgrim*, who, beſides the trouble of the Crowd, was not willing to be known, being yet ſo near *Italy*, did accoſt the Captain, and with a Complement of few words, he ſlid into his hand a Role of Piſtols, to make him underſtand by his Liberality, and his good Mien, that he was no common *Pilgrim*. The Captain therefore treated him according as his Complement and his good Mien did deſerve: for he gave him his own Cabin, which was joyning to that of the Spaniſh *Don*, and caus'd him to be ſerv'd by two Slaves during the whole Voyage.

The Wind was as favourable as could be, and they had not ſo ſoon hoiſed Sails, but they loſt the ſight of *Genoua*. Prudence would not yet allow our *Pilgrim* to be much ſeen, though they were already well off at Sea. He therefore reſolv'd not to ſtir forth out of his Chamber, till he were arrived at *Barcelona*, and to divert himſelf in the mean time in reading of Books. This was an agreeable employment to him, but it laſted not long; for the very next day, his reading was interrupted by the charming Voice of a Woman that was in the General's Chamber. He lent

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an Ear, and underſtood that ſhe ſung ſome *Italian* Aires. His Curioſity did each moment encreaſe, and being Charm'd with the ſweetneſs of the Voice, he would willingly have ſeen that Perſon. He viſited and ſearch'd the Partition of the Cabin from one end to the other, to find out ſome Chink, but the Boards were ſo well joynted, that it was labour in vain. In fine, at night when the Captain, who us'd to eat with him, was come to ſee him, and to ſup; he ſet him on a Diſcourſe concerning the Spaniſh *Don*, and having particularly made inquiry concerning his Retinue and Family, he learn'd that it was the Marqueſs of *L.* lately married at *Milan*, where he had eſpouſed the Daughter of the Count *N.* one of the moſt charming Perſons in all *Italy*, of whom he was ſo jealous, that there was but two old Women that ſerv'd her, that had the liberty of entring her Chamber; neither would he have her to be ſeen by any of his own ſervants. *Camille*, ſo was the *Pilgrim* nam'd, did on a ſuddain fall into a profound ſilence, ſeriouſly reflecting on what the Captain did tell him, not doubting but that the Voice that had charm'd him did belong to the beautiful Marchioneſs. This made him more earneſt than ever to ſee her, and he was already almoſt fallen in Love; he did eat little or nothing, during that meal, and dying with impatiency to have the Captain gone, that he might, when alone, make a new ſearch after ſome means to pry into that Chamber. The very Idea which he did frame to himſelf of that beautiful Lady, upon the Captain's words, did inflame him with love, and the Jealouſie of the Husband, which did detain her in that Captivity, did already in-

ſpire him with ſuch deſigns, as did flatter him with ſome hopes of a good fortune. The Captain being at laſt gone, he ſhuts the Cabin door, and with the Candle in his hand, ſearches and examines every board one after another, above, beneath, on the right, on the left, all over, but no hopes. He Torments himſelf, ſweats, ſighs, and almoſt in deſpair, he would endeavour to make ſome hole, with an Iron he had found, when fortune guided his eyes upon a knot in a board, which did anſwer juſt upon the Ladies Bed, and that could be got out without much difficulty. Never was joy comparable to his, he preſently peeps through the hole, and ſees the moſt beautiful woman that ever was in the World, in a moſt manificent Undreſs, who was at her Toylet undreſſing her ſelf for bed. He could not ſee her but of one ſide, and the hole being but ſmall, he could but imperfectly diſcern ſuch Features, as were of power to have inchanted a Man much leſs prepoſſeſt than he was; but he did ſee enough to accompliſh his bondage, and yet think himſelf the happieſt Man in all the World. Nothing on earth could have drawn him from thence; and he us'd no other Caution than the putting out of his Candle, for fear of being diſcovered, and was preparing himſelf for a moſt charming pleaſure at her going in bed, when fickle Fortune, who had been ſo favourable to him, did preſently fill his heart with darkneſs; for the Marqueſs being entred the Chamber to go to bed, went and hung his Cloak (an Ornament which the Spaniſh Gravity will not allow to be quitted but rarely) upon that very place, where was the little peephole; a moſt ſorrowful Vail unto the Amo-

Amorous *Camille*, which caus'd a ſad Eclipſe betwixt his heart, and that moſt charming object. His ſorrow is eaſie to be imagin'd, yet he left not his poſt, but making uſe of his Ears, where his Eyes could not reach, he heard certain diſcourſes, which did not pleaſe him leſs than what he had ſeen: They were little Jars between the Husband and the Wife, which did ſpeak the ill underſtanding that there was between them; The Ladies complaints againſt the rigorous proceedings of her Lord; and his reproaches on her Humour of Courtſhip. Our *Pilgrim* building on this bottom greater and fairer hopes than ever, he did paſs the beſt part of the night, in framing to himſelf ſuch Ideas, as afforded him as much content as would to others, every charming reality: at laſt he muſt go to bed, for there had not been any noiſe heard in the Chamber of two hours; but how can a perſon ſleep, that has his mind fill'd with what he had beheld that day? and what he did hope to ſee the next morning, if fortune would have it, that the Jealous Husband ſhould riſe before the Lady, and take the envious Cloak along with him? that which troubled him moſt, was the wind, which ſtill continuing favourable would not let him long enjoy this Happineſs: For it was probable that with ſuch a wind they would arrive the next day at *Barcelona*; which would put an end to his adventure, except love, who is pleas'd with extraordinary things, ſhould favour him with ſome turn of fortune, of which he durſt not much flatter himſelf. The beſt part of the night he ſpent in thoughts, and yet in his opinion paſſed it well, though he had had no ſleep. So ſoon as he did ſee day appear, he aroſe, but it

was ſomewhat too early yet for perſons that had no ſuch diſquiet as he had in his mind. He fitted the knot to its hole, and had the patience to wait a great while, inceſſantly hearkning with a ſtrange anguiſh of mind, whether the Marqueſs was not ſtirring, which unfortunately to him did not riſe ſo ſoon that day, as he us'd to do; and when up, he walked in his Chamber till he was advertis'd that they were in ſight of *Palamos*. Then out he went in his Spaniſh *Decorum* to behold that City. His Lady who was yet in bed, and who had the ſame Curioſity, got out of it in a pretty kind of diſorder, to run to the Window. Then it was that our good *Pilgrim* had that happy ſight which he had ſo much deſired, for in that haſte in which the Lady had riſen, ſhe ſhew'd him ſuch things as were able to inchant the Gods. He was not contented with this, but tranſported with ardor and love, he alſo went to his Chamber window, which was very near unto that in which the Marchioneſs was; and but half ſhewing himſelf, leſt any one ſhould ſee him, he made her a Reverence much more amorous than profound, looking on her with eyes that did ſpeak ſome part of thoſe things which he felt in his Soul. The beautiful Marchioneſs (who according to the genius of the Italian Ladies, was very expert in that Language) was at firſt ſurpriz'd to ſee ſo near her a Man with ſo good a meen; but after ſhe had look'd about, to ſee if any body did obſerve her, ſhe did very obligingly anſwer his Salute. Our amorous *Pilgrim* would gladly have had this Language of the Eyes changed into an entertainment of the mouth, but it was too much to be fear'd, that they would have been heard.

And

And the Lady who did fear to be ſurpriz'd by her Guardians, or Husband, durſt not make any longer ſtay at the Window. *Camille*, who did follow her every where with his Eyes and Heart, did retire preſently alſo to his former Port, where he did behold the Marchioneſs, who was got to bed again, who not imagining, to be obſerved, lay in ſuch a poſture, by reaſon of the great heat of the Seaſon, as was capable to kill a man with Love. Neck, Breaſt, Arms, Feet, Legs; in fine, all the moſt Beatiful and Charming things in the World, were expos'd at the mercy of our *Pilgrim*'s Eyes, who at this ſight did quickly loſe the reſt of his liberty.

Preſently after, her Women came in to dreſs her, and *Camille*, who had receiv'd as much as he wanted, ritired, for Fear that amongſt ſo many Eyes, there might be ſome that may light accidentally upon his Peep-hole, which would ſpoil all. Imagining alſo, that in ſo great a Buſtle of Women he ſhould have but an imperfect View of the Lady.

Never any Man ſo pleas'd as he, if his good Fortune had laſted but ſome time longer; but they ſtill approached nearer *Barcellona*, and conſequently of that moment, which was to part 'em, and that would peradventure make him loſe for ever the ſight of what he ſo paſſionately loved: Good Gods! would he frequently cry out ſighing, ſome Blaſts of a contrary Wind! His Prayers were not heard; Time preſt upon them, and finally there muſt be a reſolution taken to ſpeak out ſome way, whereby he might be underſtood; he found ſome Paper, Pen and Ink, and without further Delay, he wrote ſome *Italian* Verſes to this purpoſe.

When

When by a too Rigorous Fate,
Moſt Beauteous Lady, your curſt Mate
Shall force you, through his jealous Rage,
To free your ſelf; I dare engage,
By a certain Am'rous Art,
When juſt y're ready to depart,
To have a Pilgrim *wait at hand,*
In Obedience t' your Command.

Having finiſh'd his Verſes, he waited till he ſaw no body in the Ladies Chamber, and having rolled up the Paper, he put it through the hole, which heing juſt in the Ladies ſight, could not fail of drawing her Eyes upon it. She was at firſt ſurpriz'd at the Novelty thereof, which caus'd her to bluſh extremely, not doubting but it was expoſed there by that Cavalier which ſhe had ſeen at the Window, and whoſe good Mien had raiſed in her a great Curioſity to know what he was: But when ſhe reflected on thoſe advantages, which he might have made uſe of by means of that hole, during the freedom which ſhe had taken all the time ſhe had been in that Cabin, it wanted but little, that an Anger mixt with Baſhfulneſs, did not produce ſome kind of Hatred againſt a Man, of whom ſhe had ſo little Knowledge. She was ſtrangely buſied in her Thoughts, and knew not what to reſolve; mean time the Paper which ſhe ſaw to wag continually, giving her an extream deſire to ſee what it might be, and fearing on the other hand that ſomebody would come into the Cabin, her Anger and Scruples were forc'd to give place her Curioſity; ſhe approached, took the Note, looked through the hole,

hole, and did ſee a Pilgrim, whoſe good Mien did ſomewhat appeaſe her; ſhe preſently withdrew, and having ſeated her ſelf again upon her Bed, ſhe unfolded the Paper with a Mind ſtrangely taken up with this Adventure. In ſuch a Condition as ſhe was at that time, evil-intreated by an Husband, which ſhe had never lov'd, and who prepared himſelf to make her ſuffer new Afflictions in a Countrey, where Women are yet greater Slaves than in that, from whence ſhe came, nothing could be offered, that could bring her more Content, than that which the *Pilgrim* did write. Till then ſhe had not been a moment without wiſhing, that the Veſſel might ſplit upon the Coaſt, or that it might fall into the Hands of the *Turk*, rather than arrive in *Spain*; and never ceaſed her Tears, ſince ſhe had ſeen Land. And yet when the Heavens grant her her deſires in a more favourable manner than ſhe had required, and when ſhe deſpair'd of making Ship-wrack, or falling into the Pirats Hands, being almoſt at the Gates of *Barcellona*, ſhe tremblingly looks upon the Succour which is offer'd her, ſhe ſtaggers in her Reſolution, ſhe loſes her Courage, and fears to employ a Man, that hath nothing in his Perſon, but what aſſures, and gives her to underſtand, that he is a gallant Perſon. Of truth ſhe was not long in thoſe Irreſolutions, having caſt her ſight upon *Spain*, and made ſome reflections upon the unhappy Life which ſhe was going to lead there, ſhe preſently reſolv'd to give her ſelf up to the Conduct of a Perſon, that ſeemed to be ſent to her by Heaven for that purpoſe. She would willingly have ſignify'd ſo much to him; but it was long ſince all that belong'd

long'd to writing was forbid her, and one of her Women being come into her Cabin, neither could ſhe come near unto the little Hole, in which ſeeing the generous *Pilgrim*'s Eye to glitter; ſhe contented her ſelf in giving him to underſtand, with ſuch ſigns as the *Italians* are very expert in, that ſhe did very much like and approve of the Tender of his Services, and that he ſhould not be unhappy, if he could take her out of that deplorable Condition, to which ſhe was reduced. At laſt *Camille*, who ſtood moſt attentively, examining even the very leaſt twinkling of an Eye, did interpret it after this manner; and it may be imagined, that the *Pilgrim*'s apprehenſion might very well reach as far, as the Ladies dumb Diſcourſe. Never was Lover ſo pleas'd with himſelf as he. He would not have chang'd his Fortune for a Monarch's Diadem, no, not for the Pope's Triple Crown. The leaſt Look, a kind Geſture, or ſome favourable Sign, did afford him more Content, than the whole Empire of the World would give unto the moſt ambitious of Kings.

This pretty ſport laſted till they were ready to enter into the Port of *Barcelona*, when the Lady being left a moment alone drew near unto him, and told him, in a low Voice, that ſhe had apprehended what he had writ, that ſhe believ'd him a Man of honourable Principles, and even ſomething more than what he appear'd to be under that *Pilgrim*'s Habit; and that if he could deliver her from the Tyranny of a Jealous Husband, and were a perſon that would receive ſome recompence for ſo great a ſervice, ſhe did aſſure him, that he ſhould have cauſe to be ſatisfied, for having

ying perform'd ſo generous an Action. And not giving him time to reply, fearing inceſſantly to be ſurpriz'd, ſhe deſired him to find out ſome means, by which ſhe might write or ſpeak to him, when arriv'd at *Barcelona*, and ending with theſe words, ſhe put through the hole one of her Fingers, on which ſhe had a very fair Diamond, with which ſhe would have preſented him; but *Camille* having kiſſed a thouſand times that delicate Finger, did not think of taking the Ring: ſo that ſhe let it fall expreſly. But the *Pilgrim* was ſo tranſported with Love and Pleaſure, that he took no notice of it: And the Marqueſs being juſt come in to tell his wife, that it was time to prepare her ſelf to Land, ſhe withdrew, to *Camille's* great ſorrow, who ſome moments after went out of his Chamber, to behold the beautiful Marchioneſs, and to be ſeen by her.

Our *Pilgrim*, who had not appear'd during all the Voyage, and had embark'd himſelf in the Night time, did ſurprize every body at his appearance upon the Deck; every one gueſſing by his Ayre, his Gate, and thoſe Accoutrements which he had under his *Pilgrim*'s Weeds, that he was nothing leſs than what he appeared to be. The Marqueſs and his Lady, who came forth of their Cabin a moment after, found him upon the Deck leaning on his Staff, holding his Hat with Shells under his Arm, in a certain Poſture as did preſently draw their Eyes upon him, though with different Thoughts. The Marchioneſs had a Manto upon her Head after the Spaniſh Faſhion, which did cover her whole Face; ſo that *Camille* had but the Pleaſure of admiring her fine Shape, and the charming Aire of her whole Compoſure, and

that

that too by ſtealth, for fear of creating new Jealouſies in the Husband, who had his Eyes inceſſantly fixed upon him, beholding him, as a Bird of evil Preſage; for he was of Opinion, that the whole World had a Mind to his Wife. At laſt he came near unto him, and made him ſome Queſtions, to find if he were not deceived in his Diſtruſt. As they were diſcourſing together, and that the *Spaniſh* Don's fears did ſtill increaſe more and more, to hear a *Pilgrim* reaſon with ſo much wit as this did appear to have; the Captain of the Veſſel came up to *Camille*, and with a Reverence that did out-paſs what was due to an ordinary *Pilgrim*, he asked him if he had not loſt a Ring, ſhewing him at the ſame time, that which the Marchioneſs had let fall from her finger, and told him that he had juſt then found it in his Chamber; *Camille*, who had not the leaſt thought of the favour, which the Marchioneſs had intended him, anſwer'd him no, and that it did not belong unto him; but the Marqueſs having preſently known it, did moſt terribly bluſh, and God knows with what fury his Soul was inſtantly poſſeſs'd! yet he diſſembled all, and choſe rather to loſe the Ring, than to divulge his ſhame, in owning it to be his Wives. He left the unfortunate *Pilgrim*, for preſently his firſt ſuſpitions had fallen on him again, and retiring into his Chamber, cauſed the Marchioneſs to be call'd, with ſuch a cold Air, as did diſguiſe the rage and violence of divers paſſions, which then poſſeſſed him; he inquired of her, what ſhe had done with her Diamond. The poor diſtreſſed Lady, more pale than Death, fearing that ſhe had been betray'd by the *Pilgrim*, anſwer'd him in a ſtammering voice,

voice, that ſhe believ'd ſhe had loſt it. Then did the Jealous Husband, giving a full vent unto his fury, let himſelf be carried away to ſuch violent actions as were very unworthy a perſon of his quality. *Camille* who knew not the reaſon, why the Marqueſs and his Lady were retired, ſtrangely ſurpriz'd at the noiſe he heard, run to his Cabbin to learn what might be the occaſion; there he beheld the lovely Marchioneſs leaning upon her bed, and her unworthy Husband, in a great fury, walking in the Room, and giving her all manner of ill Language. Nothing could more grieve his Soul, than that ſad Spectacle: he was a thouſand times in a reſolution to go in to them, to revenge ſuch Tears as did rend his heart in pieces, the which to prevent he would have given his life. Nothing but the conſideration of the loſs of the Marchioneſs, which he foreſaw would be infallible, if he ſhould proceed ſo far in his reſentments, did prevent him. He would gladly have known the cauſe of this Quarrel, not believing that he had given any ſuch occaſion to the Marqueſs, who being ſomewhat more cool, was going to inform him of all things, by thoſe reproaches that he had begun to make to his Wife; when he had notice given him, that the Governour of *Barcelona*, who was his near Kinſman, was coming in perſon to receive him, and that his Skiff was already got near to the Veſſel; upon which, laying aſide the reſt of his anger againſt ſome other time, he left his Wife in the Cabbin, that ſhe might have ſome time to recollect her ſelf, and went forth to meet the Governour. The deſolate Marchioneſs in this Affliction, greater than can be expreſs'd, for having

having been thus villanouſly betray'd by a perſon, for whom ſhe had at firſt ſight conceived a great eſteem, was framing within her ſelf moſt ſtrong reſolutions, never more to confide ſo lightly in perſons that ſhe did not know, and as ſhe was going forth ſhe eſpy'd the *Pilgrim* looking through the hole. Ah! Traytor, ſaid ſhe to him, did I preſent you with that Diamond, but to ruine me by it? Go, I ſhall be revenged if I can; and without ſtaying for an anſwer, ſhe followed her Husband. *Camille*, who was afflicted even to death, to be call'd Traytor, by that perſon that he would have leaſt betray'd of all the world, was a while like a man poſſeſt with ſorrow, deſpair and amazement. Traytor! Traytor! did he repeat twice or thrice over, what Treaſon can I have committed againſt her? I that have not known her but one day, and that would ſacrifice a thouſand lives to do her ſervice. With this he let himſelf drop upon a Bench, and reflecting on that which the Marchioneſs had reproached him concerning a Diamond, and then on the Ring which the Captain would have given him before the Marqueſs, believing that it was his; it came in his mind, that he had ſeen ſuch a one on the Marchioneſs finger, and thus little by little unravelling this cruel Myſtery, he eaſily did perceive that he was the only cauſe of all that evil. In what deſpair did he fall on the ſudden? but not to loſe time in ſuperfluous exclamations, he went to the Captain, and did engage him to return him that Ring; then preſently running to the other end of the Ship, he found that the Governour was newly arriv'd, and that he was embracing with the Marqueſs. He takes the opportunity

tunity of thoſe Ceremonies, to reſtore to the Marchioneſs her Ring, but as he approaches her, ſhe flys, and thus they both went round the Deck. *Camille*, who perceived this her diſdain, was forced at laſt to ſhew her the Diamond, to let her know it was to reſtore it, that he would approach her. But the Marchioneſs did underſtand it otherwiſe, and believing that this *Pilgrim* was of intelligence with her Husband, who doubtleſs had given him that Ring as a reward of his Treachery, ſhe imagain'd that he ſought how to bring her into further trouble: She was alſo cruelly vexed that he had the confidence to ſhew it her, as glorying in it; and raiſing her Manto a little, ſhe look'd upon him with the eyes of a Woman that was infinitely angry at his inſolency. At which our unhappy Lover apprehending that ſhe would not receive it, ſtood ſtill looking upon her, with a ſad and afflicted Countenance, which was the only thing capable of juſtifying him at that preſent. But when the heart is prepoſſeſſed with any thing, the impreſſion of it is not ſo ſoon wiped off. The Marchioneſs could not ſee any thing in this buſineſs, but what did accuſe the *Pilgrim* of a moſt palpable Treaſon, or at leaſt of an indiſcretion, of which a perſon, as he ſeemed to be in her eyes, was not capable of: yet ſhe could not but feel ſomething within her ſelf, which ſeemed to ſpeak him leſs guilty than he appear'd; and yet knew not why, and ſhe was troubled, that ſo accompliſh'd a perſon, and who did appear to her ſo worthy, could ſubmit to do ſo baſe an action.

Theſe Civilities at laſt being ended, which on ſuch occaſions are commonly ſomewhat long a-

mong the *Spaniards*, the Marqueſs and his Lady enter'd into the Governour's Boat to go to Shore. And *Camille* in that of the Captains, which he gave him, and which he made to follow cloſe that of the Governour's. They arrived almoſt at the ſame time upon the Mole, where they met with the Governour's Lady, accompanied with divers Ladies and Gentlemen of the Country, who waited for the Marchioneſs to Complement her: *Camille* would gladly have found out ſome means to ſpeak a word to her in the Crowd, before he ſhould be wholly deprived of the ſight of her; but there was no likelihood of approaching her in the Dreſs he was in, eſpecially in ſuch a Concourſe. He did ſee her take Coach with the other Ladies, and having follow'd them to the Palace, where the Marqueſs was to reſide with the Governour, he went to ſeek out ſome Lodgings for himſelf.

He paſſed the whole Night in Sighs and Regrets, the ordinary Comfort of deſolate Lovers, ſeeking within his Mind after ſomething that might make his innocency appear to the Object of his love, and juſtifie himſelf of a Crime which he would not have committed againſt the laſt of Women. He durſt not hope for ſo much Happineſs as to ſpeak to her, imagining that in the opinion ſhe had of him, ſhe would not make one ſtep towards it; but he did not believe it wholly impoſſible, that by contriving intreagues upon intreagues, he might get a Letter ſafely delivered to her. He knew that in thoſe kind of things, the ſureſt way was to act Perſonally, and not truſt to others. Therefore he try'd whether with a little good management of his own, and without

out any other aſſiſtance, he could compaſs this buſineſs. In *Spain*, as in *Italy*, the Churches are the chiefeſt Places where Lovers repair to ſeek their Miſtreſſes: and thus abuſing of thoſe things, which are moſt holy, they go to commit great Crimes in Places that are appointed where to ask Pardon for committing them. *Camille*, who was not ignorant of the Spaniſh Bigotry, did imagine that the Marqueſs would not fail to go with his Wife that Morning to hear Maſs, to give God thanks for their happy Voyage, and that it would be a fit Place to deliver her a Note, if Fortune or Love would never ſo little Favour his deſign. This reſolution being taken, he intreated his Hoſt, who was an *Italian*, to get him conducted by ſome Perſon to the Chappel of the Palace, if there was any, or to that Church, which the Governour was us'd to frequent: he was ſerv'd as he deſired, and brought to the Palace, where he did ſee a moſt ſumptuous Chappel, and in it the Governour's Wife, who was hearing Maſs, and who ſeeing him enter, was much ſurpriz'd with his good Mien, ſuch as was not very ordinarily found in *Pilgrims*: But the Marqueſs and his Lady had paſſed the Night too ill to riſe ſo early. There had been nothing but reproaches, complaints, menances, and quarrels between them, which having laſted almoſt till Day, were followed on both ſides with Hatred, and Heart-burnings, which had kept them long from ſleep. The Marqueſs, and reaſon good, would be ſatisfy'd how his Wife had convey'd that Diamond into that Chamber where the Captain had found it, and what ſhe intended by it: Whether it was not for that *Pilgrim*, who ſhe doubtleſs did know,

and who did follow her under that diſguiſe. The Lady finding that he was no better informed of the buſineſs, took Courage, ſtood upon her own defence, cry'd out, ſpoke, and threatned, as loud as her Husband. The only regret ſhe had was for having treated ſo ſeverely that *Pilgrim*, whom ſhe believ'd was not ſo guilty as ſhe had thought him, and who had expreſt a deſign to ſerve her in a handſome manner; not that ſhe did wholly excuſe his imprudence in letting that Ring be ſeen by her Husband, but ſhe did believe that there might be ſome ill fortune in it, but no ill deſign; and thereupon did chide her ſelf for having ſo ſoon condemned a Perſon who had ſo generouſly offer'd himſelf to free her from that miſerable condition ſhe liv'd in, not thinking ever to find again ſo fair an occaſion; for ſhe hardly had any hopes of ever ſeeing him more, after ſuch a piece of Injuſtice as ſhe had done him.

The Night being paſs'd in this manner, they did not riſe, but juſt to ſit at table; where the Governour and his Lady did wait for them to dine: The Company had ſcarce begun to eat, when *Donna Barbara d' Ayamonte*, ſo was named the Governour's Wife, did begin a Diſcourſe of a young Pilgrim which ſhe had ſeen at Maſs, there being no quality in his Perſon that ſhe had not taken ſpecial notice of, and did not praiſe extreamly; further ſaying, being of a more free humour than the Cuſtom of the Country did commonly allow, that ſhe had very much wiſhed he had approached nearer her, that ſhe might have asked him of what Country he was, not doubting but that there were ſome conſiderable Adventure in that kind of life, that a Man ſo well made

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as he was, did lead about the World, under the Notion of a Pilgrim. The Vice-Roy, who was very gallant, and who having not the Diſeaſe incident to *Spaniſh* Husbands, had always given a modeſt Liberty unto his Wife, who began not to be altogether ſo young, and had never been overhandſom, did play upon her very much about the Pilgrim, and ſet all the Company in a good Humour, except the Marqueſs, who at the very Name of *Pilgrim* had taken upon him a Melancholy Mien; and not doubting but it was the very Blade who had been to ſeek after his Wife in that Chappel. He was almoſt ſtark mad to ſee his Wife well pleas'd with what the Governour did ſay, and he look'd upon her as if he would devour her with his Eyes: The Marchioneſs, who did obſerve all thoſe Grimaces, did not much concern her ſelf with them; on the contrary, ſhe did laugh at 'em more and more, being certain that what *Donna Barbara* ſaid to that Pilgrim's advantage, did give the Marqueſs as much of Trouble, as it afforded her of Pleaſure.

Camille was at the Chappel the next Morning again, but as unſucceſsful as the firſt time, not finding there what he ſought after. *Donna Barbara*, who had extreamly deſired to ſee him once more, did no ſooner caſt her Eyes upon him, but ſhe ſhew'd him unto the Governour, who had ſo much Complaiſance for his Wife, as to have him call'd ſo ſoon as Maſs was ended. The Governour made him divers Queſtions, to which he anſwered with ſo good a Grace, and ſo much Wit, that he was much taken with him as well as his Wife. He bid him come and ſee him, and that in the Condition he was, if he wanted

any thing he might have recourſe unto him. After the Pilgrim had given him to underſtand he was above Want, he thank'd him for the favour he did him in giving him leave to wait upon him, of which he would make uſe; after this he retir'd, giving them ſufficiently to underſtand by all that he had ſaid, as well as by his Carriage, and the fine Ayre of his Perſon, that he underſtood Courtſhip, even after the beſt manner. The Governour was much pleas'd at it, and did no ſooner ſee the Marqueſs and his Lady, but he mention'd his Wives Pilgrim unto them, for ſo he call'd him, and promiſed likewiſe that they ſhould ſee him. The Marqueſs, who had not yet taken any notice that he knew him, did imagine that it would be needleſs to conceal his knowledge of him any longer, and almoſt dead for fear this Traytor ſhould come to the Palace, if he uſed not ſome Stratagem to put it off; he drew aſide the Governour, and told him that he knew not of what Pilgrim he did ſpeak, but that if it was a certain Raſcal who was come in the ſame Veſſel with him from *Genoua*, and conceal'd himſelf all the time that he had been at Sea, he did declare to him, that he was the moſt dangerous and moſt wicked Perſon in all *Italy*; that he had known him upon the Veſſel, and had ſpoken to him; that he was a *Bandite* of *Genoua*, who had been above a Year Priſoner in the Caſtle of *Milan*, whence at laſt he had made his eſcape, after he had been convinc'd of having been employed as a Spye by the Enemies of that State: That doubtleſs he came into *Spain* upon ſome ſuch like deſigns, and that for his part, if he were in a place where he had any Authority, he would

would certainly ſecure him, and detain him in a Dungeon, till he had confeſſed what he came for into *Spain* under that diſguiſe, or that at the leaſt he would ſend him back to *Italy*. All this he ſpoke to him as an Advice of great conſequence which he ought not to deſpiſe. The Governour did hearken to him with a great amazement, not being able to quit very eaſily the good Opinion which he had conceived for the Pilgrim, who appear'd to him nothing leſs than what the Marqueſs would make him to be. *Might you not, my Lord,* ſaid he twice unto him, *miſtake your ſelf? And do you know him well? For he qualifies himſelf a* Roman, *and I can aſſure you that he has not the accent of* Genoua, *and that a Man who had ſo much Wit as this ſeems to have, had not need to take upon him the Employ of a Spy. If he is ſo as you repreſent him,* ſaid the Marqueſs, *it cannot be the ſame Perſon; and I adviſe you once more,* continued he, raiſing of his Voice, *that you take good notice of him; for I know what he hath done in more than one place*; and upon that, to make good what he had ſaid before, he invented two or three ſtories, ſuch as his jealous humour did ſuggeſt unto him; unto which the Governour had much to do to give credit. Mean time, as he could not give a gueſs at the Intereſt which did make the Marqueſs ſpeak this; he did believe it part of the Duty of his Office, not wholly to neglect his advice, and after he had expreſs'd how much he was obliged to him for it, he told him, that he believed that this Pilgrim would come to ſee him that Day, that he would examine him, and then he ſhould know what he had to do.

Camille who knew nothing of thoſe good Services which were rendred him at the Palace, was tranſported with joy to have advanced his buſineſs ſo far with the Governour, as to be invited by him to give him a Viſit, which would give him the moſt favourable acceſs in the World at his Palace, whereby he might have the opportunity to ſee, perhaps to ſpeak, or at leaſt to write unto the beauteous Marchioneſs. He already dyes with Impatiency, that the fit hour to render that Viſit in, is not come yet. At laſt he goes to the Palace, where the Governour made him a no leſs gracious reception than he had done in the morning at the Chappel. He examines, he queſtions, and entertains him on divers things, and finds not the leaſt ſign in him of what he was accuſed; on the contrary, a great Fond of Honour, the judgment of a Perſon of Quality, and his Converſation ſo charming, that he was amazed how the Marqueſs could entertain ſuch a thought of him, if this was that Perſon which he had ſeen, and had entain'd in diſcourſe on the Ship. Mean time, the Duty of his Charge, requiring that he ſhould proceed further; after he had ſpoken, during ſome time, of things in general, he came to particulars, and ask'd him by way of raillery, if it were a Spirit of Devotion, or ſome ſecret Deſign which he might have in *Spain*, that had made him undertake to travel thither under that Pilgrims Habit: *Camille* anſwered him ſmileingly, That there was more of a Caprichio than of a Deſign in his diſguiſe; but that knowing the Charity that the *Spaniards* had for all thoſe that did vow themſelves to *S. Jaques*, he had taken in hand a Palmers ſtaff to ſerve him as a Paſs. The Governour replyed,

plyed, That he knew well he had no occaſion of any ſuch aid, and then, putting on a more ſerious Countenance, he added, that there had been very ill Reports made of him, which he could not attribute but to his diſguiſe, that therefore he did adviſe him to take an Apparel more ſuitable to a Perſon of Quality, as he did believe he was, and that if he had no buſineſs in *Barcelona*, that he ſhould quit that City ſo ſoon as he could: That he would allow him three Days to end his buſineſs in, during which time he would do well not to let himſelf be ſeen, and leſs about the Palace than in any other Place: That he would have him believe it was with an extreme regret that he acted thus; and that if he could have given credit but to part of thoſe things which had been ſpoken againſt him, he had been obliged to treat him with much more ſeverity than he did: That if he wanted mony, or any thing elſe, to retire himſelf from thence, he ſhould but name it, and he ſhould be furniſhed with all things neceſſary, but that abſolutely he could not diſpenſe from giving him that order. *Camille*, amaz'd and confounded at once with the Governour's Bounties, and with ſo cruel and unexpected a blow, after he had told the Governour that he was the moſt unhappy of all Men to have given an occaſion for ſuch evil impreſſions, which he could attribute but to his ill Fortune; he did return him thanks for all thoſe Favous which he had received from him, aſſuring him, that ſince he was pleas'd to give him three Days time longer before his departure from *Barcelona*, he would employ them to ſuch a uſe as ſhould not give to any Perſon the leaſt cauſe of complaint, or of any ſuſpition

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as to his conduct; and in this manner he took leave of the Governour.

No Man more diſconſolate than *Camille*, to find himſelf on ſuch a ſudden fallen from all thoſe amorous hopes which he had too ſoon conceived, and what was worſt of all, to be obliged to quit the City within three Days; a ſhort time for a Lover; at leaſt if he could but once have ſpoken or Writ to the Marchioneſs, and taken her off of thoſe ſo diſadvantagious reſentments which ſhe had for him, and that he might but hope to take his leave of her; but he is baniſhed from the Palace without daring to approach it: That was too ſevere: a Lover may promiſe ſuch things, but it is to be feared that he will not obſerve them. It is rare to betray ones ſelf; and it was not to be expected that *Camille*, who lov'd more than all the Men in the World, ſhould be in this point more exact than others; ſo that after he had a long time afflicted himſelf on this unhappy condition of the affairs of his Heart, a deſpair ſeized him; he reſolves to dye rather than depart after that manner. An Adventure ſo happily begun, was not to be concluded after ſuch a manner, and it came in his Head that peradventure he ſhould not be ſo unhappy as he did imagine.

He did not know what Reaſon the Governour might have to uſe him thus, at the very time that he did overcome him with ſuch Honour and Bounty as out-paſſed what ſuch a Figure as he repreſented might expect: There was great likelyhood that all this came from the Marqueſs, who upon the Jealouſie which he had conceived of him on the account of the Ring, would not be wanting in employing all his Intereſt with the

the Governour to make him quit the City. But he did not know whether the Governour himſelf was not tainted with that Diſeaſe, by reaſon that his Wife had ſhew'd him ſo much kindneſs before him that Morning in the Chappel; ſo that he had been concern'd at it himſelf, and the Governour had look'd upon her twice or thrice earneſtly, ſo as to let her underſtand that ſo much eagerneſs did not very well pleaſe him. That which did the more confirm him in that Opinion, was the forbidding of him to approach near the Palace; ſo that he held it already for certain, that the Reaſons of State and Policy which that Lord had made uſe of to be rid of him, were but the meer Effects of a jealous Temper: He was fully reſolv'd to give him ſatisfaction in that Point without any trouble to himſelf; for beſides that he was already prepoſſeſs'd with a too beautiful Object, too have the leaſt Thought on any other Woman, *Donna Barbara* was not the moſt charming of the World in his Eyes, and the Governour had not hazarded much in truſting her with him.

Part of the Night having been employed in making all thoſe Reflections, without being able to decide poſitively, if his Unhappineſs did proceed from the Governour's or the Marqueſſes Jealouſie; he did paſs the remnant of it on the means to write to the Marchioneſs, becauſe that the time preſſed if he were obliged to obey the Governour's Orders. He knew that in *Spain* the Friars are the ordinary Confidents of the gallant Intrigues, by reaſon of their free acceſs into all Houſes, as a Priviledge annexed unto all Perſons of their Character. He thought that if he could make

make an Acquaintance with him that officiated in the Governour's Chappel, he could not doubt of a good Succeſs in his Deſign; for, as to the gaining of him, that was a thing that did not much trouble him. He had learn'd in *Italy*, that thoſe *Friars* who reſiſt the Devil would be tempted with Mony; he mention'd this in the Morning to his Hoſt, who told him, That he did very well know that worthy Chaplain, and that he would bring him to dine with him, if he deſired it. To begin that way with a *Monk* is to hold the right courſe; the Match is concluded, the Dinner's ready, and the Reverend Father comes with a freſh-coloured face, like a good *Jacobin* as he was. In *Spain* thoſe Perſons do not ſet forth the Poverty of the Country; abundance of Beads, but little Penitence ſerves their turn: They ſit at Table, they eat and drink a little better than in the Refectory: Monſieur, the Pilgrim, plays his part, and the Reverend Father much better his. Friendſhip from the one to the other, Healths and Complements, aſſurances of Services and the fineſt tenderneſs in the World flew about; Drink but once with thoſe Reverend Fathers, and it is an eſtabliſhed Acquaintance even to the next World; and if you have no need of their Service, at leaſt you ſhall have a ſhare in their Prayers whether you will or not. *Camille* did not yet much trouble himſelf to have Prayers ſaid for his Soul; he having ocaſion to make uſe of Father *Andrew*, thus was he named, more as to this World then for the next; at the end of the Dinner they fell into a Diſcourſe concerning the Governour's Court. He found that the Father was perfectly well inſtructed in all things; that he

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lodged in the Palace; that he had as great a Power there as any Chaplain could have, and that finally he could better than any Perſon in the World, render him that piece of Service which he deſired; he gave a true byaſs to the buſineſs, takes the good Father aſide, and tells him, that having taken that Habit which he did ſee him wear through a Vow, which he had made to S. *Jago*; he knew that he was obliged to make ſome charitable deeds, to cauſe Prayers to be ſaid in his behalf, and that he did not believe that he could put his charity into better Hands than his; whereupon he drew out of his Pocket a Purſe of Piſtols, of which he gave fifty unto the Reverend Father, who return'd him Curteſie upon Curteſie, mumbling a quantity of words one upon another by way of Thankſgiving and Prayers, of which he ſcarce did underſtand the ſenſe, ſo much did the Rapture that he was in by this magnificent charity tranſport him beyond himſelf.

This ſtep being made, which was the moſt eſſential in the whole buſineſs. *Now Father*, ſaid *Camille*, *might I obtain a Favour of you? Alas, Sir*, replyed Father *Andrew* with much earneſtneſs, *what would not any one do for you. I do believe you*, continued the Pilgrim, *to be an honeſt and a good Man, and therefore I hope, that in declaring this to you in way of Confeſſion, I run no hazard, and that you will ſerve me therein if it lyes in your Power. You know*, continued he, *that within theſe two or three Days there is come into the Palace a certain Lady from* Italy, *who is called the Marchioneſs of* C. *I have ſome buſineſs with her, and cannot get to ſpeak to her, becauſe of her Husband who is very jealous. Jealous*, replyed Father

Father *Andrew*, *yea more than any Man in the World. So that I would willingly have a Letter delivered unto her*, continued *Camille*, *and I believe that there is no hurt in that. Alas, not in the leaſt*, replyed the ſcrupulous Father, *and you need do no more than to give it me. I do promiſe you, upon the faith of a good Religious, as I am, that you ſhall have an Anſwer before you go to Bed. If it prove ſo*, ſaid *Camille*, *there are fifty Piſtols more for Charities. I tell you*, replyed zealous Father *Andrew*, *that you ſhall have it, for you are too charitable, and too honeſt a Man not to have your Prayers and Vows granted in Heaven.* This Agreement being made, and there being no further occaſion of Requeſts or Promiſes between them, they alter'd their Diſcourſe; and Father *Andrew*, who was as earneſt to go earn the other fifty Piſtols, as *Camille* was to ſee the Anſwer which the Marchioneſs would make him, ended here his Viſit, and having the Letter, he went to labour to bring about ſo pious a deſign.

The buſineſs was not ſo eaſie as he imagin'd, for the Marqueſs, who underſtood ſuch things better than any *Friar* of them all, and who had no great Faith in their Girdle, was continually preſent during the Viſit that this came to give to his Wife; ſo that the good Father *Andrew* did begin to deſpair of getting the other fifty Piſtols that Night, when by good Fortune the Governour came in, towards whom the Marqueſs advancing to receive him, he gave an occaſion to this new Mercury to accompliſh his Meſſage, in ſliding very dextrouſly the Letter into the Marchioneſs's hand, who looking upon him, did underſtand by ſome ſigns he made, that it was ſome-

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thing of great moment to her, and which it was not requiſite that her Husband ſhould ſee. She withdrew her ſelf into another Chamber, as if ſhe would give a free liberty to theſe Gentlemens Entertainments, and having opened the Letter, ſhe found it thus.

IN that Deſpair, Madam, in which thoſe unjuſt Diſtruſts which you have had of me, has plunged me, I defer not to ſeek all the means in the World to Write to you, to offer you once again my Services. You tax of Treachery a Man which would rather periſh a thouſand times than have ſo much as the leaſt Thought of diſpleaſing you. When you will know me better, you will learn that I am not of ſo mean a Rank as to commit any Unworthineſs. I know what is due to Ladies; but more than that I know what I feel for you within my Boſom, and there is no fear of falling in that Duty which is ſupported by Love. If your Ring has cauſed ſome Diſorders, at the worſt you may attribute it to ſome Misfortune, but not to any Fault of mine. It fell from your fair Hand without my Knowledge, and the Captain of the Galley who did find it, thinking it was mine, did bring it to me before the Marqueſs. This is the Truth, Madam, of that Adventure: If you are ſatisfied with this juſtifying of my ſelf, as it appears to me you ſhould, and that you continue ſtill in the ſame Reſolutions you once had, make uſe of a Perſon who offers you not his Life and Fortunes only, but who dies with Love for you. It is time to think on it, for I have but three Days to ſtay in this City, the Governour having given me Orders, I know not for what Reaſons, to be gone after that time. I could however find out ſome means to continue longer here, if you did

did deſire it. What will not a Lover do for the Object of his Love? I wait your Orders on this. The Religious, who ſhall deliver you this Letter, is a Perſon I have wholly engaged in my Concerns, and in whom you may confide: Be confident, Madam, that nothing ſhall be forgotten to render me worthy of your Eſteem, and that there is no Perſon that is with more Reſpect and Paſſion, than I am, wholly yours.

Camille of *V.*

The Marchioneſs, who when opening the Letter, had had ſome thoughts that it might come from her Pilgrim, was raviſhed with joy at the reading of it, and finding that ſhe had not deceived her ſelf, and in learning the whole ſtory of the Ring. But that which charm'd her moſt, were thoſe tender and paſſionate Sentiments which he expreſſed for her, judging well by the manner of his writing, as alſo by the Air of his Perſon, that he muſt be ſome perſon of Quality. All that eſteem which ſhe had for him at firſt ſight, did now redouble; he had offer'd himſelf unto her with ſo good a Grace; he had given her to underſtand in ſo ingenious a manner the deſign which he had to ſerve her, that that alone was capable to ſeize the heart of a beautiful young Woman, that ſought after that which was offered to her in ſo gallant a manner. It is true, that her firſt diſtruſts had ſomewhat cool'd her deſires; but beſides that ſhe could condemn him never wholly in her thoughts, ſhe had at laſt in ſome meaſure better inform'd her ſelf, by what ſhe had heard from her Husband, and the wrong which ſhe conceived ſhe had

had done the Pilgrim on that account, had ſerved but to render him the more worthy of her eſteem: In fine, all things elſe, beſides the Governour and his Lady, having contributed in making her a thouſand times regret the not having made better uſe of the good intentions of ſo worthy a perſon. This Letter in bringing her the joy that ſhe received by hearing from him, did wholly diſpoſe her to entertain ſuch thoughts of him as he was worthy of. She would gladly have made him an Anſwer, but as it has been ſaid before, the uſe of writing was not only forbid her as a Capital Crime, but wholly out of her Power. Mean time, as Love is extreme ingenious, and that it appears more in ſuch occaſions than in any others, ſhe bethought her ſelf to write with a Bodkin, upon an Orange which ſhe had, theſe words, *Be this night at Eleven of the Clock under my Window, and you ſhall have my Anſwer*; after which ſhe returned into the Chamber, where was the Governour with the Marqueſs, and Father *Andrew*, who would not be gone from thence without ſome Anſwer to his Letter, after he had perform'd the moſt difficult part, which was the delivery of it. The Marchioneſs did look upon him, and ſhewing him the Orange which ſhe ſet upon the Window, ſhe made him ſigns to take it, and that it was all that ſhe had to give him. Father *Andrew*, who was a moſt intelligent *Friar*, gently takes it up, and lifting up his Cowl, he made a moſt humble Reverence unto thoſe Gentlemen, and ſo retired, to the Marqueſs his great ſatisfaction, who was not con-

tented in mind till he did ſee him out of his Apartment.

Our devout Poſtilion, but half pleas'd with his Meſſage, for receiving an Orange for his Anſwer, was returning muſing to the Pilgrim, who ſtaid for him at his Lodgings in great perplexity; he did believe that the good Father had failed of his deſign, ſeeing him coming with a ſomewhat mortified Countenance. *Well Father*, ſaid he, *the Marchioneſs is no more viſible to you than ſhe is to others, and doubtleſs that you have not ſpoken to her. I not ſpeak to her!* replyed Father *Andrew*, as if angry at the wrong was offered him, and who dares refuſe that to a Director of twenty years ſtanding, Confeſſor to the Lady Governeſs, and Chaplain to my Lord Governour, and a worthy Son of St. *Dominick. Good God!* added he, raiſing his voice, *and where would you have us to be, in* Barbary? *No, no Sir Pilgrim*, continued he, while *Camille* was endeavouring to make his Excuſes with Poſtures and Grimaces, *I have ſeen, I have ſpoken, I have delivered your Letter, it has been read, but for an Anſwer, I have but this Orange to deliver to you*, which he drew out of his Sleeve, *and truly you muſt needs be very unhappy to have no better ſucceſs in this buſineſs, for I always go through with all that I undertake, to the great ſatisfaction of thoſe that employ me.* After that *Camille* had let him know that he was extremely ſatisfied with what he had done, he took the Orange, examin'd it a little better than Father *Andrew* had done, whoſe concern was not ſo great, and preſently he diſcovered the whole Myſtery, after which taking no further notice, he put it in his

his Pocket, in the room of fifty Piſtols which he took from thence, which the good Father was ſcrupulous to take, ſaying, that in Conſcience he could not, and that at the moſt he would have but half, becauſe he had done but half what he had promiſed. Yet at laſt, to oblige ſo generous a Pilgrim, he was perſwaded to take the whole, deſiring him not to ſpare him in any thing that he ſhould have occaſion for him, and upon that he went his way.

Camille, more full of joy than would be a Lover that had received an effectual rendezvous, did wait with ſtrange impatiency the hour of that Aſſignation which was appointed him: Prudence would not let him approach the Palace in his Pilgrims Habit, after what the Governour had ſaid to him, but the fear that he had left the Marchioneſs ſhould not know him from her Window in another dreſs, or that ſhe durſt not truſt to another, he being by that better diſtinguiſh'd from all other perſons, he reſolv'd not to change his Apparel; ſo that being gone out at a fit hour, he found himſelf juſt at eleven before the Palace. Father *Andrew* had pretty well inform'd him on which ſide was the Marchioneſſes Appartment, and that her Windows did anſwer upon the Sea; ſo that he could not miſtake. He gets under them, and perceiving ſome light in them, he goes behind a Pillar till the Marchioneſs ſhould appear and make him ſome ſign. In ſuch buſineſſes time ſeems long, every moment lengthens; and it ſeemed to *Camille*, who had his Eyes faſtened to thoſe Windows, that he had already waited a long time, when at laſt he did ſee a Lady appear, and as he imagin'd, it could

be none but the Marchioneſs: He immediately ſteps out of his lurking place and ſhew'd himſelf. He was preſently known by the Shells and other gaudy things which Pilgrims uſually wear on their Hats, which glittered in thoſe bright Nights that are common in thoſe Countries in the Summer Seaſon; and ſoon after the Window was ſhut again. He thought that it was not yet time, but a quarter of an hour after he ſaw a little door opened, whence there came forth an ancient *Duenna*, who call'd him, and made him go in, ſaying, in a low Voice, that all that day they had been concerned for him, that he had been ſought for all over the Town, and that they had but juſt eſpy'd him from the Window; he was adviſ'd to be diſcreet and wiſe, and that he ſhould be the happieſt of all Men. And hereupon taking him by the hand, ſhe led him without light through an obſcure way till they were come into a low room very like that of ſome old waiting Woman, in a corner of which there was a Lamp burning, there being nothing elſe in it but a Bed, and that none of the beſt, two Flag-Chairs, and a Trunk, which it is probable did ſerve for a Wardrobe. She buſily told him that he ſhould ſtay a little, and that when all things ſhould be ready to receive him, ſhe would fetch him. Happy *Camille*, not daring to make the leaſt noiſe, all tranſported with joy and acknowledgments, did only kiſs twice or thrice her hand, making her ſigns that ſhe might be gone, and that he would ſtay there till ſhe came again: upon this the *Duenna*, who knew with what impatiency ſhe was expected back, that the reſult of her Commiſſion might be known, did get up

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a Ladder which was in the Room, and went into the Chamber over it through a Trap-door, to give an accout of what ſhe had done.

To conceive well the condition that the Amorous *Camille* was in at that time, one ſhould Love as much as he did. He was ſenſible that the Marchioneſs did ſhew him more favour than ever he could have hoped for, and that when he thought his buſineſs deſperate, on the ſudden he did find himſelf upon the very moment of being the happieſt of all men. Theſe reflections rais'd his Thoughts and Idea's, repreſenting to himſelf the beauteous Marchioneſs, ſome time after one manner, ſometime after another, who told him this, to which he anſwer'd; that thus reliſhing beforehand ſuch charming pleaſures, that nothing but the reality of what he did imagine could afford him greater; ſo long as the heat of his Amorous ravings could afford him any matter of entertainment, time did not ſeem long to him; and ſetting aſide ſome little impatiences which from time to time did ſeize on him, he did ſpend paſſably well ſome moments in that dull Chamber; but when it began to be long before the old Woman did return, and that he had begun to fear ſome back ſtroak of Fortune or of Love, his Fancy repreſenting to him every moment ſome misfortune or other, he felt no longer any thing of the former ſweets. He had almoſt been two hours dancing Attendance, and had already gone above a thouſand times about the Chamber, which he had viſited, to divert himſelf from one end to the other, there not being a Rag, or Clowt, Shell of red, Pot of *Pomatum*, with which that Trunk was

filled, which had not paſs'd through his hands, and wherein he had not thruſt his Noſe. He already did no longer hope for any thing of what he had promiſed to himſelf, and was very fearful of paſſing the Night upon that Trunk; for as to the Bed, he fear'd too much the ſmell and Society of it, when at laſt he did ſee the Trap-door lifted up, and the *Duenna* to appear, who made him ſigns to come up; Preſently he re-aſſumes his joy, and in two or three ſteps flies up to the Trap-door; he beholds a magnificent Chamber, enlightened but with one ſingle Flambeau, which was placed upon the Table. The *Duenna* made him a ſign that he ſhould go to the Wall-ſide of the Bed, he advances with redoubling joys of Love which he could hardly contain in his heart, and drawing near to the Bed where lay the Lady with the Curtains drawn, he caſt himſelf upon his Knees before her, who received him with no leſs paſſion. At the firſt on-ſet there was nothing but Traſports and Tenderneſſes on both parts, ſighs on this part, ſighs on the other. *Ah Madam*, cry'd out *Camille* twice or thrice in a languiſhing accent, *what Graces, what Favours do I receive at preſent from you?* He was not able to ſay any more in the joy he had. Mean time the old *Duenna*, who had no more buſineſs there, went out of the Chamber to keep Centry for fear of a ſurpriſal. The Lady, who had ſeen ſufficiently this languiſhing Lover, kneeling, being impatient that he ſhould riſe to an higher degree of Fortune, having no time to loſe, deſired him with a ſigh to ariſe and ſit down by her; that the Governour was playing with the Marqueſs, and

that

that it would not be long before he would be coming. *Camille*, ſurpris'd with this diſcourſe, and to hear ſo good *Spaniſh* ſpoken by a Lady of his Country who was not likely to underſtand it ſo well, opens his Eyes, diſcerns through the Curtains ſome other Features than thoſe of the Marchioneſs, and in lieu of her he finds the Governours Wife, whoſe Cornets, Ribbons, Curls, and all the other Adjuſtments with which ſhe had bedeck'd her ſelf as a new Bride, had at firſt ſight deceived him through the aid of the ſmall light that came into the Bed; what a change did this miſtake produce in him? His Joy and Tranſports are preſently chang'd into a dull ſilence, he looks up towards Heaven as if it had been the Author of his miſhap, and at the ſame time turning his Head another way, in lieu of riſing, as the Lady did bid him, he lets himſelf drop upon the Bed, with his Head leaning on his Arms, as if he would hide the Confuſion that he was in through that piece of Treachery which Love had lately play'd him. The Lady, much troubled to ſee him in this poſture, after ſuch a Tender and Paſſionate beginning, enquires what he aileth, and whether he finds himſelf ill? He makes no Anſwer, ſhe takes him by the Arm, draws him towards her, and finds him to be grown cold and indifferent, which ſurpriſes and frets her. Never were perſons more puſled; ſhe repeats her Careſſes, and intreats him to tell her what he has found in her that ſhould on the ſudden diſguſt him. She ſees that he ſighs, but it is for ſorrow, and not out of Love. At laſt he riſes and intreats of her that he may retire. *Retire!* reply'd ſhe, with trembling a Voice, *and*

can you leave me in this manner? Ah! how unhappy am I? continued ſhe, holding an Handkerchief before her Eyes to hide the Confuſion that ſhe was in, and to receive ſome Tears which ſhe could not retain. *What*, added ſhe, *muſt I ſee myſelf thus ſlighted by a perſon to whom I have abandoned my Life and Honour!* And finding that neither her Tears, nor any thing elſe that ſhe could ſay to him, of moſt tender, did move him, and that he ſtill did perſiſt in the deſign of retiring, *Ungrateful man*, ſaid ſhe to him with a ſorrow mixed with fury, *carry not thy cruelty ſo far, for thou wouldeſt abandon me to all that rage can make a Perſon of my Quality and Courage do, when ſhe finds her ſelf treated as thou uſeſt me. Speak, draw near, and at leaſt tell me ſomething that may allay the effects of thy contempt. The Governour is not far from hence, and if thou obligeſt me to make ſome noiſe thou art loſt.*

Who ever elſe had been in *Camille*'s room, had peradventure more Complaiſance for a Lady, who though none of the handſomeſt, might well deſerve ſomewhat leſs of Rigour to be ſhewn to her, that doth never become a young Man; but yet again when one is prepoſſeſſed with ſuch a ſtrong Paſſion as he was, and that in lieu of a charming Beauty which has been long expected and thought to be in poſſeſſion, an Object is met with which was not ſought after, it becomes the more hateful, and the Heart being grieved at ſuch a Deceit, it takes up quite contrary Thoughts to the former, and it is very difficult to reclaim it. However *Camille*, who look'd upon himſelf as a Priſoner in the Power of a tranſported Woman who could really ruine him, did at laſt make uſe

of

of his Prudence; he did not drive her to the extremity, and thinking on ſome more handſom put off than that of a Diſguſt, he was preparing himſelf to make her ſome Excuſes upon a Faintneſs of Heart which had ſeiz'd on him, when the *Duenna* came in great haſte to tell them, that the Game was at an end, and the Governour coming; ſo that all that *Donna Barbara* could do, was to embrace once more that inſenſible Lover, which in that very moment did force ſome Expreſſions of Kindneſs to comfort her a little, ſeeing himſelf upon the point of being rid of her. *If you will not*, ſaid ſhe, *put into Deſpair a Perſon that has ſo much Paſſion as I have for you, render your ſelf to morrow at the ſame Hour where I did ſee you this Night.* She had no time to ſay more to him, becauſe that ſhe heard the Governour coming; ſo that the *Duenna* had but juſt time ſufficient to open the Trap-door, and go out with *Camille*, and that with ſuch precipitation, that her Coats being between as ſhe let it down again, and the Ladder which was not very faſt, having ſlid from under them by their haſty motion in getting off, the Pilgrim fell with his Breech to the Ground, and the old Woman remain'd hung in the Air by her Coats, which was the pleaſanteſt ſight that could be. She durſt not make any noiſe, for fear of being heard by the Governour; and ſhe was making ſign to the Pilgrim to help her to get looſe; but notwithſtanding the croſs adventure which he had ſo lately had, and that in which ſhe had ſhear'd with the *Duenna*, he did break out into ſuch a laughter at the dangling of her Legs, that he was a long time not being able to riſe. He would gladly have left her

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in that poſture to be reveng'd of the cruel meſſage which ſhe had lately delivered to him, by which he had loſt the Rendezvous which he had from the Marchioneſs, and perhaps the opportunity of ever having another; but having occaſion for this old Woman to convey him from thence, he was obliged much againſt his will to aſſiſt her; yet it was not without conſidering of her very exactly, before and behind, and laughing heartily at her, which made the *Duenna* ſtorm at him, and promiſe him to revenge her ſelf if ever he came again. *Camille* did not trouble himſelf at her Threats, being very ſorry to have been catched once there. Being led out, he paſſed once again before the Windows of the Marchioneſſes Chamber, but could ſee no more light there, and ſmall hopes of having any till day; yet he walked under them for ſome time, ſighing, thinking and complaing of Love, and of that hard fate which had ſo untowardly thrown him into the Arms of an homely Woman; yet in the midſt of all theſe regrets, the pleaſant Reflections which he did make upon his miſtake on the tranſports of the Governeſs, and on the *Duenna*'s Adventure, did ſomewhat divert him. But it was time to go to Bed, not to ſleep; for that's not for Lovers, but to think what he ſhould do to repair that Nights miſcarriage.

So ſoon as it was Day he ſent too ſeek after the moſt dear Father *Andrew*, from whom he kept ſecret what had befallen him with the Governour's Wife; it not becoming a well-bred Man to divulge ſuch things; he only told him that he was the moſt unfortunate of all Men, and that if he did not take pity of him, his deſpair would

would not let him live twenty four hours. The obliging Father *Andrew*, impatient to learn in what he could ſerve him, imagining that it would not be unrewarded, did conjure him not to deſpair, but to be perſwaded, that if his happineſs did depend on him only, he would make him the moſt happy Perſon in the World. After this ſincere and true proteſtation, *Camille* told him, that if he would have him obliged to him of his life, which was much more than of his good Fortune, he muſt that day deliver a Letter to the Marchioneſs, and endeavour by all means poſſible to bring him an Anſwer: That he would acknowledge his kindneſs ſo as that he ſhould have cauſe to be contented, and not repine at the little pains he ſhould take for him. *Alas, ſir, Sir, pray have no ſuch thought*, ſaid the Father, ſmilingly interrupting him. *You know that we are in this World but to ſerve one another, and I do not believe there is any one that taketh more delight in obliging Perſons than I do. Give me that Letter*, added he, *and only pray to God that I may find the Marchioneſs alone, and I promiſe to return you ſuch an Anſwer as you would deſire; but be the Marqueſs there or not, I will not return without bringing you news from the Marchioneſs, and deliver your Letter unto her*; and without more Words, he takes leave of him, and goes to ſet the Irons in the Fire.

The Marchioneſs had been all Night in no leſs trouble than *Camille*; ſhe had in the Evening feign'd her ſelf ſomewhat ill, that ſhe might ſtay in her Chamber, and not loſe the opportunity of the Appointment which ſhe had made to the Pilgrim, but that pretended Indiſpoſition had not had

had the effect which ſhe expected; for the Governour and his Lady, being come to keep her Company, did paſs the greateſt part of the Night with her, the Governour at play with the Marqueſs, and *Donna Barbara* in Diſcourſe with her; ſo that ſhe never durſt draw near to the Window, for fear of giving them any Diſtruſt in caſe the Pilgrim ſhould appear and be ſeen; as indeed it happened unto the Governour's Wife, which had preſently known him, and made uſe of the occaſion as has been related. And the Marchioneſs was no ſooner quit of the Lady, but ſhe went alſo to the Window, but there was no Pilgrim there, ſhe look'd every way, and waited for him with the the greateſt Impatiency and Trouble imaginable, fearing that he might have been weary with waiting ſo long. The Game being ended at laſt, and the jealous Marqueſs, who had twice or thrice obſerved with what aſſiduity his ſick Wife did ſtay at the Window, had played with a very diſtracted mind, every moment turning his head towards her, as if he fear'd ſome Gallant ſhould get up that way; ſo that the Governour was no ſooner got out of the Chamber, but that he went himſelf to ſee what was the matter, he look'd out, and after he had been ſome time there, not ſeeing any thing, he ſhut the Window with a great deal of caution.

The beautiful Marchioneſs was in ſuch a melancholly for having fail'd the Pilgrim, that ſhe could have no reſt all that night. Her Husband who did not always ſleep, when he ſeem'd ſo to do, and who had fancy'd that certainly his Wife had had ſome evil deſign that Evening, was more than ever confirm'd in that Opinion, when he

he heard her from time to time to vent moſt violent ſighs. There needed no great matter to puzzle his Brains; and this wicked Pilgrim did ſo run in his mind ſince the Adventure of the Diamond, that he had no other Dreams every Night but of Palmer ſtaves, Cockle ſhell Hats, and the like, which made him be in a continual fear; he would come every day at Maſs in the Palace-Chappel where he had no buſineſs; he did inſinuate himſelf into the Governour's Favour, to render him a Viſit; wherefore all this, thought he, if it were not on my Wifes account? who, as indiſpos'd as ſhe was, did watch two or three hours at the Window to ſee him paſs by. Thus did he reaſon within himſelf; if by laying his hand on her left ſide he could have made her declare in her ſleep all that ſhe had in her Heart; Oh, what a Triumph that had been for him! but he had already a thouſand times made tryal of that ſecret without advantage. After this he lay reproacning of himſelf for having continued ſo long at play, while he ſhould have been minding his buſineſs; for, ſaid he to himſelf, with a Sex ſo perfideous as that is, let a poor Man forget himſelf but one moment, and he is lyable to receive during that time the greateſt Affront that can ever happen to him. Having paſs'd the beſt part of the Night in tormenting himſelf after this manner, he got up in the Morning, his Head ſo fill'd with the thoughts of this Pilgrim, that he fancied to ſee him in every Perſon that came into the Chamber. Father *Andrew*, who was one of the firſt that came to viſit him, though he diſſembled never ſo much, approaching him in a Saint-like poſture, with a wry Neck, his hands

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in his great Sleeves, and a down look, he was received by the Marqueſs rather worſe than the Day before. For after he had ſhew'd him a Mien cold enough to freeze the fiery heat of the moſt Zealot of all Intreagues, he heard him ſpeak during more than an hour that they walked together in the Hall, without affording him any other anſwer than *yea* or *nay*, with which Father *Andrew* grew at laſt weary, and finding that he could not get him by any means to enter into a Converſation, he took the liberty to ask him how the Lady Marchioneſs did, and whether he ſhould not have the honour to give her the good morrow. *No, Father*, reply'd the Marqueſs, very coldly, *ſhe is not very well, and you will excuſe her for this time. Heaven! how ſorry am I at it?* replyed the good Father, *it is at ſuch times, as when we are viſited, that we ſtand in moſt need of a wiſe Directors Conſolations; and with your liking, my Lord*, added he, *ſeeing that Heaven hath ſent me as it were on purpoſe, I will have her ask'd, if without diſturbing I could not ſpeak ſome Words of Conſolation unto her. You will certainly diſquiet her, Father*, did he reply. *But if ſhe had occaſion to confeſs her ſelf*, continued the ghoſtly Director. *She is not yet ſo ill*, anſwer'd the Marqueſs, *and it is not eight Days ſince ſhe was at Confeſſion. It is no matter*, went on the Father, going towards the Marchioneſſes Chamber, *one knows not what may happen.* She ſleeps, ſaid the other, detaining him, and this is not fit time. *How? does ſhe ſo?* ſaid the zealous Father, *then I will wait till ſhe awakens*, and you..... Father, without any more ado, ſaid the Jealous Lord, interrupting of him ſomewhat roughly, his patience

patience being at an end, I tell you, that here is no need of you, and that you will oblige me, not to come here again till you are ſent for. *Sir, it is not uſual to treat a Man of my Orders in ſuch a manner*, replyed Father *Andrew*, without being daunted, *in ſpeaking to me ſo roughly, you offend a whole Order*, that might——I ſhould offend the Pope, and the whole Church, ſaid the angry Marqueſs interrupting him, with a longing deſire to break the Friars bald Pate, if the Pope and the Church would ſee my Wife againſt my Will: and ſaying this he left his Reverence, and withdrew himſelf into his Wifes Chamber, and ſhut the Door after him.

The poor Father *Andrew* extreamly confus'd and vex'd at the Marqueſs his Bruitiſhneſs, retir'd very penſive, but fully reſolv'd to find ſome way of Revenge; thinking himſelf unworthy of his Monkiſh Character, if he did not make him wear a pair of Fair ones. He returned to the Pilgrim with a moſt ſorrowful Countenance, and in giving him an account of the manner that that Brute had us'd him (for ſo he qualify'd the Marqueſs) he did ſufficiently expreſs his Reſentments, proteſting, that were it not for the Habit he wore, he would have made him that which he feared ſo much to be. That exceſs of Cholar made *Camille* to laugh, maugre all the Diſcontent he was in at his Embaſſy's ill Succeſs. He entreated the Father to rely on him as to the point Revenge, only deſiring his Aſſiſtance to bring it about. That I fully reſolve, anſwered Father *Andrew*, and though it ſhould coſt me the Hundred Piſtols that I have received from you, I muſt and will ſpeak to the Marchioneſs this very day,

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and give you an account of this Letter. *Camille*, who was not ignorant of thoſe Confraters Subtilties, very much rejoycing to ſee him take ſuch a Reſolution, told him, to animate him the more, that in caſe thoſe Hundred Piſtols were employed in his Service, he ſhould meet with another hundred at his return, and more too, if he had occaſion for them. Liberality is one of the moſt advantagious and ſureſt Qualities of a Lover. Moſt commonly it ſtands in the place of Merit, and perſwades much better. That which Love cannot do in a long time, Money will perform ſome time in a moment. Father *Andrew*, in whom a coveteous humour did predominate above all other things, did find himſelf engaged by ſo powerful an Intereſt to ſerve ſo brave a Pilgrim as not to omit, ſetting on work all that he knew of ſubtilty and intreague. Vengeance and hope of a new Preſent were too ſtrongly joyned together to fail; upon ſuch good ſecurity he would have undertaken the moſt difficult things in the World. He goes to *Donna Barbara*, whoſe Confeſſor he was, as we have already ſaid, ſo that he knew the very Soul of her; he counterfeits a troubled Mind, that he might be ask'd what it was that diſquieted him. The Lady falls in his Trap, ſhe entreats and preſſes him divers times to tell her what was the matter; and at laſt he informs her, that the Marqueſs is jealous of the Governour; and that having been in his apartment to viſit the Marchioneſs, who he had heard was fallen ill, he had us'd him not as a Confeſſor, or his Excellencies Chaplain; but as a Meſſenger concern'd in the Governours Amours, not giving him the liberty to ſee her. *Signora Donna Barbara*, according

cording to the uſual cuſtom of Women, who will be themſelves jealous of their Husbands, but will not ſuffer others to be ſo, did take in great diſdain the Marqueſs his diſtruſts, not thinking her ſelf leſs worthy than his Wife. Thus being carried away with thoſe firſt tranſports, ſhe did ſpeak with ſo much ſcorn of the Husbands extravagancy, and the Wifes want of Merit, that ſhe gave occaſion to Father *Andrew* to deſcant upon that Theme alſo, and ſay to her, all that could incenſe her and make her of his Party. *Nay, ſince it is ſo*, ſaid *Donna Barbara, and that this Lord is ſo apt to ſee Viſions, only becauſe my Husband is more civil, and better underſtands what is due to Ladies than he, he ſhall be made jealous in good earneſt, and we will make our ſelves ſome ſport with him. If you will ſerve me in it*, Father Andrew, added ſhe, ſmiling, *we ſhall both revenge our ſelves moſt pleaſantly.* Father *Andrew*, who deſired nothing more, made anſwer that he was ready to obey her, in all that ſhe would be pleaſed to command him; and upon that ſhe told him that ſhe would think on it, and did bid him come again to her towards the Evening a little before Supper, of which he fail'd not, and *Donna Barbara* found him in her Chamber waiting for her; ſhe laugh'd ſo ſoon as ſhe ſaw him, and asked him, if he could act very well a Gallants part; for he ſhould ſee that Night the Marchioneſs in ſuch a Garb; at this, Father *Andrew*, taking upon him to aſſume a good Meen, was willing to let the Lady ſee, that he had not quite forgot what he had formerly been, and what he yet could be upon occaſion: At which poſtures *Donna Barbara* laughing out-right, ſhe ſent him

to one of her Husbands *Valet de Chambre*, to whom ſhe had before given order to fit him *Capape*, like a Gentleman, and ſhe told Father *Andrew*, that when he ſhould be ready, he ſhould go into the Garden, and keep himſelf in the *Grotto* of the *Nayades*, where ſhe ſhould meet him with the Marchioneſs. Father *Andrew* o're-joy'd with a deſign ſo favourable to his deſires, did ſhout with joy at ſo pretty a deſign, and did much applaud the Ladies ingenuity. Go and prepare your ſelf to act your part well, ſaid the Marchioneſs; for now that the Governour is not here, doubtleſs the Marqueſs will accompany us into the Garden, which will furniſh us no doubt with ſome further divertiſement, and you with a fit occaſion of revenge. But Madam, reply'd Father *Andrew*, who had no mind that the concluſion of the Play ſhould light on him, I would not have this Lord to miſtake himſelf; for I know how furious he is, and you can teſtifie, Madam, that I have no hand in this, further then to obey your Commands: Go, reply'd ſhe, and fear not any thing where I ſhall be.

Upon this Father *Andrew* goes to the *Valet de Chambre*, who did take care to accommodate him; and *Donna Barbara* having ſupped, ſhe went as ſhe us'd to do every Evening, to walk in the Garden with the Marchioneſs, where the Marqueſs did not fail to accompany them. But becauſe the Governour was not there, the Spaniſh Cuſtom not permitting him to entertain the Ladies, for fear of giving Jealouſie, he went to walk in another place of the Garden, however ſtill having his Eyes on them, for fear of ſome ſurprize. Madam, ſaid *Donna Barbara*

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to the Marchioneſs, ſo ſoon as they were by themſelves, to ſhew you that I am a Woman of the moſt frank Nature in the World, I muſt tell you that it is twenty years ſince I firſt knew a Man, for whom I have a very great eſteem, and whom I cannot forbear ſeeing once a Day, and in a Word, from whom I reſerve no ſecrets, ſo that I intruſt him with my greateſt as well as ſmalleſt Concerns; yet this Man does not ſo ſoon deſire to ſee you, but that without weighing mine own intereſts, I offer to be his aſſiſtant, *I muſt confeſs*, replyed the Marchioneſs, *that the example is not common; and that ſuch an action from any one but you, Madam, would very much ſurprize me, but one endowed with ſuch charming qualities as you have, may hazard ſomething more than ordinary, eſpecially being near ſuch a mean beauty as mine is.* Madam, I do not tell you this, replied the Governour's Lady, to invite you to flatter me, or to contend of beauty with you; on the contrary you ſee the ſacrifice which I make you, of a Man whoſe Heart you deſerve to poſſeſs much more than I do, and unto whoſe vows I humbly entreat you to hearken: *And I, Madam*, replyed the Marchioneſs, *who ſhall ever yield unto you in all things, except in complaiſance and generoſity of Heart, I conjure you not to ſpeak to me in the leaſt of that Perſon, and to diſpenſe with me from ſeeing him:* That cannot be, replyed *Donna Barbara*, for I have engag'd it ſhould be otherwiſe, and we are too near him to get off again. As ſhe ended theſe Words, and not above two or three ſteps from the *Grotto of the Nayades*, they ſaw come forth a Cavalier in a magnificent dreſs, which did as much ſurpriſe the Marchioneſs, as all that *Donna Barbara* had

newly ſaid unto her. She would preſently have retired, fearing it was ſome trick put upon her; but the Governours Lady ſtopt her. *Good Madam*, ſaid the Marchioneſs, *permit me to retire I beſeech you, or I ſhall have cauſe to complain of you.* But *Donna Barbara* had no ſooner ſeen Father *Andrew*'s Figure, but ſhe burſt out into ſuch a laughter as would not give her leave to anſwer her. At which the Marchioneſs ſtrangely confounded, believing that ſhe was certainly played upon, would by all means be gone, not intending to be an object to the divertiſement of the Governours Lady. On the other hand Father *Andrew* did make moſt ridiculous poſtures in imitation of a Gallant Air, and did ſpeak ſuch pleaſant things to the Marchioneſs to undeceive her, and oblige her to ſtay, that *Donna Barbara* was e'en ſpent with laughing, and the Marchioneſs began to be angry in good earneſt, not deſigning to anſwer, or ſo much as turn her Eyes towards the Cavalier; who ſeeing that *Donna Barbara* could detain her no longer, was at laſt conſtrained to ask her if ſhe knew no longer Father *Andrew*. Never was a confuſion equal to that of the Marchioneſs, who at the Name of Father *Andrew* having caſt her Eyes upon him, did preſently know him, and was for ſometime ſo diſordered within her ſelf, that ſhe knew not what to ſay, not knowing to what purpoſe *Donna Barbara* had brought her that Fryer, without he had intruſted her with what had paſſed between her and the Pilgrim: but ſhe was preſently undeceived as to that; for the Governours Lady, who thought that ſhe had ſufficiently laught at the Marchioneſs's coſt, not willing to let her remain any longer in the diſ-

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order that ſhe ſeem'd to be in, did relate unto her how that all this Comedy had been invented meerly to revenge her ſelf of her Husbands jealouſie, who would not allow that any one ſhould ſee her: And as ſhe was thus ſpeaking, Father *Andrew*, who was upon the watch, and who not without cauſe was more in fear than any body elſe, did a far off eſpy the Marqueſs, who was advancing towards them with a round pace: Upon which he was alarmed, and would fain have been a going; but *Donna Barbara* did embolden him again, and advis'd them both to go into the *Grotto*, while ſhe would go meet the Marqueſs, to undeceive him; but that the opportunity was too fair not to throughly revenge her ſelf by it. The Marchioneſs, who would willingly have given half her life to ſpeak with Father *Andrew*, was ſo ſurpris'd with joy, at the opportunity which *Donna Barbara* gave her of it, that ſhe thought of nothing but to make good uſe of that happy moment.

The Marqueſs had all along kept the Avenue, having walked before the Garden-gate to obſerve thoſe that ſhould go in or out; when having caſt his eyes on that ſide that the Ladies were, he had ſeen certain feathers appear, which had moſt terribly affrighted him; and quite out of breath at the ſight of that Viſion, he was running as faſt as he could that way, to ſee what it was, and know whether his eyes deceived him or not: But *Donna Barbara* meeting him, did detain him, and enquired whether he went ſo faſt: *Leave me, Madam*, ſaid he, with ſo great a perplexity that he could ſcarce ſpeak, *for Heavens ſake let me go, for I have ſeen all, and your*

company is too dangerous for my Wife. Why? reply'd ſhe, *what is't you fear? She is with my Husband, who we have found hid in the* Grotto *of the* Nyades. *How? She is with your Husband,* reply'd the Marqueſs more aſtoniſh'd than ever, *and you can have the patience, Madam, to leave them alone thus? What,* reply'd ſhe, *you'd have me be there as a Property? That is not my humour; and if* Monſieur *the Governour, who as you know has ever been wanton enough, will play me foul play, I ſhall ſooner forgive him for making choice of ſo pretty a Lady as is the Marchioneſs, than if he ſhould make uſe of ſome other leſs deſerving: And I find,* reply'd the Marqueſs in a fury, *that what you now ſay, is the moſt terrible thing in the World, and that an honeſt Woman ought to give Poyſon to a Husband that ſhould have the leaſt thought of ſuch a thing.* In ſpeaking thus, he was ſo diſtracted, that he knew not what to do: He would go two or three ſteps forwards, and then as many back, dragging *Donna Barbara* after him, who ſtill had hold of him, and had much to do to follow him: *Will you not then,* ſaid ſhe to him, *go and ſee what they do, ſeeing you are reſiſtleſs. No, Madam,* anſwer'd he roughly, retiring back, *for I have ſeen but too much already; and ſince that the Rights of Hoſpitality are violated here, and that under the pretence of Parentage a Man of my Quality is diſhonour'd, I muſt have a recourſe to thoſe that can do me Juſtice in this caſe, and I will periſh rather than not be righted.* He did ſpeak thoſe Words with ſuch a tranſport, and ſo loud, that Father *Andrew,* who was not far from thence, having heard him, thought that he was juſt upon him, which made him gallop away as faſt

faſt as he could to the Back-door, of which *Donna Barbara* had given him the Key.

The Marqueſs was going back to the Palace wholly tranſported with fury, revolving a thouſand deſigns of vengeance in his Mind againſt this treacherous Kinſman the Governour: When he was ſcarce got to the firſt Gallery which anſwer'd into the Garden, where he met him with ſome Officers. How great his ſurprize was, is eaſie to be imagined; and ſeeing him come up to him with a chearful ſmiling countenance, he ſtood looking on him without ſaying one Word. The Governour more ſurpris'd, than he himſelf, at his behaviour, and to ſee him ſo pale and wan, did ask him what he ailed: *What, my Lord*, ſaid the Marqueſs, *did I not ſee you but even now in the Garden ſpeaking to my Wife, near the* Grotto *of the* Nayades? *No aſſuredly*, replyed the Governour, *for I have been ever ſince morning in the* Arcenal, *to haſten the fitting out of ſome Veſſels for* Sicily, *and I am but juſt come in.* The jealous Marqueſs had no ſooner heard this, but that the fumes of his paſſion confounding his ſenſes more than ever, he return'd into the Garden almoſt diſtracted, where the Governour, who did ſee him ſo tranſported, did follow him, preſſing him ſeveral times to declare what he ailed, and where he was going, without being able to get one Word from him, till they had found the Ladies that were walking and laughing ſtill at the Adventure, againſt whom he vented part of his rage, running down his Wife with ſuch ill language, in which *Donna Barbara*'s Honour was not a little concern'd. The Governour did hear all that without one Word ſpeaking, being in an extreme impatiency

to learn the cauſe of all thoſe tranſports: But the Ladies, who continued laughing at the Marqueſſes fury, did increaſe it much at the Governours amazement, unto whom, when the jealous Man was retired, they gave an account of all that had paſſed.

Mean time the furious Marqueſs was extremely perplexed, to gueſs who that Cavalier ſhould be that he had ſeen with his Wife in the Garden, there being no likelihood that it ſhould be the Governour: So that after he had ſufficiently tormented himſelf on that Theme, he having always his imagination fill'd with the Pilgrim, and that he could think of no other Perſon on whom he might more certainly lay his Conjectures, he concluded that it was he, and that *Sennora Donna Barbara*, who had always taken that Traytors part, had had him ſecretly convey'd into the Garden, there to entertain his Wife. There was but little Ground for all that, and it was very unlikely that a Lady, as was the Governours Wife, ſhould ſtoop ſo low: But of what ſtrange Idea's is not a jealous Mans fancy capable? He did confirm himſelf ſo well in that Opinion, through a thouſand falſe reaſonings which he made upon it, that he no longer doubted it ſo, that he took the reſolution to rid himſelf of a Man ſo fatal to his quiet as was that Perſon: Yet ſome checks of Conſcience, (for *Spaniards* have it very tender,) making him to reflect with ſome ſcruples on an act in which a Chriſtian Soul was concern'd, he did conclude to examin the buſineſs a little better firſt: And thereupon he was framing a deſign moſt infallible, to inform himſelf of the whole truth; which was, to diſguiſe himſelf like a Pilgrim, as

he

he might eaſily do in a Country where there are Shops full of ſuch Garments to ſell, and then to walk under his own Chamber-window, where his Wife would not fail to appear, as ſhe had done the Night before, and ſo be trepann'd: This being reſolv'd upon, as has been ſaid, and perceiving the Night to draw near, ſo that he had no time to loſe, if he would get all things ready before the Marchioneſs ſhould be return'd from her walk, he ſent one of his Servants to fetch him a Pilgrims Habit; and having plac'd two other of his Servants over againſt his Chamber to keep Centry, if occaſion were, and to give him an account of all things, he withdrew himſelf, expecting the return of his Servant.

Father *Andrew*, who through the impatiency he was in to carry thoſe good news to the Pilgrim, which he had to tell him, together with the fear that the Marqueſs had put him in, had not had time to go and ſhift himſelf, but was running as faſt as he could towards his moſt Dear's Lodgings with that Hat loaden with Feathers, which ſometimes flapt of one ſide of his Head, and ſometimes hung on the other: Beſides the Peruque which did infinitely annoy him, and made him ſweat more than ever had done two Cowls made of Serge; but above all, the Belt, which was ſo long, that the Sword dragg'd on the ground, being fore'd to carry it in one hand, and to hold his Hat with the other. He did croſs in this dreſs the beſt part of the City, not without frequently looking behind him, to ſee if ſome body did follow him, ſtill fearing the Marqueſs his anger, though he was far enough: At laſt he came to the Pilgrims Lodging, who unfortunately was not

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at home. This makes him mad, he muſt find him out; that which he has to ſay to him is of too great a conſequence to be omitted; it cannot be deferr'd, and there is not a moment to be loſt: He runs to and fro, here and there, knowing that his ſteps would be very well rewarded, and that thereby his zeal would the more appear, but no Pilgrim to be found. He had been ſeeking of him two hours, and was ready to return the ſecond time to his Lodgings, but firſt he would go round the Palace, not being far from thence, to ſee if he might not be ſtaid there; when paſſing under the Windows of the Marqueſs his Apartment, he ſaw a Pilgrim walking, and that ſeem'd to come towards him. It was ſomewhat dark, and he believ'd that he ſhould hardly know him; therefore running towards him to embrace him, *You have given me*, ſaid he, *a great deal of trouble this day; you ſee in what an Equipage I am ſtill, but you ſhall never know in what dangers I have hazarded my life for your ſake. In a word*, continued he in a low voice, *the beauteous Marchioneſs is yours, and this very Night, if you can get a Ladder of Ropes, ſhe will follow you whereſoever you ſhall pleaſe to lead her: I have a Letter of hers to give you, in which you will ſee more; but let us from hence.* As Father *Andrew* was talking after this manner, he perceiv'd a certain piece of Iron to glitter, with which the Pilgrim was going to reward him after an ill manner for his good ſervices, if he had not happily eſcaped the blow, by ſuddenly recollecting himſelf, ſeeing his errour, and running away; yet not ſo quickly, but that he left the Hat, Feathers, and Peruque in the others hands, who thought to hold him faſt by them:

them: *Ah! thou Villain*, cryed he, *is it thus that thou performeſt thy Religious Vows? Thou infamous Hypocrite, Haſt thou taken upon thee a Religious Habit, but for the more ſecure debauching another mans Wife?* Father *Andrew*, who had not been ſo ſurpris'd at the ſhining of the Dagger, as he was at the hearing of the Marqueſs his voice, did ſet all his ſtrength in his heels, and little minding the Sermon which was preach'd to him, he left not running till he was come to the Pilgrims Houſe. The Marqueſs, who was not ſo good a Foot-man, left running after him, being well ſatisfied with having found out the bottom of the Plot, eſpecially the Marchioneſſes good intentions. He was only vexed that had been too haſty, elſe he might have had the Letter alſo, which had been the way to have convinced her ſo home, that ſhe ſhould have had nothing to ſay for her ſelf: Yet he did not wholly deſpair of performing it, in continuing to act the Pilgrims part, and walking under the Windows of her Apartment: He was ſcarce return'd thither, but the *Duenna* of *Donna Barbara*, who had ever ſince morning prepared as ſevere a Revenge for *Camille* as could be imagin'd, fail'd not to let fall upon the Marqueſs his Head, from a third ſtory, a whole deluge of filth, with which he was cover'd all over. *Oh Heavens! muſt I receive this affront too*, ſaid he, lifting up his Head, to ſee from whence that Preſent came, *to fill up my meaſure of miſfortunes?* And without ſtaying to make needleſs complaints, and not being able to endure the horrible ſtink with which he was perfum'd, he went back to the Palace to ſhift himſelf, and in the ſame time gave ſuch Orders, ſo that the Conſpiracy

racy ſhould not take effect; but as he was going into that Chamber in which he was to leave all his Equipage, the Governour, who with his Wife was accompanying the Marchioneſs, did eſpy him; and having judg'd by his countenance that it was ſome body that would hide himſelf, he did ask of him who carred the *Flambeau*, who it was; who made him Anſwer, that he thought it was the Marqueſs: At which they all fell to laugh; and *Donna Barbara*, who ſought by all means to make him ſtark mad, did oblige his Lady, who was very indifferent, and the Governour, who out of complaiſance did follow them, to go with her into that Chamber where they found him, having ſtill the Hat and Peruque of that moſt wicked Father *Andrew* in one hand, and the Palmers ſtaff in the other; but their preſence was to him the moſt grievous of all afflictions, not thinking that they had ſeen him. They all gaz'd upon him with ſuch an amazement, as at firſt hindered them from ſpeaking, not only by reaſon of his diſguiſe, which was ſufficient to ſurprize them, but to ſee in what a pickle he had been laid, from head to foot, which did oblige them all to hold their Noſes, no body daring to ask him the reaſon of all that, ſeeing him to be in no humour of ſatisfying their curioſity. But at laſt great ſhouts of laughter having ſucceeded all on a ſudden, to their ſurpriſal and ſilence, the Governour, who was a very civil Gentleman, did deſire his Wife and the Marchioneſs to retire, that they mght not augment his Confuſion, or rather the rage that the Marqueſs was in, and give their people occaſion to laugh at him. So he only remain'd with him, and looking on him with compaſſion, *My Lord*, ſaid he, *what would*

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you have the World to think of you? Let it think what it will; but ſtill 'tis my opinion, that it is permitted every body to mind their own buſineſs; and, if poſſibly, to prevent being betray'd: Betray'd, reply'd the Governour, *and where then are theſe Traytors? Where they are!* reply'd the Marqueſs in his turn, *over all the Earth, and with you, more than in any place of the World. In a word, your Wife, and your Apoſtate Chaplain, who is the moſt wicked of all Traytors: But do you not ſee,* reply'd the Governour, *that all is but in jeſt, to make mirth; and that my Wife, and that good Father——— How? a ſport to laugh at,* ſaid the Marqueſs in a fury, interrupting him, *when my Honour and Life are concern'd in it? Yes, my Life, I ſay, for one cannot take the one from me without the other; when Letters are carried, and that my Wife is to be ſtoln away: But who,* reply'd the Governour, *who is to take her away? Who?* reply'd the other, *your honeſt Pilgrim, with that precious Father* Andrew, *through the aſſiſtance, I will not ſay of whom, for I my ſelf am aſhamed of it. Heavens! is it poſſible,* ſaid the Governour, *that you ſhould abuſe your ſelf in this manner? Yea, yea, I do abuſe my ſelf,* reply'd he in a ſcornful tone, *and this Hat and Peruque were not part of Father* Andrew's *Equipage, who has been this night to ſpeak with my Wife through the aſſiſtance of yours: That which you now ſay, is true,* reply'd the Governour, *Father* Andrew *has been ſo idle as to pleaſe my Wife, in diſguiſing himſelf like a Cavalier, and ſhe made him go into the Garden to laugh at him, with the Marchioneſs; you ſhould have laugh'd alſo, and not fum'd at is as you have done: Yea, I muſt confeſs, I am mightily in the wrong,* reply'd the

the Marqueſs in the ſame tone ſtill, *and I was to have laugh'd at it; or rather, if you pleaſe, I ſhould have been my Wifes Confident to have carried the Letters which ſhe writ to the Pilgrim, and have ſaved the good Father* Andrew *that labour. Theſe are your counſels,* Monſieur *the Governour, and I thank you moſt kindly for them.* But —— the Governour would have anſwer'd him; *But,* ſaid he preſently again, interrupting of him, *I beſeech you to leave me in quiet, and let every one govern himſelf according to his own maxims; it ſuffices that I am obliged to you, and to my Lady Governeſs, for all that could happen to me in this world of moſt cruel.*

While they were thus entertaining one another, the Marqueſs had rid himſelf of the Pilgrims Weeds, he immediately did run to his Apartment, confiding no more in *Donna Barbara*, than in Father *Andrew*, and preſently he ſet his head to the Window, to ſee if the Ladder was not yet ready. The Governour, who would not leave him till he had inform'd him better, was endeavouring with the beſt reaſons that he could find, to reclaim him: *Believe me,* ſaid he to him, *my dear Couſin, that Pilgrim, of whom you ſpeak, has no ſhare in this Evenings Rallery; and I am very certain, that* Father Andrew, *does not ſo much as know him. Good God!* reply'd the Marqueſs, crying out as if poſſeſs'd, *Father* Andrew, *that Villain, from whom I have juſt now learned all, who is carrying of a Letter from my Wife to that Pilgrim, and who is to give him notice that he need but bring a Ladder this night to get to her out at the Window, and that ſhe will follow him whereſoever he pleaſes, does not know that Traytor?* All this did ſeem ſo ridiculous

diculous unto the Governour, and to *Donna Barbara*, that in lieu of adding Faith unto it, they did believe that he was crack-brain'd; and they were conſulting between them, what they ſhould do to prevent this diſtemper from growing worſe. As for the Marchioneſs, ſhe was retired into a Cloſet, ſo ſoon as ſhe had ſeen the Marqueſs come, under pretence of not expoſing her ſelf unto the rage of a jealous Mad-man; but the truth was, becauſe ſhe was ſo ſtrangely perplexed, not knowing what had happened unto Father *Andrew*, whoſe Hat and Peruque ſhe had ſeen in her Husbands Hands; above all things, fearing that ſome miſhap was come to her Letter. The Governour did think, that if he ſhould cauſe the Pilgrim to be ſecur'd, ſo that the Marqueſs ſhould have nothing further to fear from him, that that might compoſe his Brains. *Donna Barbara* did highly approve of this Propoſition; and her advice was, as every body thinks moſt on their own Intereſt, that it would not be amiſs to detain him Priſoner in one of the Towers of the Palace, that the Marqueſs might reſt the more ſecure; and that on the other hand, this poor Pilgrim, whom they thought not guilty, ſhould be the better treated. This being ſo concluded, it was propoſed to the Marqueſs, who was already gathering his people together to be on the defence, in caſe of an Eſcalade, and who proteſted that there ſhould be Night and Day a Guard in his Chamber, and that his Wife ſhould not ſtir forth of it till this curſed Pilgrim were ſeis'd, and that he had ſeen him have Irons at his Feet. They promiſed him, that things ſhould be performed according to his Deſires: And the Governour ſent immediately to fetch a

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Lieutenant of the Guard, to whom he gave Orders before the Marqueſs, to inſtantly go with twelve Muſqueteers, and ſeek all about the City after an *Italian* Pilgrim, which he deſcribed unto him; that he ſhould not return without him, but ſhould confine him in the Red Tower of the Palace. Mean time Father *Andrew* was come to *Camille* ſo out of Breath, that he was a conſiderable time before he could ſay any thing to him, more than by Signs and Grimaces, which did as much amaze the Pilgrim, as the Equipage that he was in did make him laugh; *Good God! Sir*, ſaid Father *Andrew* to him, with his Eyes ſtaring, *what hazards have I run through this day for your ſake? I have ſeen my ſelf at the laſt moment of living, and it was well for me that I had a quick eye, and a nimble foot, I had been a dead Man elſe, and kill'd, paſt all redemption, by the inraged Marqueſs his hand.* *Camille* having enquired how, after he had taken a little Breath, he related all that had happened to him that Evening, in ſuch paſſionate terms, and ſuch pleaſant geſtures, eſpecially at the Adventure of the Dagger, which was doubtleſs the moſt pleaſant paſſage of all the Relation, that *Camille*, as vexed as he was at his giddy miſtake, whoſe evil conſequences he did very well foreſee, could not forbear laughing, ſeeing him imitate at once both the Marqueſſes and his own part, how he had lifted the Dagger up againſt him, and how he had ſhunn'd the blow, ſtill concluding that his buſineſs had been done, if he had not made quick uſe both of his Eyes and Legs. *Camille*, who was much more impatient to ſee the Marchioneſſes Letter, than to hear every particular of that ſtory, having ask'd for it, he open'd it, and read theſe words. *Ap-*

APpearances have deceived me, Sir, and you muſt blame them for my over haſty condemning of you. I can further ſay, that in deſpite of them, I have rendred you more Juſtice than I could reaſonably have done; and that at the very inſtant that I call'd you Traytor, there was ſomething which wiſper'd unto me, it could not be poſſible, that a Perſon who appeared ſo Worthy, and ſo Generous, could be capable of committing ſo baſe an Action. I was beginning to renounce that injuſtice which I thought I did you, when I received your Letter; and I am not more obliged to you for thoſe generous offers, which you continue to make me, than in having wholly confirm'd me in the opinion that I had of you: For proof whereof, I declare to you, that beſides the manner that you ſeem to be concern'd at my ill Fortune, which would ever oblige me to have a great eſteem for you, I have found ſuch qualities in you, as uſually make the tenders of ſome perſons ſervices more acceptably received, than thoſe of ſome others; and that it will not be difficult for me to wholly confide in you. Let us make good uſe of time and opportunity, for I know not whether I ſhall ever have it ſo fair again; and if you can provide this very night a Ladder to get me down with from the Window, I ſhall be ready to follow you. Farewel: Do you act ſo, as to get Fortune of your ſide, and I'll engage to you on the account of Love.

The March. of L. C.

While *Camille* was reading this Letter with tranſports of joy and love, he did tremble on the other ſide, when he did think on the hazards that it had run of falling into the Marqueſs his Hands, which would have been the abſolute ruine of the Marchioneſs: He did ſhrewdly gueſs, though Father *Andrew* had not told him, that his imprudence had made him diſcover ſomething of the ſecret; that after ſuch a fatal Encounter there was nothing to be hoped for in their late deſign; and that the jealous Lord would certainly be upon his guard: He was diſtracted at it, which yet he durſt not wholly expreſs to the Father, for fear of putting him out of humour, perceiving very well, that which way ſoever the buſineſs ſhould go, he ſhould ſtill have occaſion for him. As they were reaſoning together on the ways they ſhould take, to know if there were any hopes of executing their Enterpriſe, without danger of being diſcover'd or known, they ſaw an Officer come into the Chamber, who, followed by ſix Muſqueteers, gave the Pilgrim to underſtand, that he had an Order from the Governour to ſecure him, and did in a civil way deſire him to ſurrender himſelf, becauſe that beſides his having of ſix Muſqueteers more at Hand, it had been expreſly commanded him to uſe him civilly; and that he ſhould be very ſorry to be obliged to uſe violent Hands. All thoſe kind expreſſions did not hinder our Heroe, who believed himſelf loſt, and who was not a Perſon to be tamely taken, to ſet himſelf in a Poſture of Defence, with a Dagger in his Hand, the only Weapon that he had then near him; ſo that maugre their great number, he ſold them his liberty at a dear rate, having wounded three or four of the

the Souldiers; who having ſpared him at firſt, were at laſt ſo netled at the ſight of their blood, that they were making at him, without any further regard unto the Governours Orders of favouring him. Father *Andrew*, who had never been in ſuch a Fray, whether being animated thereunto by the example of the Pilgrims generous reſiſtance, or that the Cavaliers dreſs he was in, of which he had loſt nothing but the Hat and Peruque, did infuſe courage in him; he plaid the Devil amongſt them; and did ſo well ſecond the Valiant *Camille*, that the Lieutenant had occaſion for the other ſix Souldiers, which he call'd to his aſſiſtance. They were forc'd at laſt to yield to the greater number: Father *Andrew* was the firſt taken, and the moſt ill treated, having not been ſpared, as had been the Pilgrim; there had rain'd upon his back and head, which was naked, a whole deluge of blows of Garabines, and flats of Swords; he crying out as one that was ſufficiently beaten; *Ah! you Villains, is it thus that you treat poor Father* Andrew, *the Governours Chaplain, and Religious Prieſt of the Order of S.* Dominick? *Ye are all Excommunicated, and I Excommunicate you for ever if you do not hold.* At the name of Father *Andrew*, rather than at the noiſe of the Excommunication, there was a Truce of blows; and at the ſame time the Pilgrim having been ſeiſed, they were both had to the Palace, though there was Order but for *Camille*, becauſe of the reſiſtance that Father *Andrew* had made, upon whom the Souldiers had been more ſevere, as it did very well appear, they having diſcharged the greateſt part of their anger upon him, ſo that he could but difficultly move. He

was thus very well rewarded for all his Meſſages: Fortune does not always favour us in all Places; and her ordinary viciſſitudes are in making croſs Events to ſucceed the faireſt beginnings.

The Pilgrim was lodged in the Red Tower, and his Companion was had before the Governour, to know what ſhould be done with him. Father *Andrew* would have willingly redeemed himſelf from ſo ſhameful a Scene, with the hundred Piſtols which he had received: And for certain, how great ſoever the Governours ſurpriſe was to ſee him in ſo ſtrange a dreſs, and to lean that he was found with the Pilgrim, he could not forbear laughing, in ſpight of the ſerious countenance which he had took upon him, to ſee him in ſo ſad a pickle with that new garment, which had been extremely diſordered in the Battle. *Donna Barbara*, who was gone to Bed, and could not perſwade her ſelf that it was her Ghoſtly Father, did riſe to ſee him, and was yet more ſupris'd than had been the Governour, but did not laugh, having a greater intereſt in it than her Husband, not doubting after this, but that all which the Marqueſs had ſaid concerning the Intrigues between the Marchioneſs and the Pilgrim were real truths. All her anger was preſently turn'd againſt Father *Andrew*, not only for his ſerving her Rival, but becauſe he had made her a party, having caus'd her to act a part very unworthy of her, and moſt cruel to her Heart. She took no notice of it before her Husband, but was reſolv'd to treat him the next morning as he deſerv'd. The Governour, who thought the Fryer had been ſufficiently puniſhed for all his follies, caus'd him to be releas'd, and preſently ſent Word to the Marqueſs, that the

the Pilgrim was ſecur'd: This was a great ſatisfaction to him: yet he did not ſleep the better for it, but had all night long Viſions of Palmer Staves, Hats with Shells, and ſuch like things, againſt which his Mind could not yet be well ſetled, though the cauſe of all thoſe Terrours of his was in Priſon.

The unfortunate *Camille*, overwhelm'd with Vexations and Deſpair in that Priſon, was much troubled about the Cauſe that ſhould move the Governour to have him thus apprehended in the Night-time, and after ſuch Kindneſſes which he had ſhew'd him: the time which he had allow'd him in *Barcelona* was not yet expired, and on the Marqueſs his account he did not believe there was any reaſon to uſe that extremity towards him; and it was much more probable, as he could not doubt it, that the Governour had dived into his Wife's Folly; and that the ſame Reaſons which oblig'd him to forbid him the Court, and not to remain above three Days in the City, had incited him alſo to caſt him into Priſon. Theſe Conſiderations made him exclaim againſt his too rigorous Fate, that thus did load him with Troubles, through the Love of a Woman whom he could not fancy, when he was juſt upon the point of being the moſt happy of all Men with her that he adored. This Thought, with the little Inclination he had for the Governour's Wife, did not not a little contribute to make him abſolutely hate her.

Donna Barbara had not that Night her Mind leſs fill'd with Sorrow and Care for her Lover: She had ſcarce ſeen him, but ſhe had lov'd him with ſo violent a Paſſion, which did every mo-

ment encreaſe, and the ſole Idea of that Pilgrim did ſo tranſport her, that there was not any thing which ſhe would not perform to gain his Affections. Mean time ſhe learns that he loves another, and concludes that the Repulſes, or at leaſt the Indifferency that he had ſhewn to her the Night before, did all proceed from thence; and that when he came to her, it was with an Intention to have met with the Marchioneſs, as it had afterwards appear'd by his Surprize. Theſe were cruel Reflections for a Woman that loves with ſuch a Paſſion as ſhe did the Pilgrim, and yet they were not powerful enough to cure her; and in the midſt of all the Sorrow ſhe had, to find her Affections run ſo far in favour of an ungrateful Perſon, which would triumph over them before her Rival, ſhe did ſigh and earneſtly wiſh that Day were come, that ſhe might find out ſome way of ſeeing him. Father *Andrew* was now the only Object of her Anger, as if he had been the Cauſe of all her Misfortunes: She wiſh'd that he would gueſs the Concerns which ſhe had for the Pilgrim; and that in lieu of ſerving him towards the Marchioneſs, he would diſcover to her all that which had paſſed between thoſe two Lovers, that ſhe might break all their Meaſures; that is, ſhe deſired that which was impoſſible. This is commonly the odd Compoſure of Mind of ſuch Perſons as are poſſeſs'd with ſo violent a Paſſion: Mean time ſhe was preparing very ſevere Mortifications for the good Father, the leaſt of which was to ſend him back to his Monaſtery.

The Morning, which affords Counſel on the things which have been concluded in the Night, and

and frequently with Advantage, did cauſe the Governeſs to go quite another way to work than what ſhe had deſigned: She ſent to ſeek after Father Father *Andrew* ſo ſoon as ſhe was up; but the good Father who had not reſted well that Night, though not tormented with Love as ſhe had been, was yet in Bed, and caus'd his Excuſes to be made to Madam the Governeſs, that thro' ſome Defluxions which had that Night troubled him, and from which he was not yet quite free, he could not come ſo ſoon to wait upon her. *Donna Barbara*, to whom Love would afford no reſt, being impatient to ſee and ſpeak with the Father, went her ſelf unto his Chamber, under the Veil of an Act of Charity, and to learn what was her Father Confeſſor's Diſtemper: Father *Andrew*, who expected not this Honour, was much ſurpriz'd at the ſight of her; and after ſome Queſtions which ſhe made him on the Condition of his Diſtemper, the true Cauſe of which he would never tell her, the Lady taking upon her a more ſerious Air, began to make him a Fraternal Remonſtrancy, that with ſo little regard to his Religious *Decorum*, he was become the Confident of a mean Pilgrim, and had made her alſo inſtrumental in the Intrigue, and the Fop of a Woman, that would take no ſmall advantage of it; adding, that the Governour had reſented it very much, and would have ſent him back to his Convent, had ſhe not oppos'd it, and endeavour'd to excuſe him. Father *Andrew*, moſt humble and contrite, at thoſe Leſſons which *Donna Barbara* made him, did return her Thanks for all the good Offices which ſhe had rendred him towards the Governour, proteſting that he had not acted any

thing in all that, but what was in pure Zeal of ſerving his Neighbour, not imagining there was any evil in it, that otherwiſe for certain he had not done it; and that for his part, he had rather die, than entertain the leaſt Thought of diſpleaſing her. The paſſionate Lady, who deſign'd to make her advantage from the Fathers Faults, would not be ſatisfied with his excuſes, ſeeming very unwilling to pardon him without he endeavour'd to gain her Favour by ſome other means: She would firſt learn from him all that had paſſed between thoſe two Lovers; the Father, who had not enter'd very far into *Camille*'s concerns, did endeavour to ſatisfie her as well as he could, in giving her a ſincere and faithful Account of that little which he knew of their Amours. But ſhe was not ſatisfied with that neither; and ſhe made him divers other queſtions, to which he anſwer'd according to his *Memoirs*, which did not extend very far. *You do not believe then*, ſaid the Governeſs to him, after ſhe had been ſome time ſilent, *that it is long ſince this Pilgrim has been acquainted with the Marchioneſs, nor that he is much in love with her? As to Love, Madam*, anſwer'd he, not knowing what intereſt the Lady had in all theſe enquiries, *I cannot ſay but that he does very much love her, but I know that their acquaintance is but new; that they have ſcarce had one opportunity to diſcourſe one another; and finally, that all their intelligence has yet gone no further than to a deſign of delivering the Marchioneſs out of her Husbands tyrannical jealouſie.* *Donna Barbara* took a little courage at Father *Andrew*'s Relation, and as an unreſolved Perſon, who had a thouſand deſigns in her Head that perplexed her, fre-

frequently beginning divers diſcourſes, and ſuddenly breaking them off, without finiſhing of any, ſhe at laſt told him, that ſhe was concern'd for that young Man, whom the Marqueſs was reſolv'd to ruine; and that the Governour would hardly have power to ſave him. Father *Andrew*, who had a real affection for the Pilgrim, was much concern'd at the News, and began to intercede for him to *Donna Barbara*, telling her, that he was the moſt honeſt, civil, and generous Pilgrim in the whole World, that it were a thouſand pityes to take away his life, and that his death would draw ſome miſchief upon her Family, becauſe it had never heard, that any Man that had once Vowed himſelf to S. *Jago*, had ever been hang'd. *Donna Barbara* being ſomewhat perſwaded with the good Fathers reaſons, did promiſe to concern her ſelf further for him, but yet that ſhe would have the Pilgrim to intreat her to it himſelf, that he might know to whom he were obliged; ſo that ſhe would have him go to the Pilgrim, and give him an account of his affairs. That he ſhould be ſure to repreſent the danger he was yet in greater than it was, and that he ſhould inſenſibly give him to underſtand, that there was no Perſon, but ſhe that could ſave him.

Father *Andrew* having been further inſtructed in all things, and yet not able to dive into the buſineſs, was very well pleaſed however to ſee her ſo well diſpoſed to ſerve his dear Pilgrim, knowing well what power ſhe had over the Governours Spirit, he return'd her thanks before hand for the kindneſs that ſhe ſhew'd in the behalf of a Stranger, who ſhe would find, when ſhe ſhould know him,

him, worthy of her care. *Donna Barbara*, who valued not his Complement, did preſs him to make haſte, telling him, that ſhe would ſtay for his Anſwer in her Chamber; and he promiſed her to be within a moment at the Priſon: There he found the Pilgrim much dejected and caſt down, and imbracing him with a great tenderneſs; *Courage, Sir*, ſaid he, *I hope that you ſhall not die: That I ſhall not die*, ſaid *Camille*, *am I then ſo near being condemn'd? No, but I fear*, reply'd Father *Andrew*, *that you may be ſo if you have not ſome Body to ſollicite for you; for the Marqueſs does not only accuſe you of having endeavour'd forcibly to take away his Wife from him, but that you would have murdered him alſo: And what proof is there of all this?* reply'd *Camille*. *I know not*, ſaid the Father, *but I believe that you will be condemned, whatever the proofs may be, if you do not apply your ſelf to the protection of ſome Perſon of ſufficient power to ſave you. Camille*, who pittied him to hear him reaſon ſo ſimply, did only tell him, that if he had no body but the Marqueſs to fear, he did not believe that he ſtood in want of any Perſons protection. Father *Andrew* having once again endeavour'd to repreſent the danger greater to him than he did imagine it, the Pilgrim ask'd him, *Where he had learn'd all that*: To which he anſwer'd, *From a Lady that had a great power at Court, and good intentions towards him: In a Word, that he had it from the Governours Lady. From the Governours Lady!* replyed *Camille*; *well Father, I have ſo little inclination to be her Debtor, that I had rather die than be obliged to her for my life: And carry her back that anſwer*, continued he, *if it is ſhe that has ſent you here on*

that

that Errand; tell her beſide, that death will never come ſo ſoon as I deſire it. Father *Andrew* aſtoniſhed at this high Spirit, did endeavour to reclaim him a little, and enquir'd of him, what reaſon he had to refuſe, in the ſad condition he was, ſuch marks of affection, as would have fill'd with honour and joy any other Perſon than he? *I have nothing further to ſay to you on that account*, ſaid he, *and peradventure I have more cauſe of complaint of the Governour's Wife, than of returning her thanks; But that is not the buſineſs: Go back to her, Father, and tell her, that if I muſt die, I am reſolv'd, but no lowneſs on my part.* Father *Andrew*, who had not comprehended any thing of the Governeſſes deſign, could yet leſs unravel what reaſons the Pilgrim had to ſlight ſo much her obliging offers, as to chuſe to die, rather than ſo much as entreat her. He could not conceive that there was any particular acquaintance between them; and yet he did believe, that the odd way, after which they both acted, was not without ſome kind of Myſtery, which did ſpeak ſomething more, than from ſuch Perſons as did not know one another. His Brains not diving further into this myſtery, he left no time to unravel all that Intrigue, and return'd unto *Donna Barbara*, to whom he gave an account of the Commiſſion which ſhe had given him; and if he did not relate to her wholly with what ſcorn the Pilgrim had receiv'd the offers of her protection, he however told her enough to make her underſtand the ſmall eſteem he had of her: *What! he will die then*, ſaid ſhe, *with an Emotion which ſhe had much to do to conceal: Yes, Madam*, reply'd the Father,

rather

rather than be obliged to any one for his life: Perhaps, Madam, becauſe he does not believe that he deſerves death: Ah! cruel! ſhe then cry'd out, not being able to ſuppreſs her ſighs any longer, *it is not that which makes him anſwer after this manner, but the extream paſſion which he has for the Marchioneſs, and the averſion which he feels for all other Women: It is not with you, Father, that I muſt conſtrain my ſelf any longer,* continued ſhe bluſhing; *and ſeeing that you already know all the weakneſſes of my Soul, therefore it would be uſeleſs to conceal this from you: This Pilgrim has ſome ſecret Art to Charm Women with: Since the firſt day that I ſaw him, and that he caſt his eyes on me, I have felt for him ſuch things as are not naturally felt for ordinary Perſons; and whatſoever I have oppos'd againſt it, to remove him from my mind, I have been daily more and more poſſeſſed with it; I know that I do ill, but I have no power to reſiſt him, and find that the more my paſſion ſhould be oppoſed, the more it would break forth: I will try what time can do; mean time, Father, if you have any conſideration for me, you will have pity of the condition I am in, and will endeavour to qualifie in ſome meaſure the torment that I endure, for none can do it better than you.* Father *Andrew* overjoy'd at this her confiding in him, which gave him ſo fair a return upon *Donna Barbara*, did make her alſo a gentle and ſhort Remonſtrancy, as in Duty bound, and did repreſent to her the conſequences of thoſe kind of Ingagements, the ſorrow that they are commonly accompanied with, and the publick ſhame when once they broke forth: all this was deliver'd very mildly, and ſtill with ſtore of Howevers, which

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did ſweeten the bitterneſs of the Remonſtrancy, which was none of the ſevereſt. And at laſt finding that there was no hopes of diſwading her that way, (neither had he much mind to do it) he ſhifted into another diſcourſe, as an Indulgent Director ſhould do, and told her in a languiſhing and devout tone, That ſeeing the Spiritual Remedies had no power over her, ſhe was to make uſe of thoſe that were Natural, and of two Evils ſhun the worſt, which was the ſcandal, in which ſhe muſt of neceſſity have fallen, if the Heavens had not inſpired her to addreſs her ſelf to a Perſon ſo diſcreet as he was, ſhe knowing what zeal he had for her Service. *Do but repoſe your ſelf on my cares, Madam*, continued he, *and ſince that the chiefeſt buſineſs is to make you to be beloved, know that I have ſome ſecrets as powerful in that point as are the Pilgrims; and that before he ſleeps, he ſhall ſigh for you.* That laſt word made *Donna Barbara* ſigh, who languiſhingly looking upon the Father Conſolator; *How much you promiſe me in a ſhort time, Father*, ſaid ſhe to him, *to do this, he muſt firſt forget an Object with which he is too much poſſeſt, and for which he hath doubtleſs left his Country, and be mov'd with the like thought for me: So great a change*, continued ſhe, *is not done in one Day: No, no! do but make him loſe all hopes of ever ſeeing the Marchioneſs, and in the preſſing danger of his Life, as you may repreſent it to him, make him ſee how much better it would be for him to turn his affections towards me; for he already knows I love him, and that it is his own fault if he is not happy.* Father *Andrew* having been ſufficiently inſtructed in all things, to acquit himſelf of that Imploy, as a zealous and

and expert Truſtee, he promiſed *Donna Barbara* not to forget any thing: And ſo parting each with his particular Idea's, they both went to labour to bring about their deſign.

The Marqueſs and the Marchioneſs had paſs'd the Night as a Husband and Wife could do, when they are of ſo bad Intelligence as thoſe two were. The Governour had engaged the jealous Marqueſs, before they had parted, to ſacrifice to his Requeſt all the Reſentments that he might have againſt his Wife; and had had a Promiſe from the Marchioneſs, never to have any Deſign againſt her Husbands Honour and Intereſts. Thus a certain kind of Reconciliation having been made upon this, he had left them both in a paſſable good Reſolution of living Friendly together. All this was good in the outward Appearance, but the inward Parts are not ſo ſoon cured; and as the Marqueſs could but very hardly forgive his Wife the treaſonable Trick ſhe would have plaid him, his Wife did not deſpair of finding out ſome other Pilgrims, if this ſhould fail her. Here were two Perſons very ſtrangely intention'd, and that might lie long enough together, and yet have no true Peace between them. Neither was there any thing elſe all Night, but Maundrings on the Husband's ſide, and Sighs on that of the Wife, which laſted till Morning. A pitiful Society! A ſad Alliance, which is but too often met withal in this wicked Age! It is not without Cauſe therefore, that the Mode of Unmarrying has been found out of late.

The Governour's Wife, who was impatient to ſpeak with the Marqueſs, had order'd a Page to wait all the Morning at his Chamber-door, to tell

tell him, when he was up, that ſhe had ſome thing to impart to him. It was very late before he came to her, with a ſad and melancholy Countenance, partly through the ill Night which he had paſſed, and the little reaſon that he had to be ſatisfied with *Donna Barbara*'s Proceedings; as for her part, expecting no better, ſhe was not ſurpriz'd at it, and without further minding of it, ſhe told him, that ſhe knew the Cauſe, which he thought he had to be angry with her, but that ſhe proteſted to him, that ſhe did not know any thing of Father *Andrew*'s late Deſign, in which her Honour had not been as much concern'd as his, ſhe not being of Quality nor Honour to ſerve any one in ſuch amorous Intrigues; that ſhe did not only intend to have that inſolent Monk puniſh'd for it, but that ſhe expected that the Marchioneſs ſhould alſo make her ſome acknowledgment thereupon; and driving her Reſentments further yet, ſhe added, That it was a thing very unworthy a Perſon of Quality, that had marry'd a Marqueſs, who had been honour'd with ſo many brave Employs, and deſcended of one of the prime Families of that Kingdom, to abandon her ſelf in that manner to the Love of a Pilgrim, of a Beggar, which ſhe had rather follow than her own Husband. Finally, ſhe ſet her ſelf up in ſo fine a Mode of Invectives, that the Marqueſs, who did believe her to be angry in earneſt, had much to do to appeaſe her. He did ask her a thouſand times Pardon for his Wife, acknowledging that ſhe did not deſerve to be ally'd to a Perſon of ſuch Honour and Quality as ſhe was; that it was his Misfortune, and he the more to be pitied: The Concluſion of all this

was,

was, That *Donna Barbara* did adviſe the Marqueſs to convey his Wife to ſome ſolitary place, and learn her to be wiſe: But the Marqueſs, who was tainted with that Weakneſs incident to all Jealous Husbands, that cannot part with their Wives, though never ſo many Reaſons to incite them to it, was not at firſt of her Opinion, and thought it more reaſonable to remove the principal Cauſe of all thoſe Diſorders, the Pilgrim, which the Governour could do no leſs than baniſh him out of the Kingdom, if he would not condemn him to die; as ſuch Attempts, as that wicked Perſons were, did deſerve. *Donna Barbara*, who was concern'd in all this, did as little approve of the Marqueſs's Deſigns, ſhewing him, that beſides thoſe Forms that were to be obſerved in doing Juſtice, which would not permit the Governour to baniſh a Man without being firſt examined, it were more proper to leave him for ſome time in Priſon, to puniſh him for his Inſolency; and that there were beſides certain Reaſons as to the Decency and Policy of the buſineſs, which required ſome other kind of Uſage, becauſe that this Baniſhment would ſeem leſs Puniſhment, than a Pretence, whereby to be rid of a Perſon which he feared, and of whom he were jealous; and that however it would be an eaſie matter for this Pilgrim to go into the Kingdom of *Valencia*, or in that of *Aragon*, and there cauſe him the ſame Troubles, as he had done in *Catalonia*.

The Marqueſs, who was not one of the beſt Head-pieces in the World, was yielding to *Donna Barbara*'s Reaſons; who added this beſides, that when the Marchioneſs ſhould be inform'd of the Pilgrim's

Pilgrim's Liberty, ſhe would not deſpair to ſee him again, and that the ſureſt way to cure her of that Fancy, was to take from her all poſſible Hopes of ever ſeeing him more, by removing her from him ſo ſoon as poſſible he could, ſo that ſhe might never more hear him mentioned. The Marqueſs being now wholly convinced, did reſolve to be gone the very next Day, and in order to it, he went to ſeek the Governour, to inform him of his reſolution, who did endeavour to diſſwade him from it, but all in vain, for he did not confide much in him neither, by reaſon of his Indulgency towards the Pilgrim.

Donna Barbara was of opinion, that ſhe had very much advanced her buſineſs, in having perſwaded this jealous Man to leave *Barcelona*, flattering her ſelf with the thoughts that the Marchioneſs, whom ſhe did look upon as the ſole Obſtacle to her deſires, being once diſtanced from her Lover, ſhe would find it no longer ſo difficult to be belov'd by him. To wholly deceive her in that Opinion, there needed no more but Father *Andrew*, who after he had but very fruitleſly diſcourſed the Pilgrim on theſe Inſtructions, that the Lady had given him, would not quite put her into deſpair, in informing her of the little eſteem that this Lover had for her; for then he would himſelf have loſt thoſe advantages which he did hope to gain by his cares, as alſo the honour of continuing longer in the Office of the Governeſſes Confident. He therefore gave her hopes that the Pilgrim would not always prove inſenſible towards her, that he had found him much altered ſince thoſe fine things which he had told him concerning her, and that if ſhe would be pa-

tient but a little, ſhe ſhould find him, if not quite ſo paſſionate as ſhe deſerved, yet at the leaſt very penitent for having ſlighted her favours, and ſufficiently ſoftned to give her ſatisfaction.

As there is nothing that more eaſily makes impreſſions in our Minds than thoſe things which pleaſe us, and which we deſire, Father *Andrew* did not ſay one Word to that Paſſionate Lady which did not give her infinite content, though under doubtful appearances; the good Father, who did diſcern it in her Eyes, did continually add ſome new thing unto the amorous Narrative. So that *Donna Barbara*, being impatient to ſee the effects of Father *Andrew*'s rare ſecrets, did reſolve to go in a Diſguiſe to the Priſon, to be a Witneſs unto their Diſcourſes, and to reliſh the whole Pleaſure of them.

This propoſition did ſtartle the Reverend Father, well knowing that ſhe ſhould hear nothing there, but what would be contrary to thoſe hopes which he had given her. He oppos'd himſelf as much as he could to that Deſign, ſetting before her the evident danger unto which ſhe ſhould expoſe her ſelf; which beſides would not have a good effect on the Pilgrim's Mind, of which ſhe was to manage well the value, if ſhe would be belov'd of him in good earneſt; but all thoſe Reaſons, and many more which he told her to draw himſelf out of the Bryars, were not of force to remove her from that deſign. They were of no value with a Woman, whoſe Soul was fill'd with fiery tranſports. *Father, I know*, ſaid ſhe, not giving ear to half what he ſaid, *all that you can ſay to me, and I ſhould know what I had to do in this Caſe, if, in the condition I am, I were capa-*

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of ſome Reflections or Reaſons. But when one loves, as I do, nothing but the deſires of the Heart are hearkned unto; and it would be fruitleſs to endeavour the diſſwading me from it; for I can follow no other Counſel; and without any further reaſoning on the caſe, ſince it is my buſineſs, and that you are willing to ſerve me in it, I deſire you to get me in readineſs againſt Night, one of your Novices Garments, and not to trouble your ſelf any farther in the buſineſs, for though I ſhould but ſee this Pilgrim, I ſhall be extremely recompenſed for the pains I ſhall have taken. Father *Andrew* ſeeing that there was no hopes of making her change her reſolution, did promiſe to perform whatſoever ſhe ſhould deſire, though he foreſaw the danger that there was for them both in it. But *Friars* in all buſineſſes have always a back door open to get out at. He went to his Convent, where he ſoon fitted himſelf with a Novices Habit, about the Ladies ſtature, which he had conveyed into the Palace. When the hour was come, *Donna Barbara* fail'd not to go to his Chamber, to prepare her ſelf for the Maſquerade, with as much earneſtneſs as Father *Andrew* was backwards; but he was forc'd to reſolve upon it, and for that time to officiate to the Lady, who was not very well acquainted with that *Jacobin* Equipage in the Place of a *Valet de Chambre*; during his Employ he had here and there ſome little pleaſures, and his new Office, giving him ſomewhat more of Liberty than that of a Spiritual Director would afford him, he made good uſe of it; for it is cuſtomary with *Monks* to make an advantage of all things, and this, who was a moſt perfect one, did make pretty good uſe of his Rights, in put-

ting that Gown and Frock on the *Sennora Barbara*, of whom he made the prittyeſt little *Friar* that ever was in the *Novitiat*; if all this was without Temptaion I ſhall not tell. Finally, all being ready, they went out of the Chamber, and marched on without noiſe or light towards the red Tower, and with ſo good fortune as to meet with no Perſon in the Palace that did ſpeak to them. *Camille*'s reſtraint being not ſo extraordinary ſtrict, Father *Andrew* had leave, through *Donna Barbara*'s Order, to ſee him at what hour he pleas'd; ſo that it was not difficult for them to get in; they found the Pilgrim lying on his Bed, reading in a Book, a kind of Conſolation in his Afflictions. *Well, Father*, ſaid he to the Confeſſor, ſo ſoon as he ſaw him appear, *have you no better News for me, than thoſe which you have brought me hitherto? and ſhall I have Juſtice done me, or muſt I dye in this Priſon? I have already told you, Sir*, reply'd he, making him ſign that there was a Novice after him, of whom they ſhould be wary, *it lies in you to go out of it, and to be the happieſt of all Men. Happy! After what manner?* (replyed *Camille*, who thought there was no great danger in ſpeaking before a young Brother) *in imploring the aſſiſtance of a Perſon that is peradventure the ſole cauſe of all my Evil? Of a Woman——Yea! but of ſuch a Woman*, interrupted the Father, ſtill making ſign, *that has a great eſteem and affection for you, that knows your worth, and that doubtleſs deſerves that you ſhould conſider her not as your Enemy, or the cauſe of your misfortune, towards which ſhe has never contributed, but as a Lady that concerns her ſelf in your affairs, and that would inform you what an*

intereſt

intereſt ſhe has in them. I know more on that ſubject, Father, reply'd the Pilgrim, who did not comprehend to what purpoſe thoſe ſigns were made, *than you can tell me, and in a word, if you would oblige me, never ſpeak more of her to me.* To which Father *Andrew*, who was in a violent ſweat to hear him ſpeak in that manner, reply'd, *But this Morning, Sir, you were not in this Mind, and I found you in my Opinion, more full of acknowledgments towards a Perſon, that you cannot hate without ingratitude. You deceive you ſelf, Father,* reply'd *Camille*, who was wondring at the Fathers Diſcourſe, as much as at his ſigns, *I am no Changling, and what I tell you now, I did both think and ſay in the Morning; you know that I love, and tho' my Heart ſhould be capable of Perfidiouſneſs, it*——— there he made a ſtop, perceiving that the little Novice, that was drawn nearer them, did look ſtedfaſtly in his Face, with a Countenance that did amaze him. *Go on thou cruel one,* ſaid the little Brother to him, *and declare that I ſhould deſerve nothing, though I ſhould act all that can be imagined for thee. Camille,* who would never have known *Donna Barbara* under ſuch a Dreſs, did fall into the greateſt amazement in the World, when he heard her voice. He could ſcarce believe his own Eyes, examining her from Head to Foot. *Yes, look,* ſaid ſhe, *and ſee what Love makes me do for thee, maugre all thy ſcorns? what I have done hitherto is very inconſiderable, but I come now to conclude my ruin for the moſt ungrateful of all Men. Alas, Madam,* reply'd *Camille, it is me that you ruin, and that you render miſerable. How miſerable? ſpeak,* reply'd ſhe, *canſt thou complain but of being too*

much beloved? is there any Perſon of worth in the World that would ſay ſo much of the meaneſt of Women? thou troubleſt thy ſelf about my cares, thou thinkeſt that it would be a ſhame to thee to be obliged to me for thy life, and preferreſt thy Priſon to Liberty, only becauſe that it is offer'd thee by me. The paſſionate and winning manner that the amorous *Donna Barbara* did uſe in her reproaches to her Pilgrim, certainly there was no Heart but what would be ſomewhat mov'd at it, and *Camille*, whoſe Heart was not wholly inſenſible, was touch'd with compaſſion, and did endeavour to excuſe himſelf, on the reſpect which he owed to the Governour, to whom he would not for the World, have given ſo great a cauſe of complaint, after the great Civilities which he had received from him. 'The Governour? (replyed *Donna Barbara*,) pitiful conſiderations, and ſeeing that I paſs 'them by, thou ſhouldſt not ſcruple to do the 'ſame: But rather ſay, and never ſeek after ſpe-'cious pretences, that to my grief thou cam'ſt 'into theſe parts, with a Heart fill'd with ano-'ther Object: That it is the Marchioneſs that 'renders uſeleſs, and even odious to thee, all my 'Cares, my Kindneſſes, and all things elſe, that 'I would do for thee. When thou doſt own it 'to me, I ſhall do thy Heart juſtice; but then 'add to it, that I might have been agreeable to 'thee, if thou hadſt ſeen me firſt; and that 'when ever thou ſhalt looſe all hopes of poſſeſ-'ſing her, thou wilt remember with what a Paſ-'ſion I love thee, and give thy ſelf wholly to 'me. Other Women would not be contented 'with this ſmall requeſt; there are but few that 'would love thee at that rate: But I will make thee

'thee ſenſible, how far the exceſs of a real Paſ'
'ſion will extend. *Camille*, had never found
'himſelf in ſo great a confuſion: He could not
refuſe ſome complaiſances, at leaſt, to a Lady ſo
tranſported with Love, as ſhe was for him; and
he had need to qualifie his diſdain, to give her
ſome anſwer ſuitable to her paſſionate Diſcourſes;
yet nothing did more contribute to thoſe kind-
neſſes which he expreſſed to her, as the deſire
which he had to be rid of her, inceſſantly fear-
ing that ſhe ſhould be ſupriz'd with him in that
diſguiſe, and that this viſit ſhould come to the
Governour's knowledge, which would make an
end of ruining him, he could not forbear expreſ-
ſing his ſenſe of it to the Lady, intreating her to
have patience, till he had recover'd his liberty,
and that then there would be leſs danger for ei-
ther of them, and they might have the ſatisfacti-
on of ſeeing one another the longer. But ſhe be-
ing incapable of any reaſon, did reproach him all
his fears; which ſhe, being wholly taken up with
her paſſion, could not entertain. Yet at laſt to
let him ſee that ſhe did love him to that ex-
ceſs, as to deprive her ſelf of what was moſt
pleaſing to her, which was to ſee him, ſhe left
him, and at her going, ſhe did force from him
ſome kindneſſes, which either real, or fictitious,
did however extreamly conſolate her.

Father *Andrew*, who had ſeen this viſit con-
cluded far better than he expected, did receive
by it, almoſt as much of ſatisfaction as *Donna
Barbara* had, and did much glory in it, and did
congratulate her of her happy Succeſs; to which
he thought he had not a little contributed. They
both went out of the *Tower*, entertaining them-

ſelves with the merits and fine Qualities of this Pilgrim, which were thought to be ſuch extraordinary ones, that ſhe would needs have him to be ſome Prince in a diſguiſe; ſeeing nothing but what was great and extraordinary in all his Actions. The good Father, who knew how much it would pleaſe her to extend himſelf upon the Pilgrim's praiſes, did ever out-do her at that ſport, and the earneſtneſs they were both in, did ſo tranſport them, that without conſidering they were in the Enemies Territories, they did ſpeak ſo loud, that any body might hear them: So that being come near to ſome ſteps, which were to be aſcended, *Donna Barbara*, who knew not ſo well the way in the dark, as Father *Andrew* did, did bid him lend her his Hand to help her up the ſteps. The Father, who went firſt, turn'd back; but when he would have taken her by the hand, he found it already ſeiz'd on, and that ſomebody elſe did do her that Office. Upon this, ſuch a fear did ſeize on him, as it would have done on many others; that without ſpeaking one word, he ſtole away into his Chamber, as faſt, and with as little noiſe, as he could: Where I believe he Barricadoed himſelf up, and, I believe, had but an ill Night of it. *Donna Barbara* hearing ſome body walk ſo near them, did ſoftly ask of the Father, who ſhe thought ſhe had by the hand, what that was. But this Father would make no anſwer, it being the Marqueſs, who returning from giving the laſt orders for his departure, was waiting there for his Flambeau, that was blown out, and which was gone, to be lighted again. *Donna Barbara* preſaging no good from that ſilence, did inquire of the pretended Father the reaſon of it; and was thinking

to

to retire, fearing ſome ſurpriſal, juſt as the Flambeau appear'd; by whoſe light having perceiv'd, that it was not Father *Andrew* that did hold her by the hand, ſhe made a great out-cry, and preſently got away, leaving one of her Gloves behind her, not having had time to diſcern who it was. But ſhe was perfectly known by the Marqueſs, who had had leaſure to hear her diſcourſe with Father *Andrew*, which gave no ſmall cauſe of reflection to our Jealous, who ſince the Morning had thought her the moſt virtuous Wife in all *Spain*: And the Governour the happieſt of all Men, becauſe he could take his reſt in quiet. The Dreſs ſhe was in, did ſurprize him more than all the reſt, he who was a profeſſed Bigot, and who did perceive to what uſe were put ſuch holy things. He concluded, that Father *Andrew* muſt of neceſſity be made one in all thoſe ſports, on whom he did already look as on one of *Lucifer*'s black Inſtruments, ſent into the World to corrupt all Woman-kind. He could eaſily gueſs, by what he had heard them ſay, that they were newly come from viſiting the Pilgrim; and that thought did ſomewhat comfort him; for in this World there's nothing like having Companions in our afflictions, which makes them not ſeem ſo weighty to us. He had a great itching immediately to give the Governour an account of this Adventure; but becauſe he knew him to be extreamly prepoſſeſt with a good opinion of his Wife, and that he ſhould have to do with a bold and high ſpirited Lady, he feared that a Glove might not be ſufficient proof, wherewith to perſwade the Husband, that he was in his predicament, or to convince the Lady of being concern'd in a gallant

Intrigue.

Intrigue. And that conſequently he ſhould but cauſe ſome diſorder, and draw upon himſelf all the evil of that Intrigue. So that he took the reſolution of being ſilent, and return'd to his own Apartment, reflecting often within himſelf, how little Women were to be truſted, and that ſome did make Horns to others, who had his own Houſe full of them. Upon this he careſſed his Wife with a better heart than he had done in a long time; and as he knew that nothing could work a greater effect on the minds of Female kind, than Jealouſie would, he could not forbear giving her an account of the pleaſant Rencounter which he had had. The Marchioneſs would have had much to do to have believed it, thinking it ſome effect of his jealous mind, to make her hate the Pilgrim, if he had not aſſur'd her, that he had ſeen them both come out of the *Tower*; if he had not repeated to her the ſame Diſcourſes, which had paſs'd between Father *Andrew* and the Lady, and finally if he had not ſhown her the Ladies own Glove, which had been left in his hands. Of truth, after that laſt proof ſhe had no more to ſay, and the ſincerity with which ſhe ſee him ſpeak to her, knowing him perfectly well, did make as great an impreſſion in her mind as all the reſt did; ſo that ſhe began to feel within her ſelf more hatred for that perfidious Man, and more Jealouſie againſt her Rival, than ſhe could have thought to have had upon ſo ſlender a ſubject. The Marqueſs, who, though his Wife was ſilent, did eaſily ſee in her Eyes, and perceive by her very ſilence, that he had compaſſed his ends, and animated her with almoſt as much Hatred againſt *Donna Barbara*, as he had been againſt his

Wife:

Wife: He further did inform her, how excellently that fair Lady had acted the Virtuous Womans part with him that Morning, having flown very high againſt her Conduct, even to the giving him ſuch Counſels as he would not follow; which confirm'd the Marchioneſſes rage againſt them both, though he would not let her know what thoſe Advices were: So that what with Jealouſie, and what with Reſentments, ſhe was all Night in little kind of rages, which would let her take but very little reſt, wiſhing with great impatiency for day, that ſhe might be gone, having no other deſires left, than to remove from a place, where ſhe could be of no other uſe than a property to her Rival, to whom that Traytor the Pilgrim had doubtleſs diſcovered all their ſecret Intrigue.

The Marqueſs who had not changed his deſign, though he had found out, that another had as well as his Wife a Months mind to the Pilgrim, knowing well, that in all thoſe kind of things, others Examples do rather authorize than deter, was the firſt riſing in the Palace, to have all his Retinue in a readineſs to march, and continue his Voyage towards *Madrid*, where he was going. The Governour and his Lady did riſe alſo to wait upon them out of Town; but the firſt thing that *Donna Barbara* did, ſo ſoon as her Husband went out of the Chamber, was to ſend after Father *Andrew*, to enquire of him who that Man was that affrighted the Father, who was poſſeſs'd with the ſame curioſity, having ſpent all the Night in a ſtrange reſtleſneſs, leſt it ſhould be the Governour, was very glad to hear the contrary by *Donna Barbara*'s Meſſage. He had no more to ſay

to

to this point than ſhe had, only that he was certain he had not been ſeen. *Donna Barbara*, who was not a Woman to be frighted with ſo ſmall a matter, did trouble her ſelf no further as to what might happen from this buſineſs, knowing well how to get out of it, and that ſhe would make that Perſon paſs for ridicule, that would accuſe her of any ſuch thing; ſhe ſent back Father *Andrew* to his Chamber, and took the way that led her to the Marchioneſs, to acquit her ſelf of thoſe Ceremonies uſed in ſuch caſes, not knowing how to diſpence her ſelf from them, though ſhe had no great inclination to go. She entred her Chamber with a cold and indifferent Countenance, and found the Marchioneſs making an end of preparing her ſelf for the Journey, and who afforded her as indifferent a reception; they were both for ſome time in that humour, not ſpeaking a word to one another, till that *Donna Barbara*, who thought that ſhe had the only cauſe of Complaint, did break that ſilence, and told her, that ſhe was much amaz'd at the reception which ſhe did afford her that Morning. The Marchioneſs did anſwer her coldly, that there were certain days of Vexation, when a Perſon was very unfit for any thing, and that ſhe would have her to be the Judge of it, who appear'd not to be in a better humour her ſelf. *I might have hoped however, Madam*, reply'd the Governeſs, who was not ſatisfied with that excuſe, *that after ſo much Complaiſance as I had for you in the Garden this Evening, which was ſo favourable to your Deſigns, you might have afforded me a better reception: But I perceive the buſineſs; you would have them that concern themſelves for you to be reſponſible of the ill ſucceſs*

that

that your deſires have had. You being the Perſon, Madam, reply'd the Marchioneſs, *who did give the firſt motion to that Maſquerade, which you had not invented but for your own diverſion; I wonder, that after you had made me the Property in it, you ſhould yet demand of me ſome acknowledgment. Yes, Madam,* reply'd *Donna Barbara,* with a forc'd ſmile, *if there had been no more in the caſe, but you know that if you have been my Property, I have been your Gull. The worſe for you, Madam,* reply'd the Marchioneſs. *Yes, the worſe indeed,* reply'd the other, *but do you know,* added ſhe with a little tranſport, not being able to contain her Paſſion any longer, *that I am very unfit to be employed in ſuch kind of Commerce. I am willing to believe it, Madam,* reply'd the Marchioneſs, ſtill with the ſame coldneſs, *but it is my Opinion, that no Perſon ſhould be vexed for rendring ſuch Services to others, of which they themſelves ſtand in need. I need ſuch Services!* reply'd ſhe. *Who knows, Madam,* reply'd the Marchioneſs, *you are a Woman as I am, and one cannot—— Ah! one can be aſſur'd,* ſaid ſhe, ſtill fretting more and more, *that if I am a Wife, it is without ſuch weakneſſes as diſhonour an Husband. It is true,* replyed the Marchioneſs, who could forbear no longer from revenging her ſelf of that reproach, *that it is very honourable for a Woman to go at midnight to viſit Priſoners, ſuch a one too, as upon whoſe account you would have me diſgrac'd, though I had never ſpoken to him. Priſoners!* replyed *Donna Barbara,* in an accent very different from the former. *Yes, Madam,* continued the Rival, *Priſoners, but I muſt confeſs that is an act of Charity, which perform'd at ſuch an hour, and under a Religious Habit,*

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is of ſo great a Merit before God and Man, that it gives a perſon a due right of ſlandring all others. *Donna Barbara*, whoſe quick and nimble wit had never wanted a repartee to all that was ſaid to her, did remain now ſtrangely confounded, ſo that ſhe only ſaid that ſhe underſtood her not. *How! do you not underſtand me*, replyed the Marchioneſs, who was reſolv'd to give it her home, *ſtay a moment, and I will fetch you a certain thing that ſhall expound to you more clearly what I ſay to you, and ſhall let you ſee, that it is from good hands that I have it.* She meant the Glove, which ſhe went to ſeek for in a Cloſet that was in her Chamber. The Marqueſs, who had heard all that fine Dialogue, without medling with the Diſpute, employing himſelf about ſomething elſe, was very much pleaſed that his Wife had given her ſuch a ſevere repulſe, and ſhe had never done any thing in the World that had pleaſed him ſo much as to have humbled that Lady, who was the proudeſt Woman in the World. He could have wiſh'd, to compleat his joy, that the Governour had been preſent, who came juſt in the time that the Marchioneſs was returning with *Donna Barbara*'s Glove. *Here, Madam*, ſaid ſhe, giving it her, *judge by that Token whether I am well inform'd of the Adventure.* The poor Lady was ſo caſt down with different thoughts, both at the ſight of that Glove, and at her Husband's unlucky arrival to make an end of ruining her, that ſhe retir'd, not being able to ſpeak one word more. The Governour, who did ſee her go ſo out of Countenance, and with a great bluſhing all over her Face, which did ſufficiently expreſs the diſturbance that was in her Soul, did enquire of the Mar-

Marqueſs, the matter with her; he told him that he muſt enquire of the Marchioneſs, and ſhe ſaid, that he muſt ask the Marqueſs: thus ſhifting him from the one to the other, without any other ſatisfaction. The Governour was not very well contented with this, and he would have gone to ſeek after his Wife, to know of her what occaſion ſhe had to ſeperate her ſelf after that manner from the Marchioneſs, had they not been on the point of going; he therefore deferred his Information till his return, believing that at the moſt it could be but ſome Womans Quarrel, and knowing the humour of his, he did ſuppoſe that ſhe might have undertaken to make ſome Remonſtrances to the Marchioneſs about the Pilgrim, which the other had not taken kindly; and therefore he did not trouble himſelf any further about it. They all got into the Coaches, and drove on towards *Saragoſſa*, through which the Marqueſs would paſs going for *Madrid*. The Governour had had a deſign to acompany them a Journeys way from *Barcelona*, but that certain Words which the Marchioneſs had let fall by the way concerning *Donna Barbara* and the Pilgrim, which did bear double ſenſe, did give him more cauſe to think than was expected, and was the occaſion that he return'd home that Night. No great ſtore of diſcretion can be expected from Women in ſuch caſes, and there never was one yet that did ſpare her Rival, when ſhe could ruine her. *Donna Barbara*, was paſſing away ſome very ſcurvey particles of time, as may be imagin'd after the late Encounter that ſhe had had with the Marchioneſs, who doubtleſs would not forbear, as ſhe imagined, informing the Governour throughly of it: So that ſhe was in ſtrange diſ-

quiet

quiets, till ſhe did ſee him go along with them, gueſſing by that, that he was not over angry with her; ſeeing he did not deſiſt accompanying them, as he had deſign'd it. After this ſhe began to Breath and Rejoice that ſhe had driven away the Marchioneſs from *Barcelona*, and remained in ſole poſſeſſion of her Lover; ſhe preſently ſent to ſeek after her moſt dear Confident, to whom ſhe did relate what had paſſed between her and the Marchioneſs. Not conceiving from whom ſhe could have had all that Information, except it were the Marqueſs that had ſurpris'd them at the going out of the *Tower*. Father *Andrew* did fear very much for himſelf, in caſe this buſineſs ſhould be known, not doubting but the ſhare he had in it, would make him fall heavily under the Governour's Anger, and made to bear the whole Burden. *Donna Barbara* did endeavour to encourage him, telling him that he knew a way how to prevent all the harms which might befall them; that they had two days to think of it, ſeeing that the Governour was not to return till the next Day, but that the Pilgrim was to be diſpoſed to aſſent to it, in preſenting to him the danger that their lives would be in if they ſhould ſtay till the Governour returned; and that of neceſſity they muſt make their eſcape that Night, and get into *France*, where they ſhould not fear to want for any thing, becauſe ſhe would carry along with her a ſufficient quantity of Jewels, to ſhelter them all from it. Father *Andrew*, who would willingly be always the fartheſt from blows, did highly approve of this Advice, and he did not believe that the Pilgrim would make any difficulty of following them, ſeeing that beſides his

his liberty, which by that means he did recover, he could not but imagine that there was much more for him to fear than for them. They therefore did conclude, that without a further delay they would go to him, and inform him in what a condition things were, and ſee whether the propoſition would pleaſe him. *Donna Barbara* had put up her *Friars* Habit in one of her Cloſets, whence they took it out, and the Father was again employed in the ſame Office as the Night before. After which they went to the Pilgrim, who was not a little ſurpris'd to ſee *Donna Barbara* return in the ſame Diſguiſe at that time o'th' Day. He could not forbear from expreſſing his trouble at it, and ſhe without hearkening unto him, ſaid, that ſhe came to inform him of two things; the firſt of them ſhe doubted not but would very much afflict him, which was, that the Marchioneſs was gone to remain in ſome uninhabited Place, where ſhe was led by her Husband, that ſhe might never more be ſeen by any Body but him. The other was, that before the Ladies departure, ſhe had told the Governour of her going to ſee him the laſt Night, in a *Friars* Habit, as ſhe had learned it of the Marqueſs, which had met her, and Father *Andrew*, as they were going out of the Tower, from whoſe Hands ſhe had much to do to eſcape, with leaving one of her Gloves with him, which the Marchioneſs had ſhown to the Governour for Confirmation of what ſhe had ſaid; ſo that he might eaſily ſee what was to be done: That, as for her part, ſhe was fully reſolv'd to do whatſover he pleaſed, provided that he would take care of his own life, which was that which ſhe held moſt dear. Though

Camille had prepared himſelf in order to his ſeparation from the Marchioneſs, imagining that they would be gone before he was got out of Priſon; yet the news of it gave him a mortal Wound as to what the Governeſs ſaid; beſides, he did not add much Faith to it, and if he could have believ'd it, it had only afflicted him a little for the fear he would have had, that the beauteous Marchioneſs had believed he had contributed ſomething towards that Viſit; but apprehended nothing at all on the Marqueſs's account, in reference to his Life, of which he was very careleſs at that time. *Donna Barbara*, who perceived that he continued ſilent, which made her think that he was thinking of what he ſhould reſolve concerning what ſhe had propos'd to him, did preſs him to give his anſwer; it was time to fix upon ſomething, and to prepare for a flight, if he thought fit to ſave himſelf from the evil effects of the Governour's Fury, who being a Perſon very ſenſible of things of that Nature, he would be highly exaſperated. *Camille*, who did preſently perceive which way the Ladies Deſigns did tend, and who had choſen to dye rather than to be troubled with her, did anſwer her very coldly, that he had acted nothing againſt the Governour, which might draw his anger ſo ſeverely upon him, and that if he had been ſo unhappy as ſo to do, however he would not involve her in his Miſery, and ſo to render her more guilty than ſhe really was. *Donna Barbara* ſtruck to the Heart with ſo cold an anſwer, as much as a paſſionate Woman as ſhe was could be, concealing her cruel rage, did tell him all that the Wit of a Woman could invent of moſt perſwading

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to engage him to yield to the propoſition which ſhe did make him, even in meer pitty to her ſelf, whom ſhe had loſt through the violent paſſion which ſhe had for him; adding to thoſe tender expreſſions ſuch Tears and Sighs as did tear ſome alſo from Father *Andrew's* Boſom, who did declare of her ſide, with his Eyes full of Tears, to perſwade this inſenſible Man to ſeek after his own liberty, which they did offer him, and to ſhun that Death which would be inevitable, if he ſhould ſtay the Governour's return; but the heard-heartd, or rather prudent *Camille*, who was not of ſo eaſie a Nature as was the Reverend Father, and that perceived better than he did, on which ſide lay the greateſt danger, did eaſily defend himſelf againſt all thoſe Attempts; of which *Donna Barbara* being ſenſible, did then endeavour to make him apprehend all that a paſſionate and deſpiſed Woman could imagine of moſt cruel and wicked, to ruine him with; and finding that all thoſe threatnings did not move him neither, in that height of paſſion ſhe drew from under her *Friars* Gown a Stilleto, with a deſign to plunge it into her own Boſom, and if the Pilgrim had not been nimble in ſtaying of her Arm, and after that he had much to do to force that Weapon out of her Hands. Father *Andrew*, who had been ſtrangely affrighted at the Attempt, was on his Knees, intreating the tranſported Lady not to kill her ſelf, and the Pilgrim to have Compaſſion of her, who at laſt was mov'd, not at his Requeſt, nor at her furious Rage, which had rather exaſperated him, ſeeing that all this did tend to make him miſerable, but unto thoſe Conſiderations which he had, that to ſhun one evil he ſhould

create to himſelf divers others, if he ſhould drive that Woman into a deſpair: Therefore to reclaim her a little, he intreated her to deliver up that Dagger to him, and that he would do all that ſhe ſhould deſire. She did not part with it but on that condition, and breathing a little, *Ungrateful*, ſaid ſhe, *that ſtays till I cauſe my own Death, before thou would'ſt grant me my Life. I know not, Madam, whether the way that we are going to take, will not bring you ſooner to your end, than the abiding here. No certainly*, anſwer'd ſhe, *for the Governour being not in Town, I have the means to draw you from hence without the leaſt danger; at the Port there are ſome* Felouca's *in readineſs to carry us to* France, *and I take with me that which ſhall ſecure you from want and miſery, except you reckon it a miſery to have in your Company a Woman that loves you with ſuch a paſſion as I do.* *Camille* did make her no Anſwer, to give her leave to think all that ſhe pleaſed, his deſign being to get out of Priſon, ſince it was to be ſo, whether he would or no, to ſhun greater evils, and not to humour the Amorous Capricio's of a Woman, for whom he had never had the leaſt inclination. However, things were ordered as if he had reſolv'd to content her; and the Lady was ſo tranſported with joy at it, that ſhe already thought her ſelf out of *Barcelona* with her dear Gallant. The Governeſs and the good Father *Andrew* took leave of the Pilgrim to go order their buſineſſes, and prepare for their departure, which was to be at Eleven at Night. The Father had all the outward Commiſſions in his charge, which were to hire the *Felouca*, to buy in Proviſions, and all other things neceſſary for

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a Voyage. And the Lady took upon her the care of all inward buſineſs, and to prevent all obſtruction of their flight. Finally, all things having been well regulated on her part, and Father *Andrew* having taken ſuch care as nothing ſhould be wanting on his ſide, when the hour was come they went to the *Tower*, where the Lady entered, being wholly tranſported with joy, and running immediately into her dear Pilgrim's Chamber, *Come you muſt riſe*, ſaid ſhe, ſeeing him lye upon the Bed with the Curtains drawn, *for it is time to be going, and we are Maſters as well of the Priſon as of the Pallace*; and finding that he neither anſwer'd nor mov'd, ſhe believ'd that he was aſleep, therefore ſhe drew open the Curtains to pull and awaken him, but when ſhe perceived the Governour, who aroſe, it did ſet her on a ſudden into ſuch an amazement as may be imagin'd; which did ſo ſurpriſe her, that after ſhe had made an extream outcry, which affrighted Father *Andrew*, who thought as little as ſhe did, to find the Governour there, ſhe fell down backwards in a ſwoun. This Lord, more careful of his Honour than of his Wife, whoſe humour he had known long, and fearing more the divulging of the buſineſs, than the effects thereof, having well conceived by all that the Marchioneſs had told him, that ſome things were acted within his Doors, which did not go well, he had thought that it would not be prudence in him to lye from home: He had been witneſs of the good-will which his Wife had expreſs'd for the Pilgrim, and making good uſe of the Marchioneſſes advice, had in a handſome manner taken leave of the Marqueſs, not ſhewing them the leaſt ſign of diſtubance,

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and was return'd to *Barcelona* on a full gallop, where he came in the dark, judging that if there was any buſineſs in hand, his Wife would take the opportunity of his Abſence. Wiſe-men have always ſome fore-ſights of the miſchief that may befall them, and there are many in the World that would not have ſuch weights upon their Fore-heads, if they were as well inſpired as he was. Our Governour therefore being come into the City, had quitted his Horſe at the *Arcenal*, where having left his people alſo, he took one of his Servants Cloaks, went into the Palace, and from thence into the *Tower*, without being known by any body. There he ſpoke with him that had the Pilgrim in charge, who being none of *Donna Barbara*'s Intelligence, did confeſs that he had let Father *Andrew* come to the Priſoner by the Lady Governeſſes Orders, who the firſt time had come to ſee him ſingly, but afterwards accompanied with a little *Friar* of the ſame Order, and that the laſt Night they had been long together. There needed no more for a Man of underſtanding, as was the Governour, to unravel this Myſtery, and to gueſs who had been Father *Andrew*'s Companion in that Viſit, who was not us'd to go accompanied in the Palace, and who had leſs occaſion to do ſo in going to viſit that Priſoner. He needed no further inſight in the buſineſs. He ſent the Goaler to the Port to hire a *Felouca*, who a moment after return'd to tell him, that there was but one, who had been retain'd by a *Friar* of S. *Dominick*'s Order, who was to be gone that Night at Eleven. This News did almoſt diſtract him, not doubting any longer but that his Wife was reſolv'd to be gone with this Pilgrim, or at leaſt to help him

him to eſcape. This *Spaniſh Flemne*, who did abound in him, did at laſt gain the upper hand over divers deſperate Reſolutions which he had taken, and which he had been upon the very point of Executing upon his own Lady, rather than againſt an unfortunate ſtranger, who was not to be reſponſible of his Wifes follies; he took the Reſolutions therefore to break their meaſures without noiſe, and to oblige *Donna Barbara* to become wife by reaſon. He ſent the Goaler to the Pilgrim to get him out of the Priſon, and conduct him to that *Felouca*, which Father *Andrew* had hired, with expreſs Orders from himſelf unto the Watermen to be gone immediately, on pain of Impriſonment; and a Charge to the Pilgrim, of never returning to *Barcelona*, on pain of Death. This was accordingly Executed, with the greater ſatisfaction to *Camille*, who had no buſineſs in that City, and who was happily going out of Priſon, and quitted of that cruel Torment, in which he ſhould have been with the Governeſs.

The Goaler having acquitted himſelf of all his Commiſſions, the Governour had laid himſelf in the Pilgrim's place, charging the Goaler, not to tell of his being out of Priſon, and to let any in, that came to ſee him. Thus had the Governour carryed on the buſineſs; his Wifes accident did ſomewhat mitigate his wrath, and made him loſe the opportunity of ſeizing Father *Andrew*, who he had reſolv'd ſhould have been kept in Priſon for ſome time, in recompence of all the good and pious Offices which he had rendred to his Wife, none deſerving it better than he had done. But in a Retreat, Father *Andrew* was always one of the firſt, ſetting all his ſafety in his heels;

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ſo that he was already gone far, when the Governour was thinking to detain him. There was no more to do, but to take care of the Lady, who he was forced to lead himſelf into her Apartment, after ſhe was a little recovered of her Swoun. How that breach was made up, I know not; for my Memoirs fail me there, but it is probable that the Governour's Reſentments laſted no longer than did his Ladies Paſſion, who was not long before ſhe was ingaged in a new Gallantry with a Cavalier, leſs cruel than our Pilgrim.

FINIS.

THE PILGRIM.

The Second Part.

Written by

P. *BELON*, Gent.

Tranſlator of the Firſt Part,

And Dedicated to the Dutcheſs of

ALBEMARLE.

LONDON,

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BRITISH MUSEUM

THE PILGRIM.

The Second Part.

IT was about break of Day when our Pilgrim, impatient to be on the Territories of *France*, gets up to look about him, and to enquire what progreſs the Veſſel had already made in their Journey; for ſo long as he was on that fickle Element he thought himſelf unſafe, not knowing what new turn of Fortune might overtake him, and bring him back to viſit his late melancholick Lodgings: Beſides his happy and unexpected deliverance from a double Slavery, did appear to him ſo like a Dream, that he did ſtill remain in ſome apprehenſions of carrying along with him the worſt of his afflictions. This made him to enquire of the Maſter of the Veſſel, what other company there was with him: The Maſter told him, that there was none beſides a Fryar of St. *Dominick*'s Order, and a Woman: A Woman? replyed *Camille*, being ſtrangely ſurpriz'd; then am I as miſerable as ever, and find that I muſt never hope for any end to my misfortunes.

Had you Orders, continued he, to take in any other perſon beſides my ſelf? Sir, replyed the Maſter, the Father who hired it laſt night, did agree with me for the tranſporting of himſelf, and two other porſons, and your ſelf, the Father and that Woman, make up that number, neither durſt I take any more into my Bark, becauſe of the Governour's ſtrict Orders, that I ſhould immediately depart. Our Pilgrim was ſo much troubled at what the Maſter had ſaid, that holding down his Head, his Hat drawn over his Face, his Arms acroſs, leaning on his Staff, with his Eyes fixed on the Deck, he ſtood as mute, as if he had been ſtruck with Thunder; but while he appear'd ſo like a Statue outwardly, his Heart was agitated within with ſuch a Confuſion of thoughts, as were the cauſe of his repreſenting ſo odd a Figure. Sometime he was thinking, what could be the reaſon that the wiſe Governour ſhould give ſuch ſtrict Charge to the Marriners for his immediate departure, and yet be ſo negligent in ſecuring of his Wife from getting into the Felouqua with him: Then again it did very much ſurprize him, that *Donna Barbara* ſhould change her mind as to her diſguiſe, and hazzard her ſelf in Woman's Apparel; but then it came to his thoughts, that it was peradventure for her better ſecurity, in caſe her Husband had been inform'd of the dreſs which ſhe had deſign'd to go in; and ſo by remaining in womans Apparel, had cheated him the ſecond time. By and by, again, his mind would be buſied in making out, whether Father *Andrew*, and *Donna Barbara* were got into the Veſſel, in order to go along with him, or that they believing him ſtill a Priſoner in the red Tower, they had

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come thither to ſhelter themſelves from the Governour's preſent rage, and ſo had abandon'd him to the furious paſſions that a jealous man, of the Power and Authority that the Governour was, could employ in order to his ruin. If ſo, then of conſequence, thoſe orders that had been given to the Maſter as from the Governour, he did conclude to be of their own fabrick, to haſten the departure of the Veſſel, for fear of a ſurpriſal. Theſe, and many other confuſed notions poſſeſſing his whole imagination, he remain'd unreſolv'd, not knowing what to conclude on: Once he was for diſcovering unto the Maſter, who that Fryar and that Woman were, which he had taken into his Veſſel, and ſo perſwade him he would do the Governour a ſingular piece of Service, in carrying them back to *Barcellona*: But he thought that it would be very difficult for him to prevail with the Maſter, againſt the Governour's poſitive Orders. Beſides, if it ſhould prove, that the two Paſſengers that were with him ſhould not be the Father and the Governeſs, it would be a great diſadvantage to himſelf to be carried back; he did believe that it was very unlikely, that at that time of the Night, and at ſuch a Critical moment, any other Fryar and Woman than them, could come ſo pat to embark themſelves in that very Veſſel that had been hired for them. This at laſt made him conclude, that the good Father and the Governour's Wife were in the Felouqua with him, yet that peradventure they might not know of his being there, which ſet him upon the deſign of concealing himſelf, that he might get on ſhore without their knowledge of his being there. In this laſt reſolution, he goes to the Maſter, and having dropt

ſome Piſtols into his hand, he whiſpered to him that for ſome particular reaſons he would lye concealed from the knowledge of thoſe two Perſons that were with him, that therefore he would be conveyed where he might remain unſeen, till the reſt were landed, and then that he would come to ſhore himſelf. The Maſter having return'd his thanks, took *Camille* by the hand, and having conducted him into a little hole like a Cabin, he left him with an aſſurance that there he might lye as ſecure as he pleas'd.

The Wind was ſo favourable, as in a ſhort time to convey them in view of *Narbona*, at which the Maſter of the Veſſel cry'd out aloud, that all might take notice of it; that who had a mind to go toſhore, ſhould begin to prepare for it. At theſe glad tidings, Father *Andrew*, who had lain all the while as ſtill as a Dor-mouſe, riſes and goes to the Governeſs, telling her, that if ſhe pleas'd to look forth, ſhe might behold their wiſh'd for Harbour; but receiving no anſwer, he retired, concluding her aſleep, after her long Fatigue, and great Diſaſters. He gets upon the Deck and accoſts the Maſter in this manner; Are you ſure, ſaid he, that that is *Narbona*? pointing at the City, and in the *French* Dominions: Yes, replyed the Maſter; at which good news, the Fryar's countenance was chang'd from melancholy, to as ſerene, as was the Weather. In the opinion, that *Donna Barbara* was not come away empty handed, he begins to build ſtrange Caſtles in the Air, in his imagination, making already a priſe of her and of her Treaſure; now that he did find himſelf out of the Governour's reach, and paſt being controul'd by the abandoned Pilgrim, in that height of thoughts, he has not Pati-

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ence to remain any longer mew'd up within the narrow compaſs of a Boat, which made him to return unto the Lady, and intreat her to ariſe, and prepare to go to ſhore, but having no anſwer yet, he employs his hands, where the darkneſs of the place did deprive him of the uſe of his Eyes, and finding that the Lady was not concern'd at his touch, he adventures further, and meets with her face, which finding warm and breathing, he deſcends lower with the ſame hand, where finding her Breaſts, he made bold with them. This free acceſs, without the leaſt repulſe, did ſo embolden our jolly Fryar, that he did venture to convey his other hand lower, when on the ſuddain, he receiv'd a ſevere rebuke, accompanied with a thundring voice, and preſently getting off of the Bed, ſhe went to that little light that came in by the Door. The good Father, who had not been a little ſurpriz'd at the ſtrangeneſs of the accident, believing that he had miſtaken one place for another, was making towards the Door to retrieve his way, when he was ſeiz'd by the Arm, which put him to a ſtand, but had you ſeen in what a dreadful fear the poor Father was, when lifting up his Head, he eſpy'd a Face as black as any that ever came from the *Affrican* ſhore; which looking upon him with a pair of ſtaring Eyes, cryed out in the ſame tone as before, preſſing his hand, you would never have forgot it.

You may eaſily imagine that the good Father *Andrew* at this Apparition, was not in any great humour of making long compliments, on the contrary, he was ſo deſirous to be gone from that black Companion, that running haſtily out, he ſtruck his Head with ſuch a force againſt the Door

frame, as did caſt him backwards flat on his back in a ſwoon. The Mooriſh Woman ſeeing him lye ſpeechleſs on the floor, weltring in his blood, did ſtoop to him, and ſetting up her voice, to call for help as well as ſhe could, and to bemoan the poor Father; ſhe began to howl much after the manner of the *Iriſh* at their Funerals. At this hideous noiſe the Maſter run to learn what was the matter, which having ſeen, he preſently went to *Camille* and told him that the Father was fallen backwards dead, he knew not by what accident, and that there was no body with him, beſides the Mooriſh Woman, which he had brought along with him the laſt night. *Camille* learning by this, that *Donna Barbara* was not there, went to ſee what was the matter; he found the poor Father, as the Maſter had told him, in a very ſad pickle: He caus'd him to be taken up and brought in a Chair upon the Deck, in the open Air; and preſently after that the good Father had drank a little Wine, which was given him, he began to look about him, while *Camille* was gone to ſee who that Woman might be. He was not long before he learned of her, that ſhe was *Donna Barbara's* Slave; who having engaged to be ready to go along with her Lady, and thinking the hour at hand; ſhe had got to the appointed Poſt on the Port, whence in the obſcurity of the Night ſhe had been led into the Veſſel, where ſhe thought that her Lady was before diſpos'd of.

While that this account had been given at one end of the Felouqua, Father *Andrew* at the other end having perceiv'd the Marriners flocking about him, he preſently fancied that they were Men ſent by the Governour's orders to diſpatch him, in that belief,

belief, the very apprehenſion of Death, though he ſeem'd half dead already, did make him cry out, that he was innocent, that he knew not where was *Donna Barbara Day amonte*, the Governour of *Barcellona's* Wife, and that if they killed him, they would murther a harmleſs man, a Religious man, and one of the Order of St. *Dominick*, who was a Father Confeſſor alſo, for which Crime they ſhould one day ſeverely anſwer: Look, look, continued he, ſpeaking to thoſe who were about him, whether you can find any ſuch perſon here? Neither did I ever deſign the ſetting of the Pilgrim at liberty, for he was yet in the red Tower, when I went from *Barcellona*, he was thus going on pleading for life, when thoſe men that were about him ſtaring on him, were call'd away, and *Camille* appearing preſently to him, he was by that ſet into a greater fright than ever, which he ſhew'd by endeavouring to get away: *Camille* took him by the hand, and told him that he needed not to fear, becauſe there was no perſon near him that would do him any injury, that he ſhould take his word for it, whom he knew to be his friend: By this time the poor Father *Andrew* having with much ado lifted up his Eyes, and perceived *Camille*; and are you here, Sir, ſaid he, and all alone too, then do I breath again; with that he fetch'd a deep ſigh, after which he thus continued; and I do begin to believe that all that has lately happen'd unto me, has been meer deluſion, and a temptation of the Devil; then lifting his hand to his head, which pain'd him; yet there muſt be ſomthing real in the caſe, continued he, or how ſhould I feel all this ſmart elſe? And above all things, I wonder moſt how the Devil did put that black

fantaſme into my hand in the dark, in lieu of the Governeſs? *Camille* finding that he would preſently fall into a melancholly paſſion, if not diverted, deſired him to reſt ſatisfied, and that he would give him a true account of all, ſo ſoon as he ſhould be got on ſhore, and that his hurts were dreſt: Why, am I wounded then, ſaid the good Father again, with a great emotion of Spirit: Yes, replyed *Camille*, but not by thoſe means which you fancy, but reſt your ſelf contented, rely upon me, and all things ſhall be well again, and you ſhall have but the hurt on't, without any further ill conſequence: Then *Camille* commanded ſome Perſons that were by, to carry him to ſhore, which being done, he was dreſt and put in a Bed, and *Camille* and the poor Father did remain at *Narbona*, till he was perfectly cured of his broken head.

The next day the Veſſel returned to *Barcellona*, whither the Mooriſh Woman was convey'd back, according to *Camille's* orders, where you are to know, that the Governour had with much patience, and ſecrecy, convey'd his half-dead Wife into her Chamber, where he had left her to recover her ſelf, while he went out to order ſome of his Servants to ſeek every place in the Palace for Father *Andrew*, and to bring him immediately along with them, pretending that his Wife being fallen deſperately ill on the ſuddain, ſhe had occaſion for him: The Governour's deſign in this, was to catch Father *Andrew* before he were gone, and to bring him to ſevere puniſhment, after he ſhould have vented his paſſion in words upon him and the Governeſs, and yet ſo order the matter, as that the true cauſe of all theſe diſorders ſhould

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be conceal'd from his Servants knowledge, and that he might give his Wife time ſufficient to recollect her ſelf, that ſhe and her Factor might with more patience hear what he ſhould ſay to them, he did retire into another Chamber, where he expected that the Fryar ſhould be brought to him, not doubting but that he ſhould be found ſomewhere about the Palace, he having caus'd all the Gates to be ſhut up, ſo ſoon as he had diſcovered their deſigns: But he reckoned without his Hoſt, the Bird was flown, ſo that having waited a long time, after which his Servants being return'd without their prey, he deſign'd to return to his Wife and give her her leſſon. But mean time, ſhe having been inform'd that her Husband had ſent for her Agent, and judging that it was to bring them together, to let fly his revenge upon them both at once; ſhe had retired into thoſe lodgings, which were lately the Marchioneſſes, where ſhe had lock'd her ſelf up, ſending back that Woman that had gone with her, to tell her Husband where ſhe was retired, to obſerve his motions, and to give her an account of his proceedings againſt Father *Andrew*, that by them ſhe might take her meaſures, and judge of his deſigns againſt her ſelf. The Governour miſſing of his Wife, ask'd where ſhe was, and having been told that ſhe had removed her ſelf into the Marchioneſſes late lodgings, where ſhe had lock'd her ſelf up, with a deſign to lye there that night; he troubled himſelf no further about it, but went to Bed, reſerving the Schooling of her againſt the next day.

Donna Barbara being alone in that Chamber, had too many things in her head to think of

ſleep;

ſleep; ſhe intended to employ her time better, in contriving which way to defeat her Husband's deſigns of railing at her; ſhe had too high a Spirit, calmly to bear his injuries and reproaches, and ſhe was reſolv'd one way or other to prevent his Fury. She had opened the Window, to let in the cool Air of the Night, to refreſh her fretted Heart; and ſhe was looking out, when caſting her eyes towards the ſhore, ſhe did perceive, as well as the light of the Moon, which then began to riſe, would permit her at that diſtance, a perſon that was coming from the Sea ſhore towards the Palace, who being drawn nearer, did appear to her in a Pilgrims Habit. It came preſently into her head, that it might be *Camille*, who being got out of Priſon, and not believing what ſhe had told him of the Marchioneſs's abſence, was come under that Window, in hopes to ſee the Marchioneſs, or to learn by ſome means or other, which fortune might produce in his favour, whether the Lady was gone, or ſtill in her old quarters. *Donna Barbara* did further imagin, that the Pilgrim not daring to return to his old lodings, or be too buſie in enquiring elſewhere, for fear of being retaken, and worſe uſed than at firſt, he had thought it his beſt courſe to come there himſelf, for information; having prepoſſeſt her ſelf with this conceit, as all perſons are apt to believe that which they moſt deſire, ſhe dropp'd down one of her Gloves, that it might cauſe him to look up and take notice of the ſigns that ſhe did make him to have him ſtay a while The thing ſucceeded as ſhe had deſir'd, for after the Pilgrim had taken up the Glove, and found by its ſtrong perfume, that it did not belong to an ordinary hand,

hand, he lifted up his head, and perceiv'd ſome body that did make him ſigns, as if they would have him to ſtay a little, after which they withdrew.

This Perſon who had taken up the Glove, be-being a Pilgrim that was newly come to ſhore, and was going in Pilgrimage to St. *Jago*, having no other buſineſs at *Barcellona*, but to ſeek for a lodging for that night, and to proceed on his journey forwards the next morning, was willing to wait and ſee what the ſucceſs of this would be, therefore he ſtayed there, walking up and down till *Donna Barbara* having writ her mind, and conveyed it into the other Glove, ſhe likewiſe did drop it before him. He preſently took it up, finds the paper in it, which he takes out, unfolds, and reads, as well as he could; but ſome clouds at that inſtant obſcuring the Air, ſo that he could not make an end, he looks up, but finds that the Perſon was retired, and the Window ſhut. Now this Pilgrim being one of thoſe perſons, that like the generality of thoſe foot Travellers, was light enough of Money in ready Caſh, but who are as well provided and ſtored with Jeſts, Songs, and merry Tales as our Country Fidlers, fitted to all ſorts of humours and conditions, which amongſt thoſe kind of perſons are as good as ſo many Bills of exchange, payable at firſt ſight; for through the Authority of thoſe Letters of Credit, and ſome little pretty *Agnus Dei's*, little Croſſes, Chaplets, Medals, and the like Toyes, they paſs every where, and make bold to ſeek for Lodgings, and all other conveniences, in all places, in all companies, and at all times. He thus qualified haſtens into the City, and being made ſomewhat more bold

than

than ordinarily, by this late adventure, he confidently knocks at a Houſe door, where he ſaw a Candle, where being admitted and got to a light, he pulls the paper out of his Pocket, and read in it as follows.

In ſpight of all my Enemies Contrivances, Plots, and Deſigns, I have kept my Station: If you continue in the generous deſign of freeing me from the cruel Tyranny of a Jealous Husband: This next night between one and two repair here again, and bring along with you a Ladder of Ropes, by the help of which, maugre all my Guardians Circumſpections, and Donna Barbara's *Intelligences, you ſhall receeive into your protection the Marchioneſs of, &c.*

And a little beneath, by way of Poſtſcript, was writ.

Excuſe my bad writing, through the want of light: Get in readineſs a Felouqua againſt that time, which may carry us to ſome Sea Port of France. *You need not to fear the Charges; for I ſhall bring that along with me, that ſhall be ſufficient to defray all, and put us beyond want.*

At every period of this Letter, the Pilgrim would make a pawſe, then read it over again; but when he came to the Poſtſcript, where mention was made of ſufficiency to defray the Charges, and to put them beyond want, he did read that place twenty times over, and having look'd once again on the word Marchioneſs, all thoſe little diſtruſts and jealouſies, which had poſſeſt him during

during the reading of the Letter, did vaniſh into Air, and as if the word Marchioneſs had fill'd him with another Spirit than his own, he did reſolve within himſelf to act that perſon's part, for whom he was taken; thus he reſolv'd to take opportunity by the foretop, and not to part with her till he had built his own Fortune. To encourage himſelf in this reſolution, he calls for the beſt that the houſe would afford, enquires if there were not a Marchioneſs that lay in the Palace, who had a Jealous Husband: He is anſwered that there was ſuch a one, but that it was reported that her Husband was gone with her the morning before; The news of the Marquis, and of his Ladies abſence did make him build the ſtronger upon that bottom, in lieu of deterring him, ſo that he long'd till the time was come to get off the Lady.

To that purpoſe, as ſoon as it was convenient to ſtir forth, he pays his reckoning, and goes out to hire a Felouqua, to provide a Ladder of Ropes, with all other neceſſaries for the Voyage, which all his little ſtock would but juſt reach to; but while he was buſie about this, a ſmall ſcruple aroſe in his mind, which was, that doubtleſs the right Perſon intended to be employ'd by the Marchioneſs, could be no leſs than ſome perſon of quality, which made him fear, that when the Lady ſhould diſcover his Pilgrims weeds, ſhe might find out her miſtake, retire before he had her ſure, and ſo leave him at all the Coſt and Charges, to his utter ruin: This conſideration was of weight; but he knew no other way to remedy it, than in pretending, that he made uſe of that Habit to be diſguis'd, and that through its favourable aſpect, they

they might paſs with more ſafety into the Felouqua. This, with the proſpect which he had of making his Fortune, did cauſe him to puſh on, and to venture at all, leaving the ſucceſs to the diſpoſal of Fortune, who commonly aſſiſts the bold. With this laſt reſolution he continues his deſigns, and gets all things in readineſs againſt the appointed hour; which being come, out goes our Pilgrim, and gets under the Window whence he had receiv'd the firſt Summons; he was not long there before he heard it open, and preſently after a Cord was let down, at which he having faſtned the Ladder of Ropes, it was preſently pull'd up again, and not long after *Donna Barbara* came down by it, cloſe mufled up, leaſt that the Pilgrim ſhould find out her deceit; ſhe did no ſooner touch ground, but telling him in a diſguiſed tone, that there was no time to loſe, for fear of a purſuit, ſhe pull'd him along by the Arm, not giving time to anſwer, which pleas'd him very well, who was as willing as ſhe was to keep ſilence, ſo that they both haſten'd to the Veſſel, in equal fears of being diſcovered by one another: So ſoon as they were come to the Felouqua, the Maſter diſpos'd of them ſeverally, as the Lady deſired, and preſently they put off to Sea, making all the Sails they could for *Narbona*.

Mean time the Governour, who had through his Wife's Importunities granted her two days retirement, only in order to plague her the more ſeverely afterwards, did not ſo much as once offer to diſturb her, during the whole time of the Truce; but the term being expir'd, his patience was at an end alſo: And having ſent divers of his Sarvants one after another to have the Door open'd to him, though

though to no effect; he went thither himſelf, where having divers times call'd and knock'd at the Chamber door to as little purpoſe, he caus'd it to be broke open, and his anger being exaſperated by his Wife's reſiſtance, he preſently ruſhes into the Chamber, ſearches all Chambers for her, runs from one place to another, peeps in every hole and corner, but finds nothing but a Paper that lay upon the Table, in which there was writ; that ſhe being not able to endure the affronts and reproaches, with which he had threatned her, he could not take it ill, that ſhe had abſented her ſelf for ſome time, only till his anger was over, and that he had alter'd his reſolutions; for ſhe could not imagin, that her endeavouring to releaſe an innocent diſtreſſed Gentleman, was ſuch a Crime as deſerv'd ſo ſevere an uſage, as he deſign'd her. Though he was a Perſon that naturally had a great power over his paſſions, yet ſeeing himſelf over-reach'd by a Woman, he fell into ſuch a rage, that ſtorming, and threatning all the Servants, as being acceſſaries to her flight, they at laſt went their ways and left him alone to vent his anger at leiſure.

After the firſt tranſports were over, he began more calmly to conſider with himſelf, what he had beſt to do, and what courſe to take to retrieve this fugitive Woman. Being vex'd with himſelf for having expreſs'd ſo much paſſion before his Servants, and publiſhed ſo much of his concerns; but as to that, there was no remedy, and all that was to be done now, was how to get his Wife home again; but firſt how and where to meet with her. This he knew not how to

go about, having not the leaſt knowledge of the courſe that ſhe had ſtear'd, he reſolves a thouſand things in his mind, and as often defeats them again with new conſiderations, not knowing on which to pitch: Sometimes he is for one expedient, then preſently again he layes that by, and he takes up another; ſometimes he is of opinion that it is the wicked Father *Andrew* that has aſſiſted his Wife in her eſcape, at other times he is of opinion, that it is the Pilgrim, who not obeying his order, had lain lurking thereabout to accompliſh this wicked buſineſs, then ſometimes he was in the belief, that they both had a hand in the Plot: Thus being perplex'd with divers uncertainties, not knowing what courſe to take, he goes to the Window which had been left open, where he finds ſome certain marks of his Wife's eſcape that way, there he ſets himſelf down, and after a long debate within himſelf, he concludes that his Wife, imagining that the Pilgrim had followed the Marchioneſs to *Saragoſſa*, ſhe had made what haſte ſhe could with the Fryars aſſiſtance, to go after him, and to gain him for her ſelf, before that he had time to renew his friendſhip with the Marchioneſs. Amongſt a thouſand conceptions finding this the moſt probable; he reſolves for *Saragoſſa* immediately; but receiving that day ſome orders, which required his preſence for three days at *Barcellonna*, he was forc'd to obey, and defer his purſuit till that buſineſs was over.

Mean time our Travellers are come to Anchor before *Narbona*, the Maſter gives them notice of it; the Pilgrim appears firſt upon the Deck,

Deck, trembling at the very thoughts of approaching and discovering his deceit to the Lady: He had been there some time, when one came to him to tell him, that the Lady would have him come to her, in her Cabin. The Pilgrim with much perplexity and disorder did obey the Commands.

Donna Barbara, had made the place as obscure as she could, to prevent a surprizal, desiring to discover her self to *Camille* little by little, and to obtain his pardon for the change that she had put upon him; after which she would endeavour to gain his affections. The Pilgrim comes in, and with much ado feeling out the Bed that the Lady lay on; he throws himself on his knees by the Bed side, and was going to ask pardon for his presumption; when *Donna Barbara* did interrupt him in this manner, *Sir, there is no Woman in the World who having received so great a favour as I have lately from you, but would acknowledge her self infinitely oblig'd unto your generous assistance for it; yet, Sir, the case is such at present, that I must attribute the cause of my present liberty, more to my good Fortune, than to your endeavours, when I look upon all that you have lately done, as intended to some other person than my self. Madam*, replyed the Pilgrim, *I am come to acknowledge my Crime, and most humbly beg your pardon, for having been so bold, as to take upon me the performance of that which was design'd for a worthier hand, than that of a miserable Pilgrim; and I do own my self so unworthy that honour, that I must wholly attribute to my good Fortune that happiness, which another more worthy might deservedly challenge from his own*

merits. You cannot be wanting in that, replyed *Donna Barbara, except it be that your Cruelty does drown with ingratitude, all thoſe advantages and excellencies that the Heavens have ſo profuſe'y ſhowred upon you; and in that lyes my miſery, that while you are endeavouring to oblige another, you ſet forth your unkindneſs to me, and are perſwading me to believe, how ready and willing you are to ſerve others, while I am to be left unregarded, or that if you chance to do me ſome kind Office, it is againſt your will, and by meer accident. Madam,* replyed the Pilgrim, *ſince it has pleas'd the Fates to make me by accident that inſtrument of your ſafety, which your judicious choice had deſign'd unto another, be pleas'd to allow of their determination, and to accept of my moſt humble Services, in order to your future deſigns.* This unexpected anſwer did ſo ſurprize *Donna Barbara,* that ſhe remained for ſome time without anſwering, which gave the Pilgrim time to add; I am the more excuſable, Madam, in having undertaken nothing but what I had your commands for, under your own hand, wherein reading your reſolutions, and fearing that my receiving of your orders might probably diſappoint thoſe perſons for whom they were meant, by which you would loſe that opportunity which might never be recovered again. I thought that I could do no leſs than ſupply that place, which I have done, but in order to ſerve you; Madam, if you think fit to make any further uſe of me, I am ready to obey you in what elſe you will be pleas'd to command me, but if my unworthineſs does invite you to caſt me off, let me but have the happineſs to accompliſh the reſidue of

my

my Pilgrimage under the favourable aſſiſtance, and recommendation of your illuſtrious Name; and I ſhall reſt contented with the honour of having ſerv'd you once, and ſhall ever add ſome words in my petitions to St. *Jago*, for a bleſſing on all your deſigns. This great fall from the Pilgrims firſt expreſſions, did fully confirm *Donna Barbara*, that ſhe had been miſtaken in the Perſon, but however the ſatisfaction which ſhe had of being out of her Husbands reach, with the hopes ſhe had of meeting with the right Pilgrim at *Saragoſſa*, did make her reſt ſatisfied for the preſent, and to give him this anſwer: I muſt confeſs that I ſhould not ſo willingly nor ſo eaſily have truſted my ſelf in the hands of a Perſon ſo abſolute a ſtranger to me as you are, had I had my choice; but ſeeing that it has ſo hapned, and that you are willing to ſerve me further, I will make uſe of you in ſending you to ſhore, to get the beſt and readieſt conveniency that can be had to carry me to *Saragoſſa*, where I would have you to accompany me, and there I ſhall return you thanks proportionable to the ſervices which you ſhall have rendred me, mean time, take this, continued ſhe, giving him a handful of Piſtols to defray the Charges, and ſo ſoon as you have provided all things for the Journey, come and fetch me hence.

The Pilgrim received *Donna Barbara*'s orders with much earneſtneſs, and her Gold with as much greedineſs; and having aſſured her that he would make all the haſte poſſible, he went to ſhore, where he provided all things neceſſary for her conveyance to the place that ſhe deſired, and return'd to her again at the cloſe of

the Evening, giving her an account of what he had done; preſently after the Maſter of the Veſſel was pay'd for his freight, and *Donna Barbara* was conducted to ſhore by the Pilgrim, from whence they were convey'd inceſſantly to *Saragoſſa*. At the laſt days journey ſhe ſent her new ſervant before to provide her ſome Lodgings as private as poſſible, in ſome by place of the City, to which ſhe would go in the evening, that ſhe might not be ſeen. Which he did with ſuch diligence, that he came back again, and met her two or three miles diſtance from the City, whence in the Evening he led her to her lodgings

So ſoon as *Donna Barbara* found her ſelf to have no further occaſion of the Pilgrim, ſhe gave him a very conſiderable gratuity for his Services, and returning him thanks, ſhe ſent him away.

Our Pilgrim being fluſhed with what he had receiv'd for his four or five days Services, went to ſeek for a lodging for himſelf; he had quickly found one at a publick Houſe, where he met alſo with ſome of his Country-men, with whom having made acquaintance, they ſupp'd together at the Pilgrims coſt, who would treat them; and after Supper, they fell a drinking ſo hard, that they were all in their Altitudes, eſpecially our Pilgrim, who being puff'd up with the honour which he had receiv'd in ſerving a Marchioneſs, and in that gallant manner too, beſides the thought which came into his head, of the great reward which he had receiv'd for it; that nothing would ſerve his turn at laſt, but the Marchioneſs's Health, which he began with a full brimmer; which Health he oblig'd the company

company to pledge, twice over; one amongſt them being ſomewhat more peeviſh than the reſt, had not ſo much Complaiſance, as to do it without grumbling; and amongſt the reſt of his mutterings, he ſaid, why muſt we drink twice over a Womans Health, whoſe name we know not? Nay, nor I neither, replyed the Pilgrim; but thus much I will tell you, to invite you to it; that ſhe is young, beautiful, wiſe, and as generous as a Princeſs: and pulling his Purſe out of his Pocket, and ſhaking it: here are golden witneſſes of what I ſay, with part of which I intend to defray all your Charges here, Gentlemen, continued he, and therefore pray fall too, and ſpare not: After two or three Cups more round the Table, at the requeſt of the company, he gave them an account of his coming acquainted with her, and aſſiſting of her in makng her eſcape from a jealous Husband, and how he had waited on her to *Saragoſſa*.

At laſt they drank ſo long, that they were all paſt drinking, and it was ſo late, that the Maſter of the Houſe came and deſired the Company to get to their Beds, if they could find them, for that Night, telling them that the next day would be long enough for them to ſing the Second part to the ſame Tune, if they pleas'd: With that our brave Pilgrim having diſcharg'd the reckoning, was led into his Chamber, and put to Bed, and the reſt of the Company did the like.

The next morning one of the Marqueſſes Servants coming to that Houſe to viſit one that had lately been his fellow Servant, he is informed of a certain Pilgrim newly come from *Barcellona*,

who had talk'd much of a Marchioneſs, and that he had drank her Health, with ſome of his own Country men till they were paſt drinking for that bout. The Fellow hearing this, without any further inquiry into the Buſineſs, concluding within himſelf that it was the ſame Pilgrim that they had left in priſon at *Barcellona*, he immediatly returns home with this news to his Maſter, aſſuring him that the Pilgrim by ſome means or other being got out of Priſon at *Barcellona*, was come thither. There needed no more to ſet our Jealous Marqueſs on the fret; he preſently tells the Fellow that he had ſo great a confidence in him, that he would leave the management of that buſineſs to him, not doubting but he would faithfully ſerve him in it: Which was to get that Pilgrim to be put in Priſon, to that purpoſe he writes a Note to a Juſtice who was ſomething akin to him, to have the buſineſs done out of hand, letting him know that it was a great Malefactor who had broke out of Priſon at *Barcellona*, where he was detain d for horrid Crimes, and was come into that City under the diſguiſe of a Pilgrim: He immediatly ſent his Servant about it, aſſuring him that he would conſider his care and diligence in the buſineſs; and gave him a ſpecial charge to ſee him caſt in Priſon, and loaded with Irons, with a ſtrict order that no body ſhould be admitted to ſpeak with him: Preſently after the poor Pilgrim was taken out of his Bed with his Cloaths half on and half off, and dragg'd to Priſon like a Dog, after the cruel manner which they uſually do in that Country, where he remained a cloſe Priſoner.

While things were in this poſture at the City of *Saragoſſa*, *Camille*, little dreaming how he was

was uſed there, was recovering of Father *Andrew* at *Narbona*, that they might in diligence overtake the Marqueſs at *Saragoſſa*, where he hoped he would make ſome little ſtay; and finding that the good Father was in a Condition to begin the Journey, and as willing to ſerve him as ever, to which purpoſe *Camille* had given him to underſtand that he was a Perſon capable of protecting him from all dangers, and of requiting him very bountifully. They ſet forwards towards *Saragoſſa*, where being arriv d, it was their lot to Inn at the very houſe, whence the Pilgrim had been taken out.

The next morning after their arrival, Father *Andrew* was enquiring of his hoſt whether he knew not of a certain Marqueſs and Marchioneſs that were lately come into that City from *Barcellona*? The Hoſt made anſwer, that there was a Merchioneſs, or Marqueſs, or ſomething of that quality, that was lately come from *Barcellona*, who liv'd very privately, not far from thence, which he had heard of by he could not remember whom: Preſently the good Father runs to *Camille*, and acquaints him of the diſcovery which he had already made, at which they both concluded by ſeveral circumſtances, that it muſt of neceſſity be the beautiful Marchioneſs, who it was probable was kept up ſo privatly by her Husband. The next thing was how to get her inform'd of their being come to *Saragoſſa*, with the ſame deſign of ſerving her, as they had expreſs'd at *Barcellona*; there lay the difficulty, which could not be removed but by a more particular Information of the place, and ſituation of her Lodgings. To this purpoſe the Landlord is call'd up, and employed to go and learn exactly

where

where thoſe perſons lay, and preſently after returns with full Information; upon which *Camille* and the Father take their meaſures. They having debated and concluded on ſomething: Father *Andrew* is ſent to go take private Lodgings near that place, but as he goes down Stairs he meets with his Hoſt whom he takes along with him, to ſhew him the Houſe wherein the Marchioneſs lay. The Father having taken good notice of it, ſends back mine Hoſt, and takes Lodgings cloſe by it; after which returning to *Camille*, he gave him an account of what he had done, and preſently they caus'd their goods to be remov'd. They being in their new Lodging; the next thing which was thought on was, that Father *Andrew* ſhould inſinuate himſelf into the Company of the Marqueſs his Landlord, to learn of him how things were; that was preſently done, and in a ſhort time the good Father was inform'd, that he did not know what perſons liv'd in his Houſe, nor how many they were; that he had never ſeen any of them, but one Maid Servant; that if they were ſuch great perſons, as had been reported, they had doubtleſs for ſome great reaſon and deſign left their retinue behind them, and liv'd extraordinarily retired, never ſtirring out of their Chamber, where all their neceſſaries were brought to them by that only Maid: The Father having been thus far informed, enquired, if it were not poſſible to have a Letter delivered unto the Marchioneſs, unknown to her Husband? He was anſwered, that he did not know whether there was a Husband or no in the caſe, and did believe that if ſhe had one he was not with her at that time.

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With that a Maid going by, here is their Servant, continued he, I will call her to you, and ſhe ſhall inform you her ſelf of that better than I can. He call'd the Maid, who being come, Father *Andrew* inquired of her, whether the Marqueſs was with his Lady, and if it were not poſſible to give her a Letter without his knowledge, to which all the anſwer that he could get was, that ſhe was not yet ſo weary of her place, as to loſe it, that ſhe lik'd it ſo well, as to have no deſire to part with it to another; that ſhe knew well enough what ſhe had to do, and that he ſhould mind his own buſineſs, and not go about to get her place from her; and having ſaid this, ſhe went away, with a great deal of indignation. The good Father found by this ſmall Tryal, that no good was to be expected that way, he therefore bethought himſelf of another expedient, and with fair words and promiſes did require of the Maſter of the Houſe that he would lend him the Key of his Garden door, that at night he might get into it, where he made no queſtion but by ſome means or other, he would find out ſome way to let the Lady know of his being there, which ſhe would be very glad to hear. The Landlord making ſome doubts at it, pretending that he might by that means loſe his Lodgers, the ingenious Father did preſently remove thoſe ſcruples, in dropping in his hand a Piſtol or two, which put the Key of the Garden door into his poſſeſſion. The good Father would willingly have been fully inform'd, whether the Marqueſs was with his Wife or not; but after divers attempts, and to no purpoſe, he went home, being

being perſwaded by divers circumſtances that he was abſent.

Being returned home, he inform'd *Camille* of all that he had done, telling him that it were his own fault, if he got not the Lady immediately, while her Husband was abſent. *How do you know that he is abſent?* replyed *Camille*. *As for my part I am not very well aſſured that this is the right Marchioneſs, and I fear leaſt you may miſtake in this, as when you took the Moor for* Donna Barbara. To which Father *Andrew* ſaid, *give me leave to tell you ſome circumſtances, and to put ſome conſequences into your head, and then judge whether it can be any other perſon than the Marchioneſs. They are lately come hither from* Barcellona, *where they are very private; as to their being with no other Servant than one ſingle Maid, thus I make it out; the Marqueſs having it is probable ſome buſineſs, which call'd him from hence, and fearing, leaſt in his abſence you ſhould clear your ſelf to the Governour of* Barcellona *ſo as to be releas'd preſently after, and that you might follow after him, he to conceal his Wife from your knowledge, had left his retinue at ſome ſmall diſtance from the City; and to make the leſs noiſe, had brought his Wife in the night, only accompanied with her two Guardian Women, and that ſerving Maid who was to attend them, with charge never to ſtir forth of her Chamber till his return, after which he might return to his Servants, and take them along with him.* This is the beſt way that he could take in ſuch a caſe, replyed *Camille*, I muſt confeſs, were he forc'd upon ſome ſuch extraordinary occaſion, to have left his Wife behind him; but I fear that nothing

could

could perſwade him to do ſo: Yes, replyed Father *Andrew*, for ſome few days, having ſuch truſty Guardians to watch over her, and having mewd her up ſo cloſe, as no body but himſelf could find her again, at leaſt in his thought; Beſides, why may ſhe not be fallen ſick? At leaſt not ſo well, as to be carried, with ſo much haſte as his buſineſs might require? and ſo be forc'd to leave her behind? All theſe are conjectures and probabilities: It may, and it may not be ſo, replyed *Camille*, and neither you nor I can inform our ſelves better: Well, put the caſe we are in the right, what is next to be done, continued *Camille*? This replyed the Fryar; you muſt have a Letter in readineſs for her; you muſt beſides make ſome kind of Song or Verſes, which you may Sing at night under her Window, in which you muſt give her to underſtand, in covered terms, that you are here in order to receive her commands: The conſequence of this, replyed *Camille*, will be, that we ſhall alarm her Guardians, who will reward us with the ſame preſents as the Marqueſs receiv'd at *Barcellona*; and that at the Marqueſs his return, they will inform him of the buſineſs, and ſo our deſign will be loſt, and all hopes of ſetting on foot any other by our diſcovery. To this I anſwer, reply'd the Father, that you muſt not mention any thing that can be underſtood, but by the Marchioneſs her ſelf; that though the Guardians are awakned, we ſhall find ſome way to convey the Letter privately to the Marchioneſs, and that we ſhall after that, through her own aſſiſtance, get her off before the Marqueſs his return. Well, reply'd *Camille*, it is but the venturing of a ſuit of Cloaths, and

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my Theorbo, I will give you the ſatisfaction of going with you at night, and to that purpoſe I will go about the Letter and the Verſes.

At night *Camille*, and Father *Andrew* came to the Garden door of the Marchioneſſes Lodgings, the Father goes to open it, but after he had fumbled a good while without ſucceſs, they were forc'd to leave the Key in the Lock, and to get into the Garden over the Wall, where *Camille* began to tune his Inſtrument at a diſtance, which done, he afterwards drew nearer and Sang: He had not proceeded far, when the Houſe door, that came into the Garden, was ſuddenly thruſt open; at which, *Camille* ſtep't aſide behind a Statue, preſently came out running with their Swords in hand, three perſons, very furiouſly, which made the good Father to make towards the place that he had come in at, where by the advantage of a Terrace walk, he nimbly got over the Wall into a back Street, and from thence immediately home. The purſuers finding the Garden door lock'd; they ſought up and down the Garden after their prey, which gave time to *Camille* to remove his Station; he was paſſing croſs the walk, cloſe by the door of the Houſe; when a Woman taking him by the hand, come follow me, ſaid ſhe, I will put you out at the Street Door, and go along with you; though I am not ſo well provided now, as I wonld have been, had you but ſtay'd till to morrow night; with that ſhe led him out by the Street door, where ſhe thus continued to ſpeak. It fell out very ill, that my Brothers ſhould be ſo unluckily awakned by the ſinging at the next Neighbours, under the new comers window, as I imagine: I hope, *Alphonſo*, that you are,

are, and will be ſenſible of what I do for you; How that I abandon all other intereſts, to follow you; and now that I have put my ſelf into your hands, even before you could expect it, and when you did intend nothing more than a private viſit to me, I hope that you will deal generouſly by me, and faithfully perform all your vows and proteſtations to me; in order to which I deſire you to convey me preſently to your own houſe, or any where elſe, if you think us not ſafe there from my Brothers ſearch after us, and there to Marry me out of hand; that being once done, you may claim me as your own, which will very much allay that proſecution, which otherwiſe we might expect with all the ſeverity imaginable from my incenſed Brothers. Having ſaid this, ſhe made a pauſe, as expecting his anſwer. Which having not, what is the matter, continued ſhe, that you anſwer me not? Do you think me too forward in this Juncture, or do you relent in your affections? ſaying this, ſhe held back *Camille*, who was ſtill going a round pace, he knew not where; I will be ſatisfied continued ſhe, before I go a ſtep further. *Camille* then ſeeing a neceſſity of undeceiving that perſon, he led her towards the middle of the Street, where there was a little more light, and lifting up his head, he gave her time and opportunity to ſee her miſtake, by looking in his Face. So ſoon as ſhe ſaw *Camille*; making a great ſhriek, ſhe endeavour'd to ſnatch her hand out of his, and would have gone from him; when *Camille*, finding that it was time for him to ſpeak, ſaid, Madam, be not ſo affrighted as you are; but aſſure your ſelf that you are fallen into the hands of a Gentleman, who though

a ſtranger in theſe parts, will ſerve and protect you with his Life, from any danger whatſoever; be pleas'd but to recollect your ſelf a little, continued he, finding that ſhe did ſtill endeavour to get away; and caſt not your ſelf into unneceſſary inconveniencies by your needleſs apprehenſions; do but command me, let me but know what is moſt expedient that I ſhould do for you at preſent, and you will find, that I ſhall obey with all the reſpects and diligence imaginable. Theſe words being delivered by *Camille*, with an accent and grace, which did ſpeak him what he was, did ſomewhat ſettle again the trembling Lady, who took the boldneſs to ſay, Sir, if in my late misfortune I have had ſo much happineſs as to fall into the hands of a Gentleman, that will not make uſe of the advantages that my miſtake and the darkneſs of the Night has given him; ſhew your ſelf ſuch, and immediately bring me back to that place, where I firſt did meet with you. That were not to ſerve you, replyed *Camille*, but rather to proſtitute you to your Enemy's Fury. Therefore, rather inform me, Madam, where I may convey you into the hands of that perſon, for whom you took me, who without queſtion will gladly receive you into his protection. If I am ſo happy, reply'd the Lady, as to have met with ſo generous a perſon; I ſhall be oblig'd to return my thanks to Heaven, for having ſent me, in ſuch an extremity, ſo favourable an aſſiſtance, which I might not have expected from thoſe of my own Nation, had I been ſo unfortunate as to have fallen in any of their Hands, with all theſe diſadvantages. You loſe time, Madam, reply'd *Camille*,

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and know not how ſoon you may be overtaken and ſurpriz'd; I have already declared to you, that I am not of this Nation, and I add to it, that though my lodgings are not far from this place, I neither know where I am at preſent, nor which way to retrieve them, and did I know, I ſhould not go about to do it, till I had left you ſafe, where you deſire to be; therefore I once more humbly intreat you, Madam, to guide me where you would have me to conduct you: You ſee, continued *Camille*, that day begins to break, and ſhould you be found at this time of the night in the open Streets with a man, you may gueſs at the dangerous conſequences. I know not where to go, replyed the Lady, for I am ignorant of *Don Alphonſo*'s Houſe, therefore I muſt intreat you to lead me any where, till I have the opportunity to ſend to him to come to me. *Camille* was going to reply, when he perceiv'd a man coming in haſte towards them, who ſaid, Sir, if you are a Gentleman, pray aſſiſt me againſt the odds that my Enemies have over me; at this the Gentlewoman knowing by his voice that it was her Friend: Oh! my *Alphonſo*, cry'd ſhe, running towards him: Here is a Gentleman continued ſhe, looking on *Camille*, that the Heavens have ſent on purpoſe to aſſiſt us. This did ſomewhat calm the jealous *Spaniard*. Who began to look ſourly upon that perſon, whom he had found in private with his Miſtreſs; but preſently the Ladies Brothers coming up, with their Swords drawn, they cryed here he is, which interrupted their further diſcourſe, by falling apon *Alphonſo*, which made *Camille* to draw likewiſe, and to aſſiſt the weakeſt ſide.

The clashing of the Swords did presently call some of the watch to them, before any hurt was done, which made every one shift for himself; by good fortune the Watch following the three Brothers, they gave time to the others to get off. But they not finding the Lady where they had left her, nor no where there abouts, they went to search a little further, where *Camille* found himself just before his own door, meeting there with Father *Andrew*, who had the Lady by the hand; he being impatient at *Camille*'s absence had gone out with a design to seek after him, and passing by just when they where fighting, and perceiving a Lady standing by, much affrighted, taking her to be the Marchioness, he had led her toward his Lodgings, and she being so surpriz'd at the sight of her Brothers, had given her hand to the first comer, without considering who it was. They were all very glad to meet so luckily in that place: *Alphonso* told *Camille*, that he was infinitely oblig'd to him for his generous assistance, without which he must doubtless have faln under the disadvantage of his Enemies Swords. Sir, reply'd *Camille*, this is no place to use compliments in, and I judge it dangerous for you both to appear any more in the Streets this Night, while your Brothers are yet in the pursuit of you. Neither would it be safe for us to retire to my House yet, said *Alphonso:* You say right, answer'd *Camille*, therefore if you please to accept of what accommodation my Lodgings and the house will afford, you shall find there a hearty welcome, where you may remain safe, and as private as you please, till you have the leisure and conveniency to retire your self where else you shall think fit. *Alphonso* having return'd *Camille*

humble

humble thanks, turning to the Lady, Madam, ſaid he, ſince it is dangerous in having you any further this night, leaſt that you ſhould fall again into the hands of your Brothers, if you pleaſe, we will be further ingaged unto this gallant perſon, in accepting of his kind offers; at which the Lady made anſwer, I am willing to accept of this Gentlemans Civilities; but it ſhall be upon condition that you ſhall preſently ſend for a Prieſt to Marry us, replyed the Lady; and you, Sir, continued ſhe, addreſſing her ſelf to *Camille*, you ſhall engage to me before I enter, that you will do me the favour to give me to this Gentleman; he knows what a conſiderable Fortune I bring along with me, in ſpight of my Brothers, able to re-eſtabliſh his broken Fortune; and when once my Brothers know that I am his by Marriage, they will lay aſide their anger, and deſiſt any further proſecutions. *Camille* and *Don Alphonſo* having promis'd that ſhe ſhould have all the ſetisfaction that ſhe ſhould require; they went up Stairs, where, while the Prieſt was ſent for, and a Chamber getting ready for them, *Camille* gave them the beſt entertainment that he could; and an account of his Amours, and of the cauſe of all the diſorders of that Night through the Song, which he had applyed in a wrong place. After this, *Alphonſo* and *Camille* renewed their Compliments, with aſſurances of ſervices on either ſide, and ſo they contracted a Friendſhip, which prov'd more durable than is uſual between a *Spaniard* and an *Italian*; after a while the Prieſt being come, they were Married, and when they retired into that Chamber that had been fitted for them, where *Camille* having conducted them, he took

his leave and left them, to go to his own Bed, and preſently after Father *Andrew* did the like.

The next morning the good Father, who was always diligent in ſuch affairs, goes to the Marqueſs his Landlord again, and telling him he had been diſappointed by entangling the Key with other things in his Pocket, which pulling out, he had dropp'd and could not find again: That he deſired him to get another made; and giving the man a double Piſtol, to ſtop all replies and put offs, here is to pay for it, continued he, I ſhall come again in the Evening, therefore pray let it be ready againſt then: The Landlord was going to reply with a ſour Face, as if he did not like it, and had no mind to get another Key: But the cunning Father perceiving it: It may be that it will coſt more. Y'are in the right, continued he, and giving him another Piſtol, if that will not do, I will bring you more when I come to fetch it; at this the Landlord being overcome, he did promiſe him to get a Key ready againſt Evening.

By that time that Father *Andrew* was return'd, *Alphonſo* and his Lady were viſited by *Camille*, they deſired him to let them have a Meſſenger to ſend to *Alphonſo*'s Houſe for ſome of his Servants to come to him; is was done accordingly; and *Alphonſo* having writ ſome Letters to ſome of his particular Friends, inviting them to come and accompany him and his Bride home; he ſent one of his own Servants with them, and ſent another home, to give order that all things ſhould be got in a readineſs fit to receive him and his Friends; not long after, there came divers of the new married couples Friends to offer their Services: To whom *Don Alphonſo* and his Lady returning thanks, they both recom-

recommended to their Friendſhip, *Camille*, and after the firſt uſual compliments were over, *Alphonſo* and his Bride, went, accompanied with a conſiderable number of Friends and Servants, in divers Coaches unto *Don Alphonſo*'s Houſe, where *Camille* and the good Father *Andrew* did attend them alſo; andtowards the Evening,after they had been Magnificently treated,conſidering the little time to prepare things in; having taken leave of the company in general, they return'd home to prepare for the night expedition.

While Father *Andrew* was gone for the new Key, *Camille* emp!oy'd himſelf in fitting anew his Theorbo, which had been diſorder'd in the late rancounter; it was not long before the diligent Father return'd, and a little after, it being time, they went out on the ſecond adventure. They ſoon did light on the right door, which Father *Andrew*, for fear of any further miſtakes, had mark'd with a piece of Chalk. Being entered and having ſhut the door upon them, for fear of any ſurprize from without; *Camille* having tun'd his Inſtrument, he Sung to it as follows.

Cloris, *before your conquering Eyes,*
Had made my Heart your Sacrifice,
Your Charming Voice had led the way;
Seraphick *ſounds piercing my raviſh'd Ear,*
Enter my yielding ſoul with full Carrear,
And forc'd me Loves Laws to obey:
So that when on your beauties I once gaz'd,
Reſolute and amaz'd;
I then decreed,
To ſerve you, Cloris, *with a winged ſpeed.*

My Heart ſubjected to your Laws,
Endeavour'd ſoon to gain applauſe,
In his diſpatch to break your Chains;
Beat off your Shackles, and all could be found,
In which your jealous Tyrant kept you bound,
So ſet an end to all your pains.
But while to free you I was wholly bent,
To Priſon I was ſent;
In which I lay,
Until I heard he had forc'd you away.

There having been tempted to break
Thoſe vows, I had made for your ſake,
I was releas'd, I knew not how;
Thence here I'm come, where learning you are freed,
While I envy the hand, I bleſs the deed,
And now to your commands I bow,
Expecting a decree to fall or ſtand,
From your Impartial Hand;
I wiſh the Fates
May make your heart and mind my Advocates.

No ſooner had *Camille* ended his Song, but he was inform'd from the Window that it was underſtood, and that he ſhould the next Day about Evening come the ſame way, where there ſhould a Servant wait on purpoſe to admit him, after this the Window was ſhut, and *Camille* with Father *Andrew* retired with all the ſatisfaction imaginable.

Camille was very impatient till the hour was come to render the viſit to the beautiful Marchioneſs. He could not ſleep all night for thinking on it, which made him paſs it in framing a thouſand agreea-

agreeable Ideas in his fancy, about the Charming entertainment; and he was in ſuch a Rapture all the day following at the thoughts of the pleaſures, which he was e're long to enjoy, that he could neither eat nor drink, being ſo wholly poſſeſt with thoſe joys, which he already did reliſh in his imagination. At laſt did come the happy hour, he flyes unto his bliſs, being at the Garden door, where he leaves Father *Andrew* to return home, he is met by a Servant Maid, who does conduct him to the Camber, his paſſion is rais'd to ſuch a height, at each ſtep that he makes towards it, that he endeavours to ſuppreſs it with the apprehenſions of ſome reverſe of Fortune, for fear that his exceſs ſhould tranſport him beyond himſelf; he arrives at laſt to the Chamber door, he enters, he perceives the Lady in an obſcure place at the further end of the Chamber, he runs towards her, flings himſelf at her feet, and with a voice that expreſs'd the tranſports of his Soul, he ſays, *Madam, what honour do I receive in this your gracious condeſcention to my humble deſires? My Soul is ſo tranſported at the ſingular favours which I now enjoy from your extream bounty, that I want words to expreſs my reſentments; let therefore my ſilence, my reſpects, and my moſt humble ſubmiſſion, ſpeak to you what my Tongue cannot utter. Beautiful Marchioneſs, behold at your Feet, continued he, a perſon ſo wholly poſſeſt with admiration at your perfections, that it preſerves a heart from the reach of the reſt of your whole ſex, to offer it pure and wholly at the ſhrine of your adorable beauty. I do acknowledge, that I am moſt unworthy of the leaſt of your favour, Madam, when I conſider that* —— Here he was interrupted by the Ladies riſing from

her ſeat, who ſtepping towards the light, did look upon *Camille* with an eye full of indignation and revenge, which made *Camille* preſently perceive his error, and that all that he had ſaid, had been addreſſed to *Donna Barbara Dayamonte*, in lieu of the Marchioneſs. He riſes, and being ſtruck dumb, he remains as motionleſs as a Statue, which gave time to *Donna Barbara* to expreſs her reſentments after this manner. *Thou the moſt ungrateful, and the unworthieſt of all men; have I abandoned my honour to the cenſure of the whole world? have I forſaken an Husband, and all other intereſts, to come after thee? and is it thus that thou requiteſt me? I will be reveng'd: and ſince that I cannot by any means imaginable enjoy thy Life, I will be the Author of thy Death: Yes, Traytor, I will immediately ſend for the Marqueſs, whom thou haſt ſo abus'd, that in my preſence he may take a full revenge of thee, that my Eyes and my Heart may have the ſatisfaction of ſeeing thee periſh before me.* With that ſhe commands aloud that the door ſhould be lock'd without ſide, which was preſently done within *Camille's* hearing, after which ſhe continued to vent her rage againſt him, with ſuch paſſionate words, that poor *Camille* was never ſo amaz'd at any thing in all his Life, and of truth it did concern him; he found himſelf in the power, and at the mercy of an incenſed woman, who doubtleſs would give a full ſcope to all her reſentments, and ſatisfie her ſplenetick revenge at his coſt; there was no retreating; to offer to make his way back by force, were to oblige her the ſooner to call for help; amongſt which the Marqueſs would not be forgot: To remain there without giving her ſome kind of ſatisfaction, were but to exaſperate her the more.

After

After divers debates within himſelf, concerning what he ſhould do, he reſolves to appeaſe her in ſome meaſure with kind words, fair promiſes, and humble ſubmiſſions, thereby to regain his liberty. In this deſign he approches the Bed whereon ſhe had thrown her ſelf, and bowing down: Madam, ſaid he, I muſt confeſs that my ſurprizal has been ſo great to find you here, when I thought you to be at *Barcellona*, that I am not yet able throughly to recollect my ſelf; and I find that ſome time muſt be allowed me for it, which I humbly beg for, mean time all that I have to ſay for my ſelf, is, that believing that you had been ſo fully prevented by your Husband in your deſigns, and I having receiv'd orders from him never to return to *Barcellona* upon pain of Death, this had made me wholly give over all future hopes of ever having the happineſs of ſeeing you again; and on the other hand, had brought me here in purſuit of the Marchioneſs, to renew with her my former affections, and if —— Here *Donna Barbara* interrupted him, ſaying: But here I am, where in ſpight of all oppoſitions, contemning all dangers, and treading all other conſiderations under feet; I am come in purſuit of the moſt ungrateful of men; but if I muſt periſh, I will firſt break your meaſures, and have the ſatisfaction to ſee my Rival depriv'd of all hopes of poſſeſſing that which is refus'd unto my affections. Madam, replyed, *Camille*, I am ſenſible of the infinite obligations that I owe you; and if you but pleaſe to allow me ſome ſmall time to wean my ſelf from any further thoughts on the Marchioneſs, I ſhall acknowledge what you have done for me, with all the reſpects and gratitude imaginable; and if you

will

will have ſo much bounty, as to attribute my former actions unto the exceſs of a blind paſſion, which made me pay to another, that which was with more Juſtice due to you, I ſhall for the future addreſs my vows here only, and limit my happineſs within the compaſs of that eſteem which you are pleas'd to expreſs for me; though ſo unworthy of that happineſs. At this turn, *Donna Barbara* look'd up, and holding forth her hand, he took it, and kiſſed it; he found that ſhe would have him to help her up by it, which he did; after which, they having had ſome further diſcourſes, in order to a more ample reconciliation, and better underſtanding for the future, ſhe releas'd her Priſoner, upon condition, that he ſhould daily viſit her, the ſame way as he had done that Evening, until they were reſolv'd upon ſome courſe, to free themſelves abſolutely from all the Governour's purſuits, and to get out of his power. All which *Camille* having promiſed to perform, he took his leave of her, and returned home.

Father *Andrew*, very impatient to learn what ſucceſs *Camille* had had, did no ſooner ſee him, but with a chearful countenance, he inquired how the Marchioneſs had entertain'd him; but when *Camille* had inform'd him of the miſtake, the good Father's looks did ſo viſibly change, that no body would have took him for the ſame man; yet after ſome little pauſe that the amazement had caus'd; *Well, Sir*, ſaid he, *what is done cannot be help'd, but to prevent further troubles, let us make what diligence we can to find out the right Marchioneſs, and to ſee what may be done with her, before you are oblig'd to pay any further reſpects to* Donna Barbara; *to that purpoſe I will viſit all the Churches*

in the City, but I will find out the Marqueſs, or at leaſt meet with ſome body that will inform me of him: This being concluded on, they went to Supper, and from thence to Bed, where *Camille* had full leiſure to reflect on the oddneſs of this laſt adventure, and of the means to prevent further inconveniences, for which he thought no way better than a quick diſpatch, in getting the Marchioneſs at liberty.

In the morning Father *Andrew* goes to the great Church, where after ſome time he ſees the Marqueſs come in; he waits behind a Pillar, till he had finiſh'd his devotions, and then traces him home, and now what's to be done, but to return to *Camille*, and give him an account of the diſcovery, and conſult together, how to inform ſpeedily the Marchioneſs of their being at *Saragoſſa*, becauſe that otherways *Donna Barbara*'s expectations from *Camille* might ſpoil all, if not anſwered according to her deſires. After ſome time ſpent in debates, it is concluded that the good Father ſhould be diſguis'd like one of thoſe women which go from Houſe to Houſe in thoſe Countries, ſelling of Womens little Trinkets; for there, they have not the great conveniency of three Exchanges, to pick and chuſe in, leaſt they ſhould make choice of ſuch ware, as their Husbands would be very unwilling to pay for. No ſooner concluded but executed, and while the one is dreſſing up like a very neat old Woman, to which the withered beardleſs Face, did not a little contribute, the other was writing a Note which was to be ſecretly convey'd to the Marchioneſs. The Father it fitted with all neceſſaries, the Note is convey'd very ſmooth into a Glove, and the brisk old Woman, being

being in a perfect readineſs, goes to the Marqueſs Houſe: She meets with a Servant, of whom ſhe inquires if ſhe can be admitted with her Ware to the Marchioneſs. *I have ſuch choice of curious things*, ſaid ſhe, *as I am ſure will pleaſe her very well. At this time ſhe is not to be ſpoken with*, replyed the Servant. *That is, becauſe that ſhe knows not what excellent things I bring*, replyed the old Woman: *but if ſhe did, I ſhould not be here ſo long without being call'd in*; *I tell you*, replyed the Servant, *that ſhe is now buſie, that the Marqueſs is at preſent with her, in her Chamber, and that therefore you muſt come again ſome other time.* At the word Marqueſs the good old Woman was willing to be ſatisfied, to return, and to let the buſineſs alone till ſome other time, when that bugbear were not in the way. In this reſolution ſhe begins to retire, when the Marqueſs coming by from his Wife's Chamber, he inquires what that Woman would have. It was now time to put on a good Face, nothing but the height of confidence with a good courage can carry off the old Woman, therefore ſhe briskly anſwers; that ſhe was come to ſhew the Marchioneſs ſome choice things, which ſhe hop'd would pleaſe her, that if he pleas'd to order that ſhe might be admitted, ſhe was confident, that ſhe ſhould give the Lady full content. The Marqueſs, who ever ſince the Pilgrim's laſt ſeiſure, had been ſomewhat more complaiſant to the Marchioneſs than before, had a mind to give his Wife ſome little preſent, out of this Womans ſtore; he therefore turning back again, ſaid, Come follow me: At the word, follow, our old Woman did look upon her plot as been utterly ſpoil'd, and was reſolv'd

ſolv'd not ſo much as once to mention the Gloves wherein lay the Letter, nor to let them be ſeen. The Marqueſs enters his Wife's Chamber, and tells her that he had brought her a woman with ſome things, of which he would have her make choice. The Marchioneſs, who was then ſomewhat out of humour, at the news of the Pilgrim's ſecond impriſonment, told him that ſhe needed nothing for the preſent, and that ſhe ſhould call ſome other time: The old Woman, who thought there could be nothing done ſo long as the troubleſome Marqueſs was preſent, was very willing to retire, fearing very much a diſcovery; but the Marqueſs holding her back, ſaid, Nay, but I have a mind to preſent you with ſomething; and taking the Woman by the arm, he pulls her to the Table, and ſhuts the door of the Chamber, bidding her lay open her Ware: The old Woman would have given all her Shop, Cloaths, and a finger to boot, had ſhe been quit for that, to have been in *Camille*'s Chamber, but all the wiſhes in the world will not do, ſhe was got in too far to retire; and now ſhe muſt make ſomething of it, or be loſt for ever; In this extremity ſhe diſplays her Merchandiſe; the Marqueſs preſently ranſacks in it, and bids his Wife to chuſe what ſhe lik'd beſt: She with a great indifferency, meerly to pleaſe him, takes what comes next to her hand, the Marqueſs not pleas'd at it, does incourage her to look on all, and take what ſhe lik'd beſt; and with that toſſes and tumbles the whole pack from top to bottom: The old Woman had her Eye continually upon the tell-tale Glove, and ſtill as it came uppermoſt, was very diligent to change its Station, and remove it a form lower; but at laſt the Marqueſs Eyes it, and finding it to

his

his mind, takes hold of it at one end, while the old Woman preſently ſeizes on the other, the Marqueſs pulls it, the old Woman holds it faſt, and to get it again out of the Marqueſs his hands, ſhe gives him the other Glove, telling him, that that which he had, had ſome fault in it, which ſhould be mended if the other did fit, which ſhe would try; with that the Marqueſs lets go his hold, and is ſo officious, that he will pull himſelf the other Glove on his Wife's hand, mean time the old Woman fumbles about the other, not daring to venture the pulling out of the paper, for fear of the Marqueſs's prying Eyes. The Marqueſs having pull'd on that Glove, which fitted and look'd very well, he asks for the other; the old Woman having no other way left to get off, preſently takes the Marchioneſſes hand, to pull it on her ſelf, the Marqueſs will have the office on't, ſhe perſiſts in her will, and gets it on the Marchioneſſes hand, do the Marqueſs what he could to oppoſe her; ſaying that ſhe was aſham'd to ſtand ſtill and ſee the Marqueſs thus take her work out of her hand, which oblig'd the Marqueſs to deſiſt, though grumblingly, and diſpleas'd at the over diligent old Womans oppoſition; ſhe mean time pulls on the Glove, though not with ſo much diligence and neatneſs, as had the Marqueſs, ſhe buſying her ſelf at the ſame time, in preſſing the Marchioneſſes Elbow with her hand, and guiding her Fingers to the Paper; the Marqueſs ſtood looking on with the greateſt impatiency in the World, having not power to deſiſt any longer from ſhewing his dexterity, and abhorring the old Womans bungling, juſt as the Marchioneſs was ſenſible that there was ſomething more than ordinary in that Glove, the

Marqueſs

Marqueſs takes the old Woman by the arm, and very angrily he turns her away, to take her employment from her; at which the Marchioneſs giving a ſhriek, Cry'd, *You have ſtrain'd my Wriſt*; with that, holding her other hand with her Hankerchief over her Glove and Wriſt, ſhe put by the over officious Marqueſs, telling him that ſhe would not have it touch'd till the anguiſh was over. This put the Marqueſs quite out of humour, who fell a grumbling at the old Woman, while that his Wife having bid one of her Servants to carry thoſe things which ſhe had choſen, into her Cloſet, ſhe followed her to lay them up; ſo ſoon as the Woman had laid them down, ſhe ſent her back for to know what they came to, and to ask of the Woman if ſhe had not ſome Eſſences, mean time ſhe takes out the Paper in which ſhe read.

Your Pilgrims Agent, here demands,
That you would ſend him your commands.

And having found a ſhort piece of Black-lead Pencel, in one of the Fingers, ſo ſoon as ſhe had ſent the Woman of another errand, while her Huſband was paying the old Woman, ſhe writ on the other ſide of the paper,

This Night, in the Garden, under my Cloſet Window; and having conveyed it into the Glove again, ſhe unripp'd ſome ſeams between the Fingers, and gave it the old Woman, telling her, that ſhe ſhould get it mended; the Marqueſs was going to lay hands on it again, but the old Woman being too nimble for him, thruſt it into her pack amongſt her other things, ſaying, that ſhe would bring it again ſometime that day, or the next at

fartheſt,

fartheſt, and taking leave ſhe was going off, when the Marqueſs ſeizing her by the Hand, and pulling her back again, did give her and his Wife a freſh allarm, but it laſted not long; for the buſy Marqueſs did ſoon put them out of it, in bidding the old Woman to leave the money which ſhe had receiv'd for the Gloves, till ſhe came again, the money being readily render'd by the good Woman, ſhe preſently went her way, with an aſſurance of returning again with the Glove mended to their likeing.

The good Father *Andrew* being got off thus, with flying Colours, was ſo puff'd up with good ſucceſs, that he thought nothing could be above his atchievement, he was ſo prepoſſeſt with that good opinion of himſelf, that going out of the Chamber, in lieu of taking his leave after the manner of the Matrons, he was for bowing forwards with his hands a croſs, in a Fryar-like Salutation; but rectifying himſelf, before notice was taken, he got off with credit, and was not long before he return'd to *Camille*; where in giving him a full account of his good ſucceſs, he was not wanting in expreſſing the Marqueſs's over-diligence, and to trumpet forth his own praiſes in his dexterous avoiding of all the Husband's troubleſome pryings into the myſterious part of the late contrivance; and giving the Glove to *Camille*, he found in it what the Marchioneſs had writ.

Buſineſs being brought to that paſs with the Marchioneſs, *Camille*'s next care was to pacify ſtill more and more *Donna Barbara*, and ſo prevent her from ſpoiling his deſigns, which ſhe might eaſily do, but with one word writing to the Marqueſs; if ſhe had but the leaſt ſuſpicion imaginable of *Camille's*

mille's, correſpondency with her Rival. This made him, ſo ſoon as it was Evening, to render her a viſit. She receiv'd it very kindly, and they were enter'd upon a very amorous entertainment, when the Maid came running into the Chamber, and as well as her fright and haſt would permit her, ſhe told them, that there was a Perſon of quality at the Street-door, that was ſetting a Guard upon it; after that he had done the ſame at the back-door, with a charge to let no body go out of the houſe, on what account ſoever, without his further orders. Preſently people were heard to come up ſtairs, which made her to run out of the Chamber again, and to lock the door after her; one ask'd aloud which was the Chamber, which being told, and finding it ſhut, it was broke open; yet not ſo ſuddenly, but that *Donna Barbara*, had time to convey *Camille* into her Cloſet, where he reſting on his knees and hands, ſhe ſpread a Carpet over him, and gently ſeating her ſelf upon him, as on a ſtool, in that poſture ſhe waited (with the Cloſet door open, that ſhe might the ſooner be perceiv'd) till thoſe perſons were enter'd her Chamber.

The Door being broken down, in ruſhes the Governour of *Barcellona*: After he had left two Servants to guard the Chamber door, with a ſtrict charge to let no body go out of it. So ſoon as the Governour had eſpy'd his Wife, he cry'd out, *Oh! are you there, Madam? I muſt find out your Minion alſo, if he is here, that I may pay him my reſpects:* This ſaid, he ſearch'd all over the Chamber and Cloſet, flinging the Bed and Bedding all over the Room, and leaving not one hole or corner unviſited, not ſo much as a Window, or the

Chimney eſcaping him; but having not found what he ſought after, he returns to his Wife, and taking her off of her ſeat: *Come, Madam, ſince I am ſo unfortunate not to meet with your devout Pilgrim, give me leave in his abſence to ſupply his office, and to lead you into ſome place more ſecure, than you find this to be:* With that he leads her out, giving a ſpecial care to the Servants to watch the Door till his return, and to let no body in; then he conveys her into a Coach, and from thence into a Nunnery, where he left her in the Care of the Abbeſs, who was a Kinſwoman of his Wifes.

He was returning to his Wifes Lodgings, to pack up all that ſhe had left there, when he eſpy'd the Marqueſs that ſtood at his Gardens back Door, they would willingly have ſhunn'd one another, but not being able to avoid their approaches, they were forc'd to Salute: The Marqueſs was very much ſurpriz'd to ſee the Governour of *Barcellona* at *Saragoſſa*, where, when he came firſt himſelf, he did not deſign to ſtay above five or ſix days, only to view the City. The Marqueſs having given the Governour, an account of his Wifes Health, and enquired of his and his Ladies, the Governour gave him a brief account of her late eſcape from him, which had made him to ſeek after her there, where he had found her, but not the wicked Pilgrim, who he verily believ'd had debauch'd her; at which the Marqueſs ſmiling, made anſwer, that he had done that work for him three days ſince, and that he had ſent him to Priſon, where he was ſafe enough. They finding themſelves Companions in the ſame affliction, though there were great odds; and that their Wive's zealous devotions to the holy Pilgrim, could not be-

allay'd

allay'd ſo eaſily, the Marqueſs was invited by the Covernour, to go with him to his Wife's late Lodgings, where he was to return, that they might paſs away the reſidue of the Evening together, and conſult how to reſcue their Wives, for the future, from that Deviliſh Pilgrims temptations. The Governour did prevail, and took Coach to that purpoſe.

The Governour return'd with the Marqueſs to his Wife's Lodgings. They were not long before they fell into a very ſerious diſcourſe of their Wives; and amongſt other things, the Marqueſs was ſaying, that if ever that Pilgrim ſhould get out of Priſon again, he would certainly be the ruin of them both, to their own ſhame and confuſion: That therefore they were ſo to order the buſineſs, as to have him condemn'd and executed, which would be a certain way to be for ever rid of him; all this was in the hearing of *Camille*, with divers other things and contrivances, in which they did ſpend a conſiderable time.

Mean while, diligent Father *Andrew*, who was always upon the watch, having had an account of all that had paſs'd, and not hearing a word mention'd of *Camille*, who was not return'd to his Lodgings, he concluded that he had hid himſelf in *Donna Barbara*'s Chamber, whence he durſt not adventure forth, ſo long as the Governour ſhould be there; he ponders within himſelf, what he had beſt to do for his deliverance, before the time of the Night were come, that they were to repair under the Marchioneſſes Window in the Garden; he returns to his Lodgings the better to contrive the buſineſs. A little after there came a Meſſenger from the Priſon, with a Letter directed to the

Marchioneſs, without a name, lodging in ſuch a Street. When the Marqueſs had caus'd the Pilgrim to be committed, he had given charge, that in caſe the Priſoner ſhould deſire Pen and Ink, that it ſhould be granted to him, but that whatſoever he ſhould write to be ſent forth, ſhould be immediatly brought to him: This had been done accordingly; but the Meſſenger being at the Marqueſs's Houſe, had been ſent here after him. The Marqueſs having receiv'd it, open'd it, and read as follows.

Madam,

WHen I was firſt committed, I made no doubt but that you would take ſome care for my immediate releaſe; the want of which makes me now trouble you with theſe lines, to let you know, that notwithſtanding the late favours that you were pleas'd to beſtow on me, I am become one of the moſt miſerable Creatures imaginable; for though through your generous bounty, I have wherewith to keep me from preſent want, yet the loſs of my Liberty is ſuch a Miſery, as cannot be expreſs'd. Seeing that it was in your Service that I got this affliction, I humbly intreat you to endeavour forthwith my Enlargement, and to take me from ſuffering under thoſe ſad effects of your Jealous Husband's too ſevere hand, without which I ſhall quickly be in my Grave, by which means you will loſe the moſt humbleſt of your Servants.

This Letter being read, the Marqueſs and the Governour could not but admire at once, both the ſimplicity and impudence of this Pilgrim; yet the Governour did take notice, that this was not writ in

in ſuch a ſtile as the Pilgrim us'd to expreſs himſelf when he was at *Barcellona*. The Marqueſs made anſwer, That it was probable his impriſonment, and the thwarting of his deſigns, without hopes of redreſs, had render'd him ſo melancholick as to diſcompoſe his mind. While they were thus ſpending their Verdict and deſcanting on the Pilgrims Letter, there was another brought to the Marqueſs, which having open'd, he read as follows.

My Lord,

THere is a Fryar of St. Dominicks *Order here, who is very importunate to ſpeak with the Pilgrim, and will not be deny'd; notwithſtanding his Character, I would not admit him to the Priſoner without your order: I have inquired his name, which he was very unwilling to diſcover; yet in hopes to ſpeak with the Pilgrim, he has told me that he is call'd Father* Andrew, *he is very preſſing, and I ſhall keep him here in diſcourſe and hope, till I hear your anſwer, which you will be pleas'd to ſend back by this Meſſenger to me.*

This laſt Letter did ſo ſurprize them both, that looking on one another, they remain'd mute; at laſt the Governour ſaid, that they ought not to let ſlip ſo fair an opportunity, of puniſhing their Wive's diligent Mercury. No, no, reply'd the Marqueſs, that would be a great overſight, I will immediately go to the Priſon and have him ſeiz'd on, and I will along with you, ſaid the Governour; for I long to ſee how ſtrangely he will be ſurpriz'd at the ſight of us: Thus you ſee, reply'd the Marqueſs, that the wicked ſeek their own ruin, and

bring themſelves to receive the puniſhment due to their offences. Well, reply'd the Governour, now is the time to ſecure both theſe wicked men, that they ſhall never more be in any Capacity of debauching our Wives. Let's be going, reply'd the Marqueſs, and loſe no time, for fear he be gone before we come, and that we loſe this fair opportunity of ſeizing him: with that they did immediately take Coach to the other end of the City, where was the Priſon.

They were no ſooner got out of the Houſe, but the politick Father *Andrew*, of whoſe contrivance the Letter was, came in, he goes up Stairs, and having ask'd which was the Chamber that belong'd to the Governour of *Barcellona*; it was ſhew'd him by one of the Guards, he draws near it, and is repulſed, and told, that no body was to go in there: I know, replyed the ſubtle Father, that your Orders are to let no body in, but you are not hindred from letting any Perſon go out, eſpecially when I am ſent on purpoſe by the Governour for them. There is no body there, reply'd one of the Servants; It were ſtrange indeed, reply'd the Father, then they are gone out before I came for them, and yet I have made what haſte I could from the Governour and the Marqueſs; I came here directly, and have not met by the way that Perſon that I come for: But I loſe time, and the buſineſs preſſes. *Signiour* Camille, continued he with a loud Voice, *you muſt leave off your watching, for he that you wait for has been a Priſoner theſe three days, and you muſt immediately go along with me to the Governour, that ſtays for you; come forth and I will deliver you my Errand punctually*: This was ſpoken with ſo much

much confidence by the Fryar, that the Servants preſently open'd the Door, and forth came *Camille*; *Now, Sir*, continued Father *Andrew*, *I muſt tell you that there is one Father* Andrew *at the Priſon, that would ſpeak with the Pilgrim Priſoner; the Governour was going to ſeize on him, but he has better conſider'd on't, and therefore has ſent me for you, that you ſhould go firſt, and bring him certain word, whether it be that Perſon that he means, or not, whom he ſays you know very well.* This did the good Father ſpeak with ſo much readineſs, that *Camille* himſelf was ſtartled at it; and the Servants having heard the Governour and the Marqueſs diſcourſe of it, before they went forth, they made no ſcruple in the leaſt to let him go: *Camille* and the Fryar got home to their Lodgings, where they had leiſure to recollect themſelves, to laugh at their Cullies Credulities, and to prepare againſt the time of going under the Marchioneſſes Window.

Mean time the Governour and the Marqueſs are carried with all the diligence poſſible unto the Priſon, contriving all the way how to puniſh this wicked and moſt abominable Fryar; at laſt they get thither, and preſently inquire of the Keeper where was the Fryar. What Fryar do you mean, reply'd the Keeper? Father *Andrew*, Father *Andrew*, reply'd the Marqueſs haſtily; I hope you have not let him go, continued he? Never talk of that, ſaid the Governour, where is he, where is he? What have you done with him? ſaid the Marqueſs. The Keeper amaz'd at their earneſt inquiries, ſtood ſtaring ſometime on one, ſometime on the other, without ſaying a word. Pray, ſays the Governour to him, convey us where he is, and

if you can, ſo as that we may ſee him without diſcovering our ſelves: Nay, it were much better, now I think on't, ſaid the Marqueſs, to place us ſo as that we might hear him diſcourſe with the Pilgrim, and not be ſeen. Doubtleſs, replyed the Governour, but we ſhould make ſome notable diſcoveries, and therefore go let him into the Pilgrim, while we ſtay here till you come back to lead us where we may hear them. Let it be as of your own accord, ſaid the Marqueſs, and be quick, for I long to hear what new piece of Villany they are conſulting of; at this they both pauſing a while, wondring that the Keeper did not ſtir, he had time to ſay, I aſſure you, My Lord, that you have both ſo ſurpriz'd me, I know not what to think, much leſs what to ſay; neither do I ſcarce know where, or who I am; I have heard you all this while, ſpeak of a Fryar and a Pilgrim, but I know no more what you mean by it, than the Man in the Moon. Then rubbing of his Eyes, and yawning, Let me ſee, continued he, am I aſleep ſtill, or do I wake? Though I was ſleeping when you came, certainly I am now awake, or how ſhould I ſtand thus elſe, continued he ſtrutting, and ſpeak thus to you; nay, ſee and hear you too? And yet I do proteſt to you, that I know nothing at all of any Fryars being here: At this the Marqueſs ſhew'd him the Letter, and ſaid, did you not ſend me this Letter, about half an hour ſince? Who I, ſend a Letter, reply'd the Keeper? *I* was then dreaming of other things, *I* can aſſure you, continued he; and *I* have neither writ, ſent, or ſo much as thought of a Letter, this day, except that which *I* ſent you from the Pilgrim a while ſince; then looking on the Letter,

Letter, which the Marqueſs had given him; neither is this my hand writing, alas! *I* could never write a quarter ſo well: This the Keepers ſtory, made the Marqueſs and the Governour, in their turn to be mute, and look on one another; they concluded that this had been ſome trick of their Wives, not without ſome deſigns: As for mine, ſaid the Governour, ſhe is at preſent ſafe enough from doing any miſchief of that nature: And mine, ſaid the Marqueſs, has not had a Pen and Ink ſince *I* have Married her, except the Devil has ſupply'd her with one of late; *I* rather believe, that it is that curſed Fryar himſelf, that has thus ſham'd us: But to what purpoſe, reply'd the Governour? To nothing that is good, you may be certain, anſwered the Marqueſs; and for my part *I* will haſten home, where *I* think my preſence more neceſſary than here; with that they took leave of one another, and went each to their own home.

So ſoon as the Governour was return'd, he inquir'd of his Servants who had been there, they anſwered him, no body, but the little ancient Gentleman whom he had ſent to fetch the other Gentleman, that had been left in the Chamber to watch for the Pilgrim. How, ſaid the Governour, a man leſt in the Chamber to watch for the Pilgrim? How? ſaid the Governour, a man left in the Chamber, and now gone out, while you two ſtand at the Door and permit it? With that drawing his Sword, You Villains, continued he, I'll be the death of you both; how many were there to force him from you? What reſiſtance have you made? And if you were over-power'd, ſhew me your wounds? Where is the blood that

you

you have ſpill'd in making oppoſition? At theſe high words, both the poor Fellows, falling on their knees, gave him an exact account of the whole paſſage, and with tears in their Eyes, ask'd him pardon for their Errour. The Governour preſently enter'd the Chamber, and while he was conſidering where this perſon could be hid, he was thinking alſo who it ſhould be; at laſt, he concluded that there was ſome great miſtake in the buſineſs, and did believe that the Marqueſs had lighted on the wrong Pilgrim, who he had ſecured, while the damn'd right one had been hid in his Wives Chamber, whence his ſpecial agent, that wicked Father *Andrew*, had got him out by framing of that Letter: This did ſet him in ſuch a rage, that he would not ſo much as give the Marqueſs an account of his thoughts, which he concluded to be certain; but the next morning early he went to the Monaſtery, whence having taken out his Wife, he return'd with her to *Barcellona*, where he us'd her as he pleas'd.

The Marqueſs, all this while, had not been wanting in diligently inquiring of all the Servants, who had been there, and examing of the two Guardian Women, ſo tormenting them, that one of them nam'd *Zora*, being tyred out with his frivolous repeated queſtions, and fretting at his unreaſonable threatning of them, for letting his Wife have the conveniency of writing, ſhe knowing her ſelf innocent, did at laſt tell the Marqueſs, that there was no Hell, like living with a Man ſo ſtrangely jealous as he was, which did ſet the Marqueſs in ſuch a fury, that he ſtruck her, which made her run into the Marchioneſſes Chamber with Tears in her Eyes: The Marchioneſs ask'd what

was

was the matter, to which *Zora* anſwered; That, Madam, which in a ſhort time ſhall turn to your advantage. The Marchioneſs who had deſign'd to ſit up till the Marqueſs was return'd, leaſt that he going his uſual rounds before going to Bed, ſhould meet with the Letter, which his Wife did intend for *Camille*; hearing that the Marqueſs was coming to Bed, ſhe went and dropp'd the Letter, ſo retiring, ſhe put her ſelf in Bed; while the Marqueſs was undreſſing he did nothing but grumble, fret, and threaten, in a word, the falſe Letter had ſet him quite out of humour.

The hour come, which was about the darkeſt part of the Night, *Camille* got over the Wall with the active Father *Andrew* into the Garden; for though the good Father had no great buſineſs there, yet he lov'd ſo well the ſport, that *Camille* could not prevail with him to ſtay at home: They were not got half way the walk, which led from the Garden Door to the Houſe, when Father *Andrew*, whoſe Eyes were always upon the watch, did perceive ſomething that mov'd at the other end; this put him to a ſtand, and made him take *Camille* by the arm, and hold him back: Stay, ſaid he, I think I ſee ſome body that is waiting for us, let us retire while we can, for fear of a ſurprize: *Camille* looking earneſtly alſo, ſaid, I do ſee ſomething move, but it is not tall enough to be a man, and I rather believe that it is ſome Dog, which though not ſo dangerous, may, I fear diſcover us, and ſpoil our deſign. Father *Andrew* was for a retreat, and *Camille* was leaving the broad Walk, and ſtriking into the leſſer Allies to go round by the Wall ſide to diſcover what it were, without being perceiv'd; but the

good

good Father having no inclination to venture any further, ſaid, that he was ſure it was no Dog, and that he would ſtay under the next Tree, while *Camille* ſhould go make the diſcovery. *Camille* agreed to it, and went by the Wall ſide till he came near enough to diſtinguiſh that it was a Monkey that had broke loſe from ſome of the Neighbourhood, who having found the Letter that the Marchioneſs had thrown there, he had torn it open, and was playing with it. *Camille* was glad that it was no worſe, yet knew not which way to go about to get the Letter from that little unlucky Creature; he was ſtill drawing nearer to him, when the Monkey did perceive him, which made him chatter ſo faſt and ſo loud, all the while tearing of the Letter, that *Camille* thought there was no time to loſe, therefore he ſuddenly ruſh'd upon the Monkey, who being too nimble for him, did run away, ſqueeking ſo loud that the Marqueſs being alarm'd at it, did preſently get to the Window, with a Piſtol in his hand, and perceiving *Camille*, who was very buſie in gathering up the pieces of Paper, that the Monkey had ſcatter'd, he diſcharg'd it at him, but to no effect.

Father *Andrew*, at the noiſe of the Piſtol, did run as faſt as he could towards the place where they had left the Ladder of Ropes hanging, by which they had got over, but meeting by chance with the Monkey, which he took for a Man, his fears magnifying all objects, he ran counter, and knowing no better way, finding himſelf near a high Tree, he preſently climbs to the top of it, where he hid himſelf amongſt the thickeſt of the Leaved Branches.

Camille

Camille having gathered all that he could find of the Pieces of Paper, made what haſte he could towards the place of retreat, and not ſeeing Father *Andrew*, as he paſs'd by, he concluded that he was gone, which made him to follow after. By this the Marqueſs and his Servants were got into the Garden, with Guns, Piſtols, Swords, and other Weapons, they ſearch every Buſh, Hedge, and Corner, but find no body, the Marqueſs ſees a piece of Paper lying upon the ground, he takes it up, and puts it into his Pocket to peruſe ſome other time; he was too buſie then, neither had he light enough to do it. Some run to the back Gate, which is found ſhut, they perceive ſome Morter and Stones newly dropp'd from the Wall which made them conclude that they were Thieves gone that way out, ſo that they were all returning in.

As the Marqueſs was paſſing under a Tree, he was hit on the Hat with a piece of witheredBranch, at which he preſently looks up, and perceives ſomething to move; he rejoices within himſelf already, that he had found the Robbers of his Honour, and commands ſome of his Servants to get up, and fetch them down, dead or alive. While he was pondering what Torments and Racks he ſhould make them endure, ſome of the Servants being got up, they heard a ſtrange chattering, for the Monky who had cauſed the dryed bough to fall, finding himſelf purſued ſo cloſe, made ſuch a noiſe as preſently gave to underſtand to his purſuers the Nature of the Beaſt. But the Marqueſs's diſtruſtful Nature, making him ſuſpect that it might be ſome Counterfeit, he commanded his Servants to purſue and take him. The unlucky nimble Creature, having no other way to avoid his purſuers,

ers, he leaps from the Tree he was on to the next, where ſat the moſt diſtreſſed Father *Andrew*, whom the fooliſh Creature taking to be one of his Enemies, he began to ſqueek and chatter more than ever: Thoſe that were upon the abandon'd Tree having given notice of their Preys removal; the Marqueſs ſent ſome up the other Tree, on which both the delinquents were retreated; one of the climbers went ſo high after this little troubleſome Animal, that he perceiv'd a certain pair of Legs, that did not belong unto ſo ſmall a Beaſt as a Monkey. The poor Father now perceiving that he was diſcovered paſt all hopes of Redemption, was recommending his caſe to all the He and She Saints, beſides the Eleven thouſand Virgins; when his fierce Enemy cry'd, *Oh! have I found you out? I'll fetch you down preſently:* This dreadful threatning did ſet him into ſuch an horror and fear, that it caus'd him to drop down ſomething, which his anguiſh would not let him retain any longer, juſt in the nick of time when the fellow was gaping and looking up; which did light ſo full upon his Face, that it ſtopt his Mouth from telling any more tales for that bout; and blinded him ſo, that going to clear his Eyes with his Hands, he was ſo unfortunate as to let go his hold, which made him fall to the ground, whence he was carried away ſpeechleſs. This ſad accident put an end to the Chace; for the Marqueſs thinking that there was too much miſchief done already, in the purſuit of a Monkey, did give order to all his Servants to retreat, and let the Beaſt alone, which they preſently obey'd, taking the dead along with them.

Father *Andrew* having overheard the ſad accident, that had been the cauſe of his ſad and ſafe

delive-

deliverance; after he had return'd thanks to all his Advocates, (though he thought his own induſtry very inſtrumental in it, which made him ever after, to rely very much on his own merits) finding the Coaſt clear, he comes down the Tree, and goes toward the place, by which he had come in, whereon he was looking very melancholick, having no hopes of getting out of the Garden, when he perceives a head peeping over the Wall: at the firſt his fears were going to make him to run to his old poſt again; but preſently recollecting himſelf, he thought that it could not be any one of the Houſe; becauſe that whoever did look over the Wall, muſt be in the Street: A little after he perceiv'd it was *Camille*; who having not found him at home, was return'd with the Ladder of Ropes to get him off, if he was not taken. The poor Father did preſently get over, and without ſpeaking one word, he run as faſt as he could to his Lodgings, where he gave *Camille* a full account of the whole adventure, while he was fitting every bit of Paper to its right place, which having done, he read it as follows.

THE news of your double deliverance, has been no leſs welcome to me, than the knowledge of your continuing in the generous reſolution of aſſiſting a poor afflicted Woman, wherein you expreſs ſo much Charity, as ſets you right in my Opinion, in ſpight of all that had been laid to your charge; ſome new Viſions which my Husband has had, ſince the induſtrious old Woman was here, has ſo chang'd that fortunate good humour that he was in then, into a furious malice againſt me; that by ſome words which the exceſs of his paſſion drives forth, I have

ſome

ſome Jealouſies that he may attempt ſomething on my Life, or at leaſt remove me very ſpeedily, where I ſhall be miſerably mew'd up for the reſt of my days, without any future hopes of a deliverance; I have no way to divert this ſudden and dangerous ſtorm from falling on me, but by ſheltring my ſelf under the pretence of a fit of ſickneſs, which may retard his deſigns, till you have leiſure and conveniency to work my Liberty. I wiſh you could find a way to play the Phyſician as well as I ſhall act the Patients part, then I ſhould hope that my freedom were at hand, and then you might with juſtice expect from me a reward ſutable to your Signal Services, which could be no leſs, than all that I am able to diſpoſe of, without any prejudice to my honour and to vertue. Endeavour to——

When *Camille* came to that word, Endeavour, which intimated, by the abrupt breaking off, that there was ſomething wanting of the Letter; which he having left behind, had doubtleſs fallen into the Marqueſs his hands; that joy, which had been ſcrew'd up almoſt to an exceſs, by every Character of the Letter, was inſtantly daſh'd to pieces, at the want of that ſmall piece of Paper, which he fancied did contain great matters, and of ſuch weight peradventure, as might enlighten the Marqueſs to the great prejudice, if not total ruine of the whole deſign: while he was thus left in the dark, he gave to that word a thouſand interpretaons, all of very dangerous conſequences. He call'd himſelf a thouſand fools, for leaving any pieces of Paper behind him; he as many times curſt that miſchievous Creature, that had been the cauſe of it, and as oft he call'd himſelf unhappy and miſe-

rable;

rable; but all this would not bring the wanting piece of Paper to the reſt; and that which added much to his ſorrow, was the coldneſs which he found in Father *Andrew*, as to any further attempts in his behalf; the very thoughts of the late dangers, in which he had ſo lately been ingag'd, did make him die with very fear; not knowing but that the piece of Paper that was wanting, might inform the Marqueſs of the myſtery of the Glove; ſo that *Camille* had much ado to buoy him up in that Sea of fears and perplexities, wherein the dejected Father was almoſt over-whelm'd; yet after that *Camille* had read the Letter, and aſſur'd him, that there could be no ſuch ſence attributed to that word, repreſenting to him, the caution with which the Marchioneſs did always accompany all her actions, and the utter ruin of all his hopes, if he ſhould relent, and be heartleſs; but when he underſtood what advantages and preferment *Camille* did promiſe him, if the buſineſs were once accompliſh'd, with the Golden earneſt which *Camille* did inſtantly give him in hand of it; he was quite vanquiſh'd, his hard-heartedneſs did vaniſh with his fears, ſo that he promis'd not to forſake ſo bountiful a Friend, in time of need; No, ſaid he, it ſhall never be ſaid, that Father *Andrew* did once undertake an amorous intriegue, and left it off before it was accompliſh'd, eſpecially acting for a Patron of power, and willingneſs to protect me from all troubles and inconveniences; with that, calling for a glaſs of Wine to chear up his Spirits, and ſtay his ſtomach, till breakfaſt was ready, he drank to *Camille*, a Health to the beautiful Marchioneſs, and to their good ſucceſs; *Camille* was not backwards in giving him all the incouragements

that he could imagin; a little after, breakfaſt was up, and they having eaten, drank, and diſcours'd merrily, they laid themſelves to reſt, till it was time to return with the Glove.

Mean time the Marqueſs was poſſeſt with a more violent rage than ever. The Fellow that was carried in dead, after the adminiſtring of ſome Cordials and bleedings, coming to himſelf again, had declared, that he had ſeen a Man on the very uppermoſt branches of that Tree, off of which he had fallen, who caſting ſomething in his Eyes, while he was looking up, had caus'd him to let go his hold, which was the occaſion of his fall, juſt when he was giving notice of his diſcovery. The Marqueſs had preſently ſent divers Servants to ſearch every Tree in the Garden, while he himſelf viſited all the underwoods; all to no purpoſe, the Featherleſs Bird being flown long before; ſo that being return'd to his Wife s Chamber, he had given a full vent unto his fury, with ſuch threatnings, which tended to the giving her of a *Spaniſh* Fig, that there were cauſes to fear ſome ſuch ſad effect, at ſome time or other. This did ſtrike ſuch a terror in the Marchioneſs's mind, that ſhe had no occaſion to counterfeit, for ſhe fell into a feaver, though not very violent. Then ſhe took a full reſolution, in order to ſave her own life, to make uſe of the Pilgrim's offers; though ſhe had once been in the mind to refuſe them, fearing that he ſhould expect, as a reward, that which ſhe could not, nor ought not to give.

This ſudden illneſs of the Marchioneſs, did make the Marqueſs, ſo ſoon as the fury of his paſſion was over, to ſend for a Phyſician, by the ſolicitation of *Zora*, which were joyn'd to her Ladies deſires;

ſires; yet with ſo much diſcretion, that the Marqueſs took no further notice of it. A Servant was going for a Doctor, when at the Street Door he met with the old peddling Woman, who was come to bring back the Glove. Who deſired to have it delivered to the Marchioneſs; the Servant anſwered, that it could not be now, becauſe that ſhe was fallen very ill of a ſudden of a Feaver, and that he was ſent to ſeek for a Doctor; but that being a Stranger, he knew not where to go. Alas! a-well-a-day, ſaid the old Woman, I am heartily ſorry for it, and ſhe has been ſo good a Cuſtomer to me, that I will bring you to the moſt eminent Doctor in Town; but he is a great Humouriſt, and a Man of very few words; and you muſt let me alone to perſuade him to go. The Fellow, glad of the opportunity, goes with the brisk old Woman, who returns to *Camille*, and leaving the Fellow below, while ſhe goes up to perſuade the famous Doctor; ſhe runs up to *Camille*, and informs him of the buſineſs, then preſently going down to the Servant, ſhe told him, that he ſhould return home, and tell them, that a Doctor would be with them immediatly; and withall give him the Glove to deliver to ſome of the Marchioneſs's Women, with which the Fellow return'd home, very well contented.

Father *Andrew* having thus acted the ſecond part of the old Woman, he returns up to *Camille*, very glad that he had quitted his hands of that dangerous Glove; he preſently adviſes *Camille* to write his mind, that he might give it to the Marchioneſs, while he felt her Pulſe, and that he would go to ſome Jew-broker, and hire what was neceſſary to make a Doctor of *Camille*; *Camille* preſently falls

a writing, and Father *Andrew* goes, and in a trice returns again, with all things fitting, *Camille* having written theſe few lines.

Part of your Letter was loſt, I fear your Husband has found it; I am come to receive new orders, all delays for the future will be of dangerous conſequences, therefore conclude on ſomething againſt I viſit you next, and I ſhall act accordingly.

He inſerted in them theſe following lines.

Beauty, Madam, is not purely Ornamental, it has its other luſtres and advantages likewiſe, which ſpeak its celeſtial origine, and renders it as as admirable, as it is Divine; as its powerful influences, which do produce ſuch wonderful effects do daily verify. With what eagerneſs has it made the greateſt Conquerours, in all Ages, to proſtrate themſelves before it, and to lay their Trophies at the Feet of her Altars, leaving all their concerns unregarded, to give themſelves wholly up to the admiration of its excellency? With what precipitation have the greateſt Monarchs deſcended from their Thrones, to pay homage unto its Imperial Greatneſs? No Rank, Quality, or Condition, eſcapes its power, Madam. The Prieſts have deſiſted addreſſing their vows and Pray to their neglected Deities, to offer at her Shrine, their Incenſe and Adoration. And the Grave Philoſophers have laid aſide their numerous Volumes, to give themſelves up wholly unto the Contemplation of its Cauſes, and Effects; while the whole Creation ſtands in an amazement at the Glory thereof. Heroes will readily change their Swords for Palmers Staves; Kings and Emperours will Convert their Scepters

Scepters into Shepherds Hooks; Prieſts will turn their Bloody Sacrifices, and Enthuſiaſtick Raptures, into fragrant Offerings, and melodious Layes: Sour Philoſophers, will neglect their more crabbed part of Learning to Dream of Elizium *Fields; all Conditions will forget their Intereſts, and tranſform themſelves into all manner of Forms to render themſelves agreeable, and obſequioſly ſubſervient to its Commands.*

It is true, Madam, that like unto other Divinities, Beauty does make uſe of ſecondary Cauſes, to work thoſe wonderful Effects. But it chiefly employs Love, that powerful Agent, wherewith it fills all Hearts with ſuch a Divine Flame, as inſpires and incites thoſe whoſe Boſoms are warmed with it, to perform the greateſt actions: For, without it, Madam, whoever did attain to more than common things? But when once a Heart is quickned by that ſubtle Fire, what dangerous Enterpriſes, what difficult Attempts, and what intricate Deſigns are there, which are not undertaken with as much celerity, and eagerneſs, as they are performed with vigour and good ſucceſs.

No wonder, Madam, if ſome Sparks of that Celeſtial Fire, having alighted upon my prepared Heart, they have fill'd it with a moſt paſſionate deſire to become a votary unto the Altars of your excellent Beauty, to the excluſion of all other Terreſtial devotion. Deign therefore, Madam, to accept of the Offerings which I make unto you of it, and be pleas'd to reward, in due time, it's fidelity and perſeverance, with ſome grains of reciprocal affection.

Theſe lines which were both a Panegyrick to Beauty, and a declaration of Love, did raiſe ſuch a tender vail of tincture over all the Lillies of the Marchioneſs's Cheeks, as did almoſt termine into bluſhes, when ſhe read them; ſhe gueſt at what the Pilgrim did aim, which at all other times would have caus'd her to break all further correſpondency with him, but as things ſtood then, not knowing how to mend her ſelf for the preſent, ſhe was glad of any opportunity, and to employ all ſorts of Inſtruments; leaving to her ſelf the management of the conſequences hereafter.

Camille was inſtantly fitted, while the good Father accoutres himſelf to perſonate the Mule-driver. They were juſt got ready, when news was brought up, that the Marqueſs his Servant was come again for the Doctor: They go immediately, the Servant leads the Van, our new vamp'd Doctor is in the Main, and Father *Andrew* brings up the Rear; they come to the Marqueſs his Door, the Doctor alights from his grave Beaſt, and is conducted up into the Lady's Chamber, which was made ſo dark, becauſe that the light did offend her Eyes, and caus'd her Head to ake, that the Doctor was forc'd to be conducted to the Bed-ſide, by one of her Women; there he feels her Pulſe, gives her the Letter, and making as if he ask'd her ſome private queſtions, he ſteals a kiſs from her Hand, and another from her Lips, after which he retires at ſome little diſtance from the Bed ſide; after which the Marqueſs, who had ſtood all the while near the Window, came and accoſted the Doctor, inquiring of him, how he found his Patient, and what hopes there was; to which he made no other anſwer, than that he would

would quickly go and preſcribe for her; and that when ſhe had taken what he would ſend, he would be better able to give him an account; with that the Marqueſs gives him his Fee, and away goes our Doctor.

The Marqueſs returning into his Wives Chamber from conducting the Doctor, he is met by *Zora*, who tells him that the Marchioneſs would ſleep, which made him retire, and take along with him the other Woman, that their chat might not diſturb her reſt.

Zora being left ſingle with her Lady in her Chamber, ſhe asks how ſhe does, and the Marchioneſs finding her ſelf ſomething better than ſhe had been, told her ſo, after which *Zora* falls down on her knees by the Bed-ſide, and with tears in her Eyes, ſhe began to ſpeak thus unto her Lady.

Madam, you may ſuſpect, and with much Reaſon and Juſtice, that whatſoever I ſhall ſay to you, may be to your prejudice, and with a deſign to intrap you, and make you more miſerable yet, than you are; and of truth I muſt needs confeſs, that when I conſider with what exactneſs I have obſerv'd and executed your Husbands orders, even with that ſeverity, which was beyond his expectation, in which *I* have ſhewn my ſelf moſt inhumane towards one of my own Sex, though far above me in merits, and all ſorts of reſpects; *I* then deſpair of ever prevailing with you, to add faith to what *I* ſhall ſay. Therefore, Madam, *I* muſt be forc'd to make uſe of ſomething more than my bare words and relation, to convince you of the ſincerity of my preſent intentions: Yet thus much *I* have to ſay for my ſelf; that all the

cruel ſeverity that *I* have ever exercis'd againſt you, has never proceeded from any particular averſion, hatred, or prejudice, that *I* could have againſt your perſon, but from meer intereſt and greedineſs of profit, which made me think, that the more ſevere *I* ſhould expreſs my ſelf againſt you, the better *I* ſhould be rewarded by him that had employ'd me; *I* was a poor miſerable Creature ready to periſh for want, when the Marqueſs took me into his ſervice, to be one of the inſtruments of his cruelty towards you; and finding the comforts of a full Table, warm covering, and other refreſhments, beſides the hopes of laying up ſomething againſt my old age, which is coming on very faſt, and then reflecting with horror, on my late and miſerable condition; the apprehenſions and dread of returning unto that woful ſtate again, and the obligations which *I* thought that *I* owed unto my Benefactor, were the true promoters of all the ſorrows, troubles, and afflictions which you have ſince ſuſtained through my means, But, Madam, continued ſhe, there is no heart, though never ſo hard and cruel, but at ſome time or other will relent, and give way to ſome ſparks of compaſſion: ſince our arrival at *Saragoſſa*, *I* have had now and then ſome remorſe and pity of your condition, which has ſometime made me wiſh, that it were my Fortune to get a livelihood by any other means, than ſuch as did appear to me to be againſt all the Rules of Humanity and Religion. This has made me to reflect upon the ſeverity, which you have met with on all hands (excepting Heaven, who has plentifully recompenc'd you in all the accompliſhments of the body and mind.) Firſt from your Parents, as I have been inform'd,

who

who contrary to your inclinations, did force you to marry a Perſon, whom you had declared you hated, and for whom you could never have any Love; but on the contrary, that you look'd upon him as the greateſt of your Enemies. Then, Madam, when I added to this, that cruel Tyranny, that your jealous Husbands humour has caus'd him to exerciſe over you, without the leaſt occaſion imaginable, ſince the very firſt moment that he could call you his, and the exemplary patience, with which you have endured all his unkindneſſes: Theſe things have made me divers times wiſh that you were freed from all that ſlavery in which you languiſh. But when lately, as I was looking out of the Window, I did ſee that Pilgrim, who for your ſake has ſuffer'd ſo much already, to be dragg'd and hal'd to Priſon, with as little compaſſion, as it had been a Dog, it came within my thoughts, that if this poor Gentleman did ſuffer ſo much for your ſake, only for endeavouring to free you from that miſery you groan under; what did I deſerve, that was one of the unworthy inſtruments of your afflictions. Yet, Madam, this is not all; that which has concluded this through Reformation in me, are thoſe Words that your Husband does frequently let fall in his paſſions of late; which ſpeak as if he would attempt ſomething againſt your Life: Thoſe indeed reach'd to my very Heart. Theſe things, Madam, have made me enter into ſome ſerious conſiderations within my ſelf, from them I am come to reflections, and thoſe have brought me to a firm reſolution, rather to periſh, than to live through ſo unworthy means as I do at preſent; and to prefer your liberty and content, unto that proſpect which

which I had of making my Fortune, by continuto be your Keeper: Not without hopes, Madam, that if you ſhould get out of your Bondage, through my aſſiſtance, you would conſider my Services, and make up my loſſes another way. And now, Madam, to confirm what I have ſaid, and convince you, that it proceeds from a due ſenſe of your miſeries, which has produced a perfect and ſincere repentance in me; be pleas'd to look on this Paper: With that ſhe gave the Marchioneſs that Paper, which the Marqueſs had taken up in the Garden; telling her that the Marqueſs, pulling out his Handkerchief, had drop'd it, and that ſhe having taken it up, look'd on it, and found it did ſo much concern her, ſhe kept it to give it her, notwithſtanding the great inquiries and ſearch which the Marqueſs had made after it, ſhe having flatly deny'd to him, that ſhe had ſeen any. The Marchioneſs having taken it, reads as follows.

——*The Doctor, as you have formerly the Pilgrim, give me an account of your reſolutions, by the counterfeit old Woman, when ſhe brings me the Glove, who was ſo excellently diſguis'd, that I did not know the good Father* Andrew, *till he had given me ſome ſigns of it.*

That was enough to let the Marchioneſs know, that this was the latter part of her Letter to the Pilgrim, which ſhe had dropp'd out of her Window. This did fully confirm her, that *Zora* was a true Convert, which did give her very great ſatisfaction, but when ſhe thought that her Husband had ſeen it, by which he would diſcover the whole Plot, ſhe viſibly chang'd colour, and was yielding to her ſorrow, when *Zora* told her that

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ſhe ſhould be chearful, and hope the beſt; for by the Marqueſs his ſilence, and not inquiring after the old Woman, mention'd in that Paper, it is, Madam, continued ſhe, an argument that he has not read it, he would be ſo impatient otherwiſe to be reveng'd of Father *Andrew*, whom he mortally hates, that he could not have forborn inquiring after the old Woman an hundred times over; and beſides, Madam, preſently after he had let fall the Paper, he ſeem'd much troubled, and was looking up and down for it; which makes me conclude, that he has not read it. The confuſion that he was in at firſt, by the fall of the man from the Tree, having certainly put it out of his Head, and when he had loſt it then he thought of it again. But what confirms me moſt of all, is, that when the Glove was given to my fellow Servant, ſhe was met by the Marqueſs, who only looking on it, did return it her again, without ſpeaking one word more, than asking whether the Woman was paid for it.

That indeed is ſignificant then ſaid the Marchioneſs: and now *Zora*, I find that I may breathe again; *I* believe your Converſion to be ſincere and real; and *I* do aſſure you, that you ſhall have no cauſe to repent it; but on the contrary the ſooner you ſerve me in my deſigns, of freeing my ſelf from that ſlavery in which *I* live, under continual apprehenſions of loſing my life, and perpetual re-reproaches and affronts without cauſe, the ſooner you will feel the effects of my bounty, which *I* aſſure you ſhall extend to the making you happy the reſidue of your days. *I* wanted but a Woman to aſſiſt me in my reſolutions; and now *I* have thee, *I* ſhall willingly embrace the ſuccour and

aſſiſtance

assistance which the Pilgrim does offer me. *I* did fear, before, to fall alone into the hands of a young man, who was an absolute Stranger to me, and might peradventure take all the advantages that could be against me, and expect such rewards as virtue would forbid me to give: but now *I* will first make my own terms, and oblige him to put me into those hands that *I* shall think fit; for my design being not to wholly abandon my Husband, but to retire from his passions, till by some Friends, a better understanding is wrought between us, and so return to him again; if my deliverer should require more of me than my honour would permit me to allow of, *I* should let him know his mistake; and this *I* have some reasons to fear from his carriage in his late visit, under the habit of a Physician. Here *Zora* did reiterate her Protestations, assuring the Marchioness that she needed but to command, and she should find how readily she would obey, even with the hazzard of her Life. *I* am satisfied, continued the Marchioness, and to confirm it to you, prepare your self to follow the Doctor, so soon as he shall return, for *I* will send you after him with a Letter, in which *I* will declare my mind to him, and make my own conditions, before *I* put my self into his hands, and you shall bring me back a full and positive answer. *Zora* told the Marchioness, that she would presently ask the Marques leave to go forth, to see a Kinswoman of hers, that liv'd in Town, and that under that pretence she would wait on the Doctor. This being concluded on, the Marchioness bid her go call in her fellow Servant to stay by her, while she should go get her Pen, Ink, and Paper, and convey it into her Closet, where she would

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go and write the Letter to the Pilgrim, under pretence of going to her devotions; *Zora* being gone, and the other Woman come in her place, the Marchioneſs laid her ſelf upon her Bed again not ſo much to ſleep, as to reflect upon *Camille*'s boldneſs.

She fear'd that that Perſon who had the confidence to kiſs her, ſo ſoon as he came near her, while her Husband and her Guardians were in the Chamber, would attempt more if he ſhould once have her in his poſſeſſion, and without company, and her apprehenſions did ſo increaſe, the more ſhe did think on it, that without that aſſiſtance which ſhe did expect from the Convert *Zora* ſhe had not ſo much as writ to the Pilgrim further, than juſt to let him know that her mind was alter'd, and therefore had no further occaſion of his aſſiſtance, but ſhe thought that through *Zora*'s aid ſhe might ſo order things, as to continue Miſtreſs of her ſelf, though got from her Husband by the Pilgrim's help, eſpecially making her conditions with him before-hand; therefore ſo ſoon as *Zora* was return'd, and had made her ſigns, that the writing tools were in a readineſs, the Marchioneſs pretending to go to her Prayers, did lock her ſelf up in her Cloſet, where ſhe wrote the Pilgrim.

She had but juſt ended her Letter, when the Woman knockt at her Cloſet Door, and told her that the Doctor had ſent ſomething for her to take. She preſently came out, ſaying that ſhe was much better than ſhe had been in the morning, and that ſhe hop'd the worſt was paſt for that preſent; but that however ſhe would take ſomething for two or three days to prevent a return; and therefore de-

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ſired that the Doctor ſhould come again at Night to give her a viſit.

Father *Andrew* who was now the Doctors man, gave the Marchioneſs a Bottle of Julep, and a Paper in which was written how ſhe was to take it, and told the Marchioneſs, that his Maſter had commanded him to aſſure her he would give her a viſit at night, to learn how her remedy did agree with her. The Marchioneſs having ſomething to ſay to the Doctors Man, ſhe ſent the Woman out of the Chamber of an errand, bidding her ſend in her fellow Servant in the mean time; the Woman was no ſooner gone out, and the other come in, but the Marchioneſs told the good Father that *Zora* was become one of them, that ſhe would ſend her to the Pilgrim with a Letter before he ſhould come to her at night, to inform him of ſome matters, that therefore he ſhould preſently tell her where their Lodgings were. The Father had but juſt inform'd her, when the Marqueſs was heard coming to the Chamber-Door, which made them to change their diſcourſe: the Marqueſs enter'd, and ſeeing the Doctors Man, and the Julep Bottle ſtanding upon the Table: *What*, ſaid he, *is this what the Doctor has order'd for my Wife to take? and what direction has ſhe?* Father *Andrew* who was more fearful of being known by his voice, than by being ſeen, becauſe that ſo ſoon as they had heard the Marqueſs coming they had drawn the Window Curtains, and gone to the darkeſt part of the room, he was wiping his face, in lieu of anſwering, which made the Marchioneſs, who gueſt at the cauſe of his ſilence, to anſwer that he had given her directions; Let's ſee them, ſaid the Marqueſs; It was only by word of Mouth, replyed

plyed the Marchioneſs. I am of opinion, ſaid the Marqueſs, that my Wife ſhould be blooded, and that it ſhould have been the firſt thing ſhould have been done; I am ſure ſhe wants it, her blood is hot enough, too hot I have reaſon to fear. The Marchioneſs not taking the leaſt notice of what the Marqueſs had ſaid, made anſwer that ſhe would have the man return preſently to his Maſter, and deſire him to come again ſo ſoon as he could, and then that they ſhould conſult about it. With this the Doctor's man, very glad of this meſſage, ſcrap'd a Leg, and did not ſtay to be bid once again; preſently the Woman that the Marchioneſs had ſent out came in, and told the Marqueſs, that there was ſome body without, that would ſpeak with him: This made him go ſee who it was; mean time, the Marchioneſs under pretence to go make an end of her Devotions, return'd into her Cloſet, where having open'd the Papers of Directions, ſhe found writ as follows.

Madam, I have had the advice of ſome able Phyſicians, and through their Preſcripts, I have got this cooling pleaſant Julep: Which if you pleaſe you may make uſe of, or elſe diſpoſe of it other ways. I fear very much, that we loſe that time which, peradventure, we may never recover again: therefore ſend me word, what you have reſol-v'd upon, and what it is I muſt do for your Service. If you have not now the opportunity of ſending me your mind, get it ready writ againſt I come at night to viſit you, I chuſe the darkneſs for fear of ſome diſcoveries.

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In this Paper there was another, which the Marchioneſs did haſtily unfold, for fear of being interruped, and in it ſhe found written as follows.

TEll, me not beautious Cloris, *tell not me,*
Of the ſtrict Guards on the Heſperian *Tree,*
The brave adventuring at the tempting Fruit,
Is when the Dragon is moſt watchful to't;
And dangers, Cloris, *in what I adore,*
Whets my ambition and I dare the more;
By what ſweet Stealths did I haſtily ſip
Cœleſtial Nectar from your Hand and Lip,
While he that might e'en ſurfeit with thoſe Bliſſes,
Ne'er knew the quinteſſence of ſuch ſoft kiſſes,
Kiſſes, which made my heart ſo fiercely glow,
That 'twill not cool again, till quench'd in Snow,
That blood warm Snow, which on your Boſom lies
Unthaw'd, tho' fall'n ſo near thoſe Suns your Eyes;
Then o're your beauties I would careleſs ſtray,
In thoſe Meanders even loſe my way:
For if it were my hap ſo loſt to be,
Where is that Mortal would not envy me?

Theſe Verſes did ſenſibly touch the Marchioneſs: *Camille's* confident action had already rais'd a paſſion in her to his diſadvantage. But that his glorying in it, and the publiſhing of his future intentions, did make her to repent the confidence which ſhe had repos'd in an abſolute Stranger, and to begin to hate that perſon, for whom ſhe had ſo lately had an eſteem; ſhe tore in pieces the Letter which ſhe had written to *Camille*, thinking though it was reſerved enough that it had not that ſeveri-

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ty in it, as ſhe ought to make uſe of, to defeat ſuch preſumptuous deſigns. Yet when ſhe conſider'd again, that without his aſſiſtance ſhe muſt continue to live miſerable; and peradventure all her life time without any hopes of relief, if ſhe let ſlip this opportunity: ſhe knew not what to reſolve; on the one hand, ſhe adventur'd her ſelf into the power of a wild young man, who might make uſe of all the advantages that his fortune and opportunity would give him, having no aſſiſtance againſt the unruline's of his paſſions but what a poor ſilly Woman, as *Zora* was, could afford her; neither did know but that ſhe might eaſily be corrupted by Money, that had been once before won by the ſame Allurements to become her Tormenter. On the other hand, ſhe had no other hopes of eſcape, nor no other proſpect of getting for ſome time out of the way of her incenſed Husbands rage. She could not promiſe to her ſelf any other help, but what ſhe might expect from his aſſiſtance, which if not ſo generous, and ſo diſintereſſed as ſhe took it to be at firſt, was without choice, and to be accepted of, or loſe all hopes of future releaſe: In theſe perplexities, having for ſome time remain d bandying to and fro in her ſelf a thouſand deſigns, ſhe at laſt reſolves to break all his meaſures, and to diſappoint him beforehand of the expect tion of all other rewards, which he might promiſe himſelf beyond what a modeſt grateful acknowledgement would afford him, with the concurrency of her Purſe. In this reſolution ſhe put Pen to Paper, and writ her mind to him as follows.

Your late raſhneſs, in taking thoſe advantages, which at that time I could not oppoſe, did ſomething

ſtartle that confidence which I had repos'd on your aſſiſtance, which till then I had taken to be diſintereſſed and generous; but your latter boaſting in a vain oſtentation, and preſumptuous Declaration, of what you would do, when I were once within your Power, has turn'd that good Opinion which I had of you, into an averſion of all manner of aid, that can come from ſo dangerous a Perſon as you ſeem to be: You ſtrangely have miſtaken my intentions, which were but to withdraw my ſelf for ſome time from the dangerous effects of a Jealous Husbands ill grounded ſuſpitions, till his preſent furious paſſions were over, and that ſome accommodations had been made to my future advantage. In this yours, or any other worthy perſons ſuccour, had been moſt acceptable to me, had it been grounded upon honourable Principles. I cannot attribute the timely diſcovery, which you have made of the contrary, but unto the kind Heavens, who have been ſo careful in the preſervation of my honour, as to force you to this declaration of your ill intentions, which makes me chuſe rather to venture my Life under the rage of an incenſed Man, than my honour under the power of a Perſon that threatens it before-hand, and at this diſtance. Yet Life is ſweet, and ſince that I ought to endeavour its preſervation, after thoſe threatnings which have lately been given out againſt it. If you will conſent to theſe following Articles; on thoſe conditions, I ſhall accept of your aſſiſtance.

You ſhall ingage in this buſineſs ſome Perſon of Quality of my Sex, in whoſe hands you ſhall reſign me and my Servant, ſo ſoon as I am in your Power; but if your ſmall acquaintance here will not afford it you, you ſhall convey me into a Monaſtery of Women,

Women, in this City, where you ſhall leave me in the Cuſtody of the Lady Abbeſs.

You ſhall never make any mention of Love, without particular leave, or any other reward for your Services, than may be expected from my Purſe; but leave me the ſole Judge and Recompencer of your merits in my Eſteem, Friendſhip, and Affections, and to diſpoſe of my favours as I ſhall think fit. Neither ſhall you importune me with unſeaſonable and frequent viſits, but by permiſſion likewiſe.

That at any time that I ſhall deſire it, you ſhall readily and freely return me back to my Husband, where you ſhall leave me.

That you ſhall take a Solemn Oath to perform punctually all theſe things, without any equivocation, or Mental reſervation: Except hereafter, at any time, I diſpence you from any particular Article thereof, by my expreſs Order.

On theſe conditions, I ſhall accept of your offers, and reaſſume that good Opinion which I once had of you.

The Bearer of this to you, is one of my Guardians, who is converted and become ſenſible of the wrongs which I ſuffer: I would have you to truſt her with all our ſecrets; to conſult with her, give her your Oath, and acquaint her with your reſolutions, I have cauſe to believe her true, therefore receive her into our Deſigns.

The Marchioneſs having written this Letter, gave it ſecretly to *Zora*, who was not long before ſhe went with it unto *Camille's* Lodgings, where you may imagin that ſhe was joyfully receiv'd. *Zora* gave *Camille* the Letter, with an account of her Converſion, and full reſolution to aſſiſt them

with her life, in the freeing of the Marchioneſs from that ſlavery, under which ſhe lived. *Camille* having, according to his accuſtomed generoſity, fill'd both *Zora*'s hands with Gold, he told her that it was but an earneſt of what he intended for her, ſo ſoon as the Marchioneſs were ſet at liberty; he read the Letter, which he had no ſooner done, but that he kiſs'd it, and ſaid, I do declare here to you both, in the preſence of Heaven, that I will exactly perform, and obey every particular Article, and the whole that is injoyn'd to me in this Paper, by the moſt beautiful Marchioneſs, ſo help me Goodneſs. Of this Declaration and Promiſe, I do intreat you to inform the Marchioneſs. After this they were contriving of ſome ways to get the Marchioneſs off; *Camille* was for getting of her out at the Window in the Night time; but that was not found to be convenient by *Zora*, who beſt knew how the Marqueſs did uſe to behave himſelf at Nights, how diligently he did watch ſo ſoon as it was but a little darkiſh; ſo that though ſhe ſhould have the opportunity to aſſiſt them at ſome time in her fellow Guardians abſence; yet it would be very difficult to eſcape the Marqueſs his diligence. Father *Andrew*, in his turn, did propoſe ſome other expedients, againſt which *Camille* objected. At laſt *Zora* ſaid, that if they would but give her that Nights time to conſider of it, ſhe made no queſtion that by morning ſhe would, with her Ladies aſſiſtance, find out ſome way better than they had yet propoſed. You do not know, continued ſhe, how ready our Sex is in contriving of intrigues? It is in a manner natural unto us, we need but to lay aſide other concerns for a while, and in that time, though never ſo ſhort, our own incli-

inclinations will prompt us to amorous deſigns; *I* have one in my Head already, which *I* could tell you preſently, but *I* will take a little longer time to digeſt it into better order than it is yet, and beſides, *I* am unwilling to propoſe any thing of that nature to you, without the Marchioneſs's conſent. *I* will therefore return to her, that *I* may get ſome convenient time to acquaint her with it, and to have her advice and addition of contrivance, againſt you come to give her a viſit in the Evening. *Camille* approving of her diſcretion, diſmiſs'd her, deſiring her to be faithful and active, and that he would be careful to gratify her, in an ample manner.

It was not long before that *Zora* got home, where ſhe met with the Marqueſs, who told her that he was glad to ſee her ſo diligent, and that ſeeing ſhe had been ſo, ſhe ſhould have his conſent another time to go out; that he was ſorry for what his paſſion had made him do; but continue faithful to your truſt, added he, and I ſhall make you amends for it: at theſe words the cunning Gipſy fell into Tears, and ſaid, that ſhe had deſerv'd a better uſage from him, in her watchful care over her charge, and that there were many Women, that would revenge themſelves of ſuch a wrong; but that ſhe was ſuch a low Spirited Fool, that had not ſo much courage as a Worm, who would turn again when 'twas trod on, though to little purpoſe; that ſhe had no other way of ſatisfying her ſelf, but with taking a Doſe of that drowſy Medicine Patience; then carrying her Handkerchief to her Eyes, ſhe ſeemed to be very much troubled; at which the Marqueſs, pulling out of his Pocket a piece of Gold, he gave it her,

ſaying, Here, *Zora*, take this, and aſſure thy ſelf, that for the future I ſhall be more kind to thee, if thou wilt continue faithful to me; for I aſſure thee, that I confide more in thee, than in thy fellow Guardian, of whom of late, I have no good opinion. Well, Sir, anſwered *Zora*, ſince that you are ſo kind, and have a better opinion of me than of my Companion, it ſhall not be without cauſe; therefore prepare your ſelf to hear of ſome diſcoveries from me e're long; but then you muſt give me the opportunity, to be ſome time in private with my Lady this Evening, that I may ſift her: Yes, that thou ſhalt, as long as thou wilt, reply'd the Marqueſs, I will take order my ſelf, to have thy fellow Servant employ'd another way at that time. Well, Sir, reply'd *Zora*, and to begin to be ſincere with you, I muſt tell you that my Lady has a Black lead Pencil, which I have not known of before this morning. How! reply'd the the Marqueſs, a Black lead Pencil? And in the name of the Devil, how came ſhe by it? That I know not, reply'd *Zora*, except my fellow Servant has help'd her to it. *I* do obſerve that of late they are very great together; though not before me, for *I* never come into the Chamber, but *I* find them talking, and ſo ſoon as they ſee me, they are as mute as Statues. Oh Heavens! cry'd out the Marqueſs, for certain thou haſt over-heard ſome of their diſcourſes; prithee good *Zora* tell me what thou haſt heard: Truly nothing very ſignificant, anſwered ſhe, only here and there a word, for they ſpeak very low: and the Marchioneſs is as afraid of me, and hates me as much as ſhe loves my Fellow: But good now tell me ſome of thoſe words that thou haſt heard, continued the

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Marqueſs: what *I* can remember now, is that they talk'd of a Letter loſt, or torn, *I* know not well which, and of Fryars, Pilgrims, and——Hold, hold, cry'd the Marqueſs, interrupting her, what didſt thou name a Pilgrim? Yes, Sir, that word Pilgrim is very frequent in their Mouths: O! the Devil, Hell, and Confuſion! a Pilgrim? Why has the Devil nothing elſe to do, beſides poſſeſſing of Women, than to multiply Pilgrims, or to ſlit one in ſeveral pieces? It is moſt certainly, *I* ſee it now, that that Damnable Pilgrim, your treacherous Fellow, and the Devil himſelf are in league, and hold a correſpondency with that wicked Woman my Wife, notwithſtanding all my cares, the Womans preciſeneſs, the Pilgrim's impriſonment, and the Devil's employ about debauching of other Women alſo. In good time haſt thou diſcover'd this to me, for which *I* ſhall reward thee moſt bountifully; one day more of their helliſh intrigues, and they had left us behind, for overtaking them again: Then after a little pauſe: It muſt be ſo continued he, didſt thou not name a Fryar alſo? *I* think that *I* have heard them mention a certain Father, reply'd *Zora*; *Andrew*, cry'd out the Marqueſs; *I* know not, ſaid *Zora*, if the Fryar is the Father, or whether they are two diſtinct Perſons; but if you will have the curioſity to hearken your ſelf to their diſcourſes, *I* will ſo place you, that you ſhall over hear ſome words, though they ſpeak never ſo low; *I* wiſh thou couldſt do that, reply'd the Marqueſs, though *I* believe thee already; yet that would ſtrangely ſtrengthen my belief, and the good opinion that I have of thee; and ſhould I once hear that that Woman ſhould ſpeak one word to my Wife, but

tending towards kindneſs, *I* would immediately turn her away: That *I* would not adviſe you to do; reply'd *Zora*, till you were very certain that ſhe is falſe to you; what greater proof could *I* have of it, reply'd the Marqueſs, than to be an Eye and Ear-witneſs to the buſineſs: Well *I* long to hear their cloſe diſcourſes; that, Sir, you muſt not expect to do, ſaid *Zora*, till in the Evening after *I* have had ſome diſcourſe with my Lady. Well, ſaid the Marqueſs, go, go, get thee to her, and ſift her through Lawn; *I* will call away that Gipſy, that thou mayſt have the more opportunity to do it, go thou in, and ſend her out to me, and ſaying this, he puſh'd her gently from him towards the Marchioneſs's Chamber door.

The ſubtle *Zora* was no ſooner come into the Ladies Chamber, but ſent the other out, telling her that the Marqueſs had ſomething to ſay to her; and having ſhut the Door, ſhe gave the Marchioneſs an account of all that had paſs'd between the three Confederates, and how freely *Camille* had promis'd to obey her commands to the very leaſt circumſtance; to which ſhe added this ſhort Encomium. *I* muſt needs tell you, Madam, that in my opinion he is a Perſon of Quality and Honour, who though under a diſguiſe cannot but ſhew it in all his actions; for he is doubtleſs, the moſt accompliſh'd Gentleman in the whole World, having in him in a high meaſure, all that can be deſired for perfecting of the moſt exact Cavalier imaginable; his courteous carriage, his obliging expreſſions, comely preſence, and his generous liberality, of which here is a fair and ample demonſtration, (ſhewing the Gold that *Camille* had given her) will make me think the time a thouſand Years, till *I*

ſee

ſee you free from your Husbands jealous Tyranny, and under the ſafe Guard of ſo worthy a Perſon. From this diſcourſe ſhe fell to ſpeak of the Marqueſs, and gave the Marchioneſs an exact account of what had paſs'd between him and her ſelf, and how bravely ſhe had cox'd him. And now, Madam, *I* am come, continued ſhe, by his order to ſift you; but if you pleaſe to take a little of my advice, we will give my Fellow a remove, puniſh your Husbands unreaſonable Jealouſie, and you ſhall have a very Comical Revenge, all which ſhall tend to make a clearer way unto your deliverance. *I* have ingag'd you, Madam, continued ſhe, in a buſineſs, which if but well manag'd will do all this and more: Prithee let's hear it, *Zora*, reply'd the Marchioneſs? Why thus, Madam, ſaid *Zora*, ſo ſoon as *I* am gone out, and my Fellow Servant come in, I would have you to get into your Cloſet with her, and there ingage her into ſome diſcourſe concerning Pilgrims, Fryars, Fathers, Letters, Jealouſie, Liberty, and the like. For *I* have promis'd your Husband, ſo to place him that he ſhall over hear thoſe private diſcourſes, which *I* have told him you frequently have with her, when *I* am out of the way; and *I* have pick'd out your Cloſet Window for his ſtand: by this means he will be ſo incenſed againſt my Fellow Servant, that no queſtion but he will immediately turn her away, which will give us much more liberty and opportunity than we have, to act and accompliſh our deſigns. This pleas'd the Marchioneſs very well, who ſaid, but how ſhall *I* bring out thoſe words to any purpoſe, ſo that he nor ſhe may not perceive the deſign? Madam, anſwer'd *Zora*, *I* will leave you to conſider of it, you that have ſo much

much wit and induſtrey, will preſently find out ſome expedient for it; be pleas'd but to give me your black-lead Pen, which *I* promis'd to preſent your Husband with, and I am gone: The Marchioneſs gave her the Pencil, of which ſhe had no longer need, ſince that ſhe had been furniſh'd with other writing Tools, and *Zora* went to give it to the Marqueſs.

Zora was no ſooner out of the Marchioneſs's Chamber, but that the other Woman was in, who found the Marchioneſs lain on her Bed: *Zora* went to the Marqueſs, who receiv'd her with great demonſtration of a longing deſire, to learn what ſhe had to ſay to him, and what new diſcoveries ſhe had made: Well, ſaid he to her, what news doſt thou bring me, and what ſucceſs haſt thou had? The Marchioneſs is ſo out of humour, reply'd *Zora*, becauſe that I broke the diſcourſe which they had began in my abſence, and which was not endeed when I came into her Chamber, that do what I could, I have not been able to make her enter into diſcourſe. I have began to ſpeak of divers things, one after another, thinking to engage her into talk, but after two or three words, ſhe lets it fall, ſo that I have loſt my labour for this Evening; but ſhe will not be long ſilent, now that ſhe has that Perſon with her, with whom ſhe may freely diſcourſe, and lay open her heart; ſhe will quickly regain the time that ſhe thinks to have loſt with me, though ſhe feign'd to me that ſhe had a mind to ſleep. Without doubt, ſaid the Marqueſs, ſhe will be very eager to be at it with her Jewel, and now I warrant you that ſhe is full of news to tell her, therefore that I may loſe no time, I would have thee to place me where I may

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hear as much as I can poſſible of what they ſay: Sir, replyed *Zora*, they uſually retire into the Cloſet, when they intend any private diſcourſes, therefore no place more fit for you, than the Cloſet Window in the Garden, it is but ſtanding upon ſomething, and that will raiſe you to a ſufficient height; I will go and fit things ready for you to ſtand on, and come to you again: That will do very well, reply'd the Marqueſs, and I like that place the better too, becauſe that there I ſhall not be interrupted by any of the Servants, for I will lock my ſelf up in the Garden, where through the obſcurity of the Night, none ſhall ſee me. That will do very well, anſwer'd *Zora*: With that ſhe went to prepare the Stage, on which the Marqueſs was to act the Eve-droppers part.

Zora ſcarce got out, but that the Marqueſs, who was very unwilling to loſe one word of his Wifes diſcourſe with her Guardian, went immediately to his Chamber door, to try if he could hear any thing from thence; but becauſe that the Marchioneſs was not yet prepar'd, ſhe remaining ſtill on her Bed ſilent, the Marqueſs return'd to his Chamber again to expect *Zora*; ſhe mean time was buſie in fitting of things, but more earneſt in contriving ſome way to puniſh this jealous Man. She was not long before ſhe return'd, being ready to fit him on all accounts. She acquainted him with it, telling him that ſhe had been forc'd to make uſe of an old Water-Tub that lay uſeleſs in a corner of the Garden, over which ſhe had plac'd ſome Boards and a Stool over them, that it would be ſomething difficult for him to get up alone, but that once up, he might ſtand firm enough, that he ſhould give her the Key of the

back

back door into the Garden, and that She would meet him that way. The Marqueſs had ſuch a longing deſire to be at the ſport, that he lik'd every thing that ſhe did propoſe, he therefore ſent her away with the Key of the back door, while he himſelf went the fore way into the Garden, where he lock'd himſelf in.

Zora mean time ſends a Perſon whom ſhe truſted to *Camille*'s Lodgings with a Note to give him notice, that if he would have ſome paſtime, he ſhould immediately repair to the back door of the Marqueſs's Garden, where ſhe would wait for him, and where the Marqueſs was going to act a very pleaſant Scene, as ſhe had order'd things. For ſhe had faſtned a Cord to one of the Boards over the Tub, which having convey'd on the other ſide of an Hedge, where ſhe was to lye in wait; ſo ſoon as he would have heard enough to have made him mad, to conclude the Comedy, ſhe deſign'd to pull that Cord, and of neceſſity the Marqueſs muſt have fallen, that juſt upon that *Camille* ſhould appear and make an end of affrighting him, ſo that he ſhould not know what had hapned, nor how, or by what means; but the Marqueſs's impatiency, and *Camille's* abſence from home, for he had then come forth in order to viſit the Marchioneſs, did prevent her; for ſo ſoon as the Marqueſs was got into the Garden, he could not forbear endeavouring to get up of himſelf; he thought that each moment that he paſt without liſtening, was ſo many loſt ſentences; and what did he know, but that which would give him the greater light in their myſteries, would be the firſt ſpoken, and that the reſt would be but indifferent diſcourſe; he

goes

goes preſently to work, and endeavours Doctor like to mount the Stage of himſelf, and without the aſſiſtance of his merry *Andrew*; but wanting ſomething to raiſe him a little from the ground, to facilitate his firſt ſteps, which were ſomething high, and finding nothing more convenient than a roling Stone that was at hand; de draws it where he would have it, he ſets one of his Feet upon it, and the other upon the Board that was over the Tub, which had in it ſome Water; he had but one ſtep more to make, which was upon the Stool, and having nothing to get hold of to aſſiſt him, there he was at a ſtand, what he ſhould do, but preſently fancying that he did hear them talk; he endeavours to get up by leaning againſt the Wall, he puſhes hard, and ſo hard at laſt, that the Board underneath the Stool ſlipping aſide, the Stool fell into the Tub, but he being very nimble eſcapes it, and lighting on the roling Stone with violence, it yielded forwards, which threw him back, with his Head forwards into the middle of the Stool which was in the Tub of Water. There lay the poor Marquels with his Head in the ſtinking muddy Water, up to the Shoulders, and they and his Arms ſo pinion'd in the Stool, that he could not help himſelf, but of neceſſity muſt have been ſmother'd in that filthy Bath. He endeavour'd to cry out for help, but inſtead of that, he did make the moſt hideous noiſe that could be imagin'd, for his bubbling in the Water, whence he forc'd himſelf to cry out, and the ſound of the Tub, though not very deep, did render ſuch a ſtrange ſound, that nothing can be compar'd to it, but the roaring of a Bull, that had a hole in his Wind-pipe. The noiſe, in fine,

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was so great, that it caus'd all the Windows of the Neighbourhood to be open'd, and the darkness hiding the Object from their Eyes, they all ask'd one another what was the matter; but at last the noise growing less and less, as his Strength and Spirits did decay, every body retired, and shut their Windows again.

The poor Marques was in this condition just giving up the Ghost, when *Zora* came to him, who presently, though strangely surpriz'd and affrighted, did with much ado pull the Stool out of the Tub, and the Marques with it, who having laid on the ground, there he remain'd dead; she was upon the point of running away by the back Door to give her Lady notice of it, but she fancied that he breath'd a little; this made her change her mind, and she was for some time in a Ballance, whether she should assist him and save his Life, or let him go, and carry along with him all the Marchioness s troubles, so put an end to all their Plots; but at last good Nature partly prevailing, and the desires that she had in making more sport, and being further employ'd, besides, the Rewards that she did expect, and not knowing to what consequences this his sudden Death might draw; she stoop'd to him, and did so chafe, rub and handle him, that as he lay with his back across the Roling Stone, his Head hanging down, he at last vomitted up a large quantity of that nasty stinking Water, which he had swallowed most plentifully, which was followed with a great groan and a little after with a *Jesu Maria:* This did so incourage the industrious *Zora*, that with the continuance of her most favourable assistance; the poor man having empty'd his Stomach of more of his Even-

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ing draught, he came to himſelf as to ſit up; ſhe inquired how he did, and how he hapned by this accident, but he was ſo weak with drinking, ſo ſore with ſtruggling, and ſo hoarſe with endeavouring to be heard, that he only told her, by being too haſty; and a while after, bidding her to lead him up to her own Chamber in private, he after that remain'd ſilent.

Zora having lifted him up upon his Legs, and taken out of his Pocket the Key of the Garden-door, ſhe led him under the Arm without light into her Chamber, where ſhe laid him upon the Bed; he had no ſooner been let go upon it, but that he fell a giving up the reſidue of the raw Caudle, and calling for a little Wine, he fainted away. He was preſently ſupply'd with ſome, which brought him to himſelf again; he gave her his hand, that ſhe might help him to ſit up, after which he gave her a ſhort account of his diſaſter; which he concluded with a great demonſtration of ſorrow for having fail'd of hearing his Wife's Dialogue with her fellow Servant. I do not blame thee in the leaſt *Zora*, continued he, for what has hapned to me, but acknowledge it my own fault; on the contrary, I confeſs, that without thy timely Aſſiſtance I muſt have periſh'd, for which good office I will kindly reward thee; I am in a very ſad pickle, help to ſhift me, that I may go to my Wife; for though I ſhould be glad to lye from her this Night, that ſhe might not have the leaſt diſtruſt of my misfortune, at which ſhe would make her ſelf ſport, I durſt not truſt her alone, eſpecially with that wicked Woman, while thou ſhould'ſt be buſied about me. Sir, you do very well, replyed *Zora*, to lye with her, and you cannot be too wary, for the

the Marchioneſs might do in a quarter of an hours time, that which you could never undo again; when you are in Bed with her, then ſhe is ſecure, and ſo long as you have but one of your hands over her, you may ſleep in ſafety: Thou ſayſt very true, reply'd the Marqueſs, therefore fetch me what I want, and as thou paſſeſt by, ſtep into her Chamber, and ſee what they are doing. *Zora* went out, and preſently return'd, telling him that now his Wife was as pleaſant as mirth could make her, they are laughing at the relation which they have had of the hideous noiſe that was heard in the Garden, and of the ſeveral reports that are given of it, ſome ſay that it was a ſurpriz'd Lover by a jealous Husband, or ſome jealous Coxcomb catch'd in his own trap; at which the Marchioneſs adds, that ſhe wiſh'd they were all ſo ſerv'd. Yea, that I dare ſay ſhe would, reply'd the Marqueſs; no matter how 'twere cenſur'd: Oh! the Plague of Women! continued he, of handſom Women! Well, if ſhe makes me once deſperate, I ſhall lodge her far and ſafe enough from her Minion, and from the whole World beſides. She is mine now, continued he, far from her fond Relations, and within the reach of my revenge, and—He was going on in that ſtrain, when *Zora* interrupted him in this manner: I cannot blame your reſentments, they are but juſt and reaſonable; for now that ſhe is your Wife, ſhe ſhould have no Eyes, but to look on you, no Ears but to hearken after your commands, no Mouth, but to applaud them, nor no other parts, but wherewith to execute them; and in my opinion, a Wife that does otherways, and ſo forgets her ſelf, as to have the leaſt thought imaginable for another Man than her Husband,

Husband, ought to be us'd accordingly. I would it her live, continued ſhe, but it ſhould be ſuch a life, ſo remote from all Converſation, that ſhe ſhould forget the very ſhape of all men but that of her Husband. Woman, ſaid the Marqueſs with a tranſport, thou haſt won my heart; in thus ſpeaking the very Soul of truth, and I ſhall ever like thee the better for it. No, I will not meddle with her Life, though of late I have had ſuch thoughts; but I will before I am two days older remove her into a place where ſhe ſhall be ſequeſtred from the whole World, but my ſelf, and one or two Women at the moſt, to give her her neceſſaries. I hope, Sir, replyed *Zora*, that you will continue me in your Service, and that I ſhall be one of thoſe two that ſhall attend her: why doſt thou doubt it, reply'd the Marqueſs! yes, that thou ſhalt, and were it not that it were too toylſome to thee, thou ſhouldſt be ſole Governeſs of her; but however, for thoſe good Services that thou haſt render'd me, and thoſe which I yet expect from thee, though I ſhall give thee an aid, thou ſhalt have a full and abſolute power over all but me; I will declare it to be my will, and then who ſhall dare to control it. *Zora* return'd him humble thanks, with a profound reverence, and ſaying, Sir, give me leave to go ſee what they are doing: She went out of the Chamber, it was not long before ſhe return'd, telling the Marqueſs, that now there was an Opportunity for him to hear them in Diſcourſe, for ſhe had heard them at it, as ſhe went into the Chamber, that on the ſudden they had been very ſilent, and that no doubt but they would be at it again by this time: the cunning *Zora* had been in the Chamber, of

truth, and had given the Marchioneſs that ſign, of which they had before agreed together, at which the Marchioneſs was to begin her Story: The greedy Marqueſs did need no more to ſpur him on, but as if there had been no ſuch matter as that of the Tub in the caſe: my Hat, my Sword, and Cloak, ſaid he, and I am gone, I would not loſe one word of theirs, not for all the eaſe imaginable: A word, reply'd *Zora*, why you muſt not expect to hear one in ten, but however that will ſuffice to give you an account of the matter of their diſcourſe, at which the Marqueſs returning no anſwer, went muffled up to his Wives Chamber door, where after a while he heard as follows.

The Marchioneſs lying on the Bed had call'd her Woman to her, and had told her in a manner, as if newly awakned by *Zora*'s coming into the Chamber, and as being affrighted, that ſhe was very much out of order, and diſturb'd with a ſtrange Dream which ſhe had had, or rather a Viſion, ſaid ſhe, for I have ſo perfect an Idea ſtill remaining of what I have lately ſeen in my Dream, that I cannot well recollect my ſelf, to know whether I was ſleeping or waking. I fancy that I ſee yet all the Perſons before me; here ſtood one, there another, at this ſide of the Bed was another, another was in this Chair. The one had ſuch Cloaths on, the other was dreſt like a Religious man, one like a Cavalier, and one in a diſguiſe like a Hermit, Pilgrim, or ſome ſuch thing, and there was a Woman alſo; and amongſt all theſe Perſons there was a Monſter looſe in my Chamber, whoſe Head was very large, with a full Fore-head, no Horns on it naturally, but it would

would order his Wings, that they would lye over its forehead much like Horns, and was pleas'd to wear them ſo; his Eyes were very piercing, even to ſee things that none elſe could perceive, and the further remote that Objects were, the bigger they appear'd to it: Its Ears were very large and open, ſo that it could hear the leaſt Whiſper; Its Mouth was but ſmall, out of which iſſued forth a ſtinking breath, that did offend all that it came near, and it darted out of it a Tongue that would wound all thoſe that it touch'd. The Marqueſs was come to the Door, when the Marchioneſs was about this part of the Story, and ſhe ſpoke ſo low, that he could hear but here and there a word, of which he could make nothing; ſhe was going on in this manner, This Monſter would often make toward me, as if to devour me, and would ſhew his Teeth, but did not bite; but his Tongue was more to be fear'd, than his Teeth, and always as he made at me, he would be hindred by ſome of thoſe that ſtood by me; and when he would make towards any body elſe, I would give them notice of it: Then I thought that he would make at me again, with more fury than before, ſo that he was ſometimes ready to ſwallow me up; at which the Religious man would pray, and uſe ſuch Exorciſms as the Church has ordain'd againſt evil Spirits, while that the diſguis'd Perſon would ſtrike at him, with a Sword which he had conceal'd under his Cloaths, not to hurt him, but to affright him with the ſplendour of it; but then the Woman would ſtay his Arm, and when at any time this diſguis'd Perſon would offer to ſtep between me and the Monſter, when it came to offend me, ſhe would interpoſe again, betwixt him and me, ſo that I

could not ſee him. At laſt I thought that the Monſter had ſomething thrown upon its Head that was naſty and filthy, which did ſo torment it, together with the Perſons preſent, that it caſt forth a great quantity of Foam and Smoke, which did very much offend all that were preſent, but particularly me, and the diſguis'd Perſon, becauſe that we ſtood near one another, and moſt in his way, and that he aim'd moſt at us two: Then I thought that on the ſudden it turn'd towards the Cavalier, who to ſhun him, fell upon the diſguis'd Perſon, ſo that he did wedge him in a Chair ſo faſt, that he could not move out of it, till after ſome time, that the Woman took him by the Hand, and help'd him out; but I thought that while the diſguis'd Perſon was ſo faſt, that the Monſter came to me, and took me on his horned Wings to carry me away, when I was awakned by *Zora's* coming in: This was my Dream, continued the Marchioneſs, was it not a frightful one? At this the Woman remain'd ſilent, only ſmiling to her ſelf, which made the Marchioneſs to ſay, *What do you laugh at it? No, Madam*, anſwer'd the Woman, *but I cannot be ſo much frighted at it, as you are; and when your diſturbance is over, no queſtion but you will ſmile at it alſo, eſpecially if you would take but a little pains to apply this Dream to ſome of your own concerns. What can it concern me*, reply'd the Marchioneſs? *You will quickly comprehend it, Madam*, ſaid the Woman, *if you pleaſe but to reflect a little upon it. I am too much troubled at the remembrance of it*, reply'd the Marchioneſs, *and cannot find in me that calmneſs of Spirits, which is required in the explication of ſuch Dreams. In my Opinion, Madam*, then ſaid the Woman, *it*

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is ſo eaſie, that you cannot but fall of your ſelf upon the ſenſe of your Dream, and as ſilly as I am, I would undertake to give you the meaning of it, from what I have ſometimes heard your Husband ſay to you, when he has been in a paſſion, but that I know my diſtance. The Marchioneſs having brought her to this that ſhe would have her, ſhe call'd to her louder than before, ſaying, *I give thee free liberty to ſay what thou wilt; and I do aſſure thee before-hand that I ſhall not take any thing ill, that thou ſhalt ſay, but on the contrary, be very well pleas'd at it; and I have a moſt longing deſire to hear thee, therefore be free, go on, ſpeak boldly and loud, that I may hear thee perfectly. In obedience to your commands, Madam,* then ſaid the Woman, *I muſt tell you, that I have heard often a learned man ſay, that frequently the cauſe of ſuch Dreams as yours is, is when the mind being fill'd with certain Ideas of ſuch things as are of neareſt concerns to us, our imagination works upon thoſe things which diſturb us even in our ſleep: This is the reaſon, Madam, I think that your fancy has repreſented to you, in a Dream, though under ſome diſguiſe, thoſe things which moſt poſſeſs your thoughts when awake. This is very well begun,* ſaid the Marchioneſs, *and I prithee go on, and ſpeak louder yet; I have frequently ſeen the Marqueſs, Madam,* continued the Woman, *in a paſſion againſt your ſelf, againſt a certain Pilgrim, whom he ſays is ſome diſguis'd Perſon, and againſt the Governour of* Barcellona *and his Lady, for taking that Pilgrims part, and why may not out of theſe things be collected matter ſufficient for your Dream, Madam? I like what thou ſayeſt ſo well,* reply'd the Marchioneſs, *that*

I would have thee to particularize it. Well, Madam, reply'd the Woman, who was proud of her Office, and of being applauded, *ſince that it is your Pleaſure I ſhould, thus I think it may be made out.*

That Perſon that ſeems to be a Religious man is Father Andrew. *How! let me hear that again,* ſaid the Marchioneſs, *and ſpeak a little louder, who is it ſayſt thou, Father* Andrew *anſwered the Woman, raiſing her voice; very well,* ſaid the Marchioneſs, *procced. That Perſon,* continued the Woman, *that appear'd to you like a Cavalier, is the Governour of* Barcellona: *who through the Monſters inſtigation did caſt the diſguis'd Perſon, who repreſents the Pilgrim, into the Chair: who is that?* ſaid the Marchioneſs: *The Pilgrim, Madam, who was put in Priſon: This is very well,* ſaid the Marchioneſs, *prithee go on; and who was the Woman?* Donna Barbara, Donna Barbara, *Madam,* continued the Woman: *All this is very juſt all this while: But then, who is repreſented by the Monſter,* ſaid the Marchioneſs. *That, Madam,* reply'd the Woman, *muſt be ſome body, whoſe paſſions are monſtrous, and*——— here the Marchioneſs finding her to Stagger a little, to incourage her, ſaid, *What thou haſt done for me, in the interpreting of my Dream, has given much eaſe to my troubled Spirits, for which I will be bountiful to thee, and if thou canſt but give me as true an account of the Monſter as thou haſt done of the reſt, it will give me full ſatisfaction: I hope, Madam,* reply'd the Woman, after ſhe had thank'd the Marchioneſs, *that you will diſpence me from ſpeaking more plainly:* and there ſhe ſtopt again; at which the Marchioneſs call d to her to come near-

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er, and gave her ſome Gold, which had ſuch an influence over her Spirits and Tongue, that ſhe had no ſooner felt the weight of it in the palm of her hand, but that ſhe ſaid, *Well, Madam, ſince you will have it ſo, and that you promiſe not to be angry with me; I will tell you, that your Husband, Madam, was repreſented by the Monſter, How's that?* ſaid the Marchioneſs, ſeeming very well pleas'd at it, *my Husband? Yes, Madam, your Husband's the Monſter*, ſaid the Woman: *That's very right in truth*, ſaid the Marchioneſs, *his furious paſſions, bitter expreſſions, ſevere threatnings, curſes, railings, jealouſies, prying into all my actions, and liſtening, and lurking up and down like a Spie, does deſerve no better, than to be term'd Monſtrous, and Beaſtly, and that he ſhould be ſerv'd as he was at* Barcellona. *I muſt confeſs, Madam*, reply'd the Woman, who was willing to ſay ſomething to the Marchioneſs for her Gold, *that he is ſomewhat too diſtruſtful and jealous, and that on the condition that it would change his humour, I could wiſh that he was ſerv'd ſo again, or as that Perſon was, that we heard to roar ſo ſtrangely, a while ſince, which People do judge to be ſome Eve-dropper catch'd in a Trap.*

At theſe words the Marqueſs not being able to contain himſelf any longer, ruſh'd into the Chamber. I thank you, Madam, ſaid he to his Wife, for your kind wiſhes; and you, houſewife, ſaid he to the Woman, you ſhall immediately go where you may talk of Governours, Father *Andrews*, Pilgrims, yes, and of Monſters too, continued he, taking her by the Arm, and flinging her out of the Chamber, thou ſhalt not lye under my roof this night; and having call'd *Zora* to ſtay

with his Wife, he presently went out of the Chamber after the Woman.

Zora, being enter'd, did shut the Door, and came with a chearful countenance up to the Marchioness, who receiv'd her as joyfully: I think said she, that we have given him enough on't, to put him out of the humour of hearkning this good while. I believe that you have touch'd him to the quick, Madam, reply'd *Zora*, he is in such a passion; but I would not trust him however; for it is so natural to him, or at least he has got such an habit of hearkning, that he can no more leave it, than any of his other vices. But now let me know the reason of this change of Station, said the Marchioness: That, Madam, reply'd *Zora*, is as Comical a Story, as you have heard, with that she told the Marchioness the Tale of the Tub, which did exceedingly please her; who in her turn acquainted *Zora* of her feigned Dream, and that *Camille* had visited her that Evening, in her absence, but that her fellow Servant had watch'd him so narrowly, that he had not had the opportunity of speaking one word in private; therefore, continued she, you must make some excuse or other to morrow to go out, that you may meet with him, and positively conclude amongst you, of some immediate course of freeing me; for now this man is so nettled, that he will not stay any longer, but will have me away, and Heaven knows where, and how he will dispose of me. Madam, reply'd *Zora*, your fears are not groundless; for he has declar'd so much to me; and I fear that should he remove you from hence, we should lose all hopes of releasing you; but we shall find some way to save him that labour, so soon

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as I meet with the Pilgrim, and Father *Andrew*, which ſhall be to morrow in the Forenoon: Your Husband, Madam, has been ſorely bruis'd, continued ſhe, and though his Curioſity, and his Paſſion will not let him feel it at preſent, doubtleſs but to morrow morning he will be ſore and out of Order, as to be willing to keep his Bed ſome time longer than ordinary; I will take that opportunity to go to them, and if he ſhould want me before I return, it will be your care to excuſe me, under pretence of having employ'd me about ſome buſineſs: That care I will take upon me, reply'd the Marchioneſs, be you but diligent as to the reſt; for I very much fear the conſequences of his removing me from hence: You will do well, Madam, ſaid *Zora*, to go to Bed, to avoid your Husbands railing, which he will forbear to Night, if he thinks you aſleep when he comes to Bed, and that he may lye the longer in the morning, to exerciſe your patience with his railing. The hopes that I have, *Zora*, reply'd the Marchioneſs, of being e're long freed from all his unſufferable extravagances, will make me to endure it, with an exemplary patience. With this the Marchioneſs went to Bed, where ſhe was but juſt laid, when the Marqueſs came in full ſtor'd with Reproaches and Injuries; but *Zora* whiſpering to him, that ſhe was now aſleep, and that he had better ſtay till morning, and then read her a Lecture: after he had grumbled ſome few words between his Teeth, he told *Zora* that he was not very well, and ſo he preſently went to Bed.

In the morning he made divers attempts, of diſcharging his Choler with a whole volly of rude expreſſions upon his Lady, but ſhe as often did

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ſhun the brunt by feigning her ſelf aſleep; yet at laſt, he was grown ſo full of his Venom, that he muſt vent it, or burſt; he therefore began to thunder ſuch a peal in her Ears, that ſhe was forc'd to make ſome replies in her own defence: amongſt the reſt, What is it you would have, ſaid the Marchioneſs, what cauſe or reaſon have you to uſe me thus, continually? What is happen'd to you of late? And what have I done, to cauſe you to treat me as you do? I wonder with what Confidence you can ask theſe queſtions, reply'd the Marqueſs; it is nothing with you then, it ſeems, to be reviling and abuſing of your Husband during an hour or two, with his Servant? And to wiſh him any thing that tends to his diſhonour? That Perſon reply'd the Marchioneſs, (who was reſolv'd to give it him home) that is ſo little careful of his honour, as to proſtitute it to the appetite of every unruly paſſion, need not fear that a few words from an injur'd Woman ſhould prejudice it: Neither ſhall they, reply'd the Marqueſs, for that honour, as proſtitute as you ſpeak it, is, and ſhall be above your reach, and *I* hope to keep it ſo; but in the mean time, it ill becomes you to controul your Husbands actions, to beſpatter them with your ſcurrilous Tongue, and to wiſh that ſome ill Fortune might attend them, while that they are in order to preſerve that honour, which you ſo much endeavour to deſtroy. That which you call the deſtroying of your Honour, reply'd the Marchioneſs, is rather a deſire of its preſervation, if it were rightly underſtood; it is that intereſt that *I* ſhould have in it, were it not render'd unworthy of me by thoſe baſe, low, and obſcene ways, with which you pretend to preſerve it; that makes me de-

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ſire it ſhould not be ſo vilified, but that it ſhould ſhine in its full luſtre, without the leaſt Eclipſe of a low, or cloudy Action, to hide its brightneſs. Whatſoever *I* do, reply'd the Marqueſs, is to preſerve my Honour from that darkneſs, which you would caſt over it, being in all reſpects leſs dangerous; *I* think it reaſonable to prefer ſome ſmall momentary Eclipſes, to that horror of Eternal Darkneſs which you would caſt upon it. *I* could wiſh, reply'd the Marchioneſs, that you would let me know, what you mean by that Eternal Darkneſs, that *I* would caſt upon your honour? Reflect but on your own actions, reply'd the Marqueſs, and you will not be long without the knowledge of it. If to deſire the ſame liberty as other Perſons enjoy, reply'd the Marchioneſs; nay, if to endeavour to attain to it, is a crime of ſuch a nature, as to blemiſh your honour ſo irreparably, as you mention, *I* freely declare unto you, that *I* ſhall ever be guilty of the ſame error. And *I* do declare to you, anſwered the Marqueſs, that *I* will break your meaſures within theſe three days, if it is poſſible, by conveying you to ſuch a place, where you ſhall not be affrighted at the ſight of new Faces; in a word, Madam, *I* will ſet my honour in ſafety, by ſecuring of you, who does endeavour with the utmoſt of your power to deſtroy it: And *I* will commit my ſelf, reply'd the Marchioneſs, unto the protection of Heaven, and ſo do your worſt; and after this, ſhe turn'd her from the Marqueſs, who would fain have gone on in this wrangling diſcourſe, but finding that he could not get one word more from her, do what he could; after ſome little time having call'd for *Zora*, and ſhe not coming, he did riſe of himſelf,

but

but did not ſtir out of the Chamber, being oblig'd to ſupply the abſent Guardians places.

It was then about ten of the Clock, the evil conſequences of his late diſaſter having oblig'd him to lye longer in Bed than uſually, he was looking out of the Window, when he was diverted by a little Dog of the Marchioneſs's, who was playing with ſome Papers upon the Floor, which Papers he had met with under her Pillow; the Marqueſs did preſently deprive the poor Dog from that delight which he took, in tumbling them about; and having look'd upon them: Yes, Madam, ſaid he to his Wife, theſe are ſome of thoſe means which you uſe, in order to preſerve my honour; then looking on them, both in Verſe and Proſe, continued he, all this you call but the endeavouring to attain unto the ſame liberty which other Perſons enjoy, and theſe are ſome of thoſe ſmall errors that you will ever be guilty of. The Marchioneſs fretted at the Heart, did not anſwer one word: Shall *I* read them to you, they will doubtleſs pleaſe you much better, than whatſoever *I* can ſay to you; with that he began to read, but preſently *Zora* coming in, Oh! *Zora*, continued he, my Wife's little Dog, more kind than her ſelf, or Woman, has made me partaker of ſome curious pieces, which *I* would not for any thing but that *I* had ſeen, for *I* am a great admirer of ſuch excellent things; you ſhall hear them: then he began again to read thoſe Papers, which were thoſe that *Camille* had preſented to the Marchioneſs, are not theſe very fine things, continued he, after he had read ſome of them; here is mention made of Kiſſes, on Hands and Lips too, full of Nectar; nay, the very quinteſſence

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was extracted from them: no doubt, Madam, continued he, addreſſing himſelf to his Wife, that you did your part alſo, and that you and your Minion, did ſpread inſide Lips, and traffick'd liquoriſh Tongues, in order to thoſe extractions here mention'd; to all this the Marchioneſs did not anſwer one word, which made *Zora*, that durſt not be too forward neither in excuſing her Lady, ſay, but where did this Dog get them? Where had he them? Where has he been? Where has he been? ſaid the Marqueſs; Where had he them? In your Miſtreſſes Boſome, that's the Caskenet in which ſhe preſerves ſuch precious Jewels: Has not the Dog been out of the Chamber this Morning? ſaid *Zora*. No, no, anſwer'd the Marqueſs, he needed not to go ſo far for them, they were nearer at hand, I can aſſure you: Then he continued reading the reſt of the Papers, after which he fell into this raging fit. And is it come to that? Is it impoſſible for me to make uſe of any thing whatſoever, but that it muſt turn to this Damnable Pilgrim's advantage? And muſt you be ſick, continued he, ſpeaking to his Wife, only to give him the opportunity of viſiting you, under the notion of a Doctor? and to apply ſuch Lip Salve for your Cure? Is it impoſſible then, to find out ſuch a place as is able to contain him, with all the aſſiſtance that Chains, Bolts, Shackles, Bars, and Stone Walls can afford? But that notwithſtanding all my Cares, my watchful Cares, I muſt learn that he quenches his laſcivious heats in your Boſome? Well, what cannot be done one way, ſhall be done the other. Thou ſhame of thy Sex, continued he, take leave of the whole world, for I proteſt by

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all that is ſacred, to ſequeſter thee from it, with all the diligence that I can poſſibly uſe; But firſt I will have my full revenge on this incarnate Devil, I will tear his heart out of his body before you; yes, I will preſent you with it, you ſhall enjoy it. Then walking very faſt about the Chamber, and ſometimes ſtopping on the ſudden, ſometime running haſtily out of the Chamber, then preſently in again; in fine, ſhewing a thouſand irreſolutions, with which his mind was agitated at once: at laſt he ſtood ſtock ſtill in the middle of the Room, holding the Papers with one Hand, and biting the Nails of the other; after ſome time he came out of his ſerious thoughts again, and thus he ſpake, *Zora*: Do you not move from hence till my return; I will firſt go to the Priſon, and know how it comes to paſs that this Priſoner is releas'd; I ſhall not be long, ſtir not upon your Life, then going towards the Chamber Door, he ſuddenly turns back again, ſaying: No, I will ſend for the Jaylor here; I will not ſtir from hence, till I have my revenge fully accompliſh'd. *Zora*, continued he, call ſome Servants up quickly, diſpatch: *Zora* went out, and preſently return'd, with Servants after her: The Marqueſs calls one in, and ſends him to the Jaylor to come immediately to him, and to bring along with him the Priſoner; that Servant being gone about it, he calls another, and ſends to fetch the Doctor to his Wife, who was very ill on the ſudden, telling him that he ſhould bring him with him immediately, for his Wife was very ill, and could not live long; but the Fellow telling him that he knew not where the Doctor liv'd: the Marqueſs in a paſſion, bid him call one that knew; the Fellow goes forth, and returns preſently, ſaying, that there was but

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one that knew where he liv'd, and that he had ſent him to the Priſon. All theſe little obſtacles did ſtill inrage the Marqueſs the more; but being reſolv'd to clear all doubts, and take his full revenge, he tells *Zora*, that ſhe muſt go and fetch the Doctor, not conſidering whether ſhe knew where he liv'd, telling her that he would watch there himſelf till her return: *Zora* being very glad of the employ, that ſhe might prevent all miſchiefs, by her giving *Camille* notice of the diſcovery; was going forth, when the Marqueſs cry'd, yet hold, peradventure that he is but the Pilgrim's Agent, made uſe of to convey the Papers and ſecret Meſſages; and it is on the immediate cauſe of all my troubles, that my revenge muſt fall with that ſeverity; then after a little pauſe: Yet go, continued he, for theſe Papers ſpeak plain enough, that the two Characters belong but to one Perſon; but what then, were they gone, and ſacrific'd to my reſentments, are there not more Men? And is not my Honour ſtill in the ſame danger, ſo long as that Woman is Breathing? She muſt——ſhe ſhall——then after another pauſe, breaking off his diſcourſe by ſnatches, as if what he would ſay were too, cruel to be ſpoken aloud: *Zora*, ſaid he, ſtay, no, go, and get this Robber of my Honour to come and receive his due reward; I ſhall look him more carefully in the Face, than I did in the dark, when I had no ſuſpition: go continued he; and ſend me ſome-body here mean time: *Zora* very glad of the employ, did preſently go, for fear that he ſhould once again change his reſolutions, and ſhe ſent ſome more of the Servants to him. The inraged Marqueſs commanded two of them to ſtand at the Chamber Door, and not to move from thence upon pain of immediate Death, till he return'd, nor

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to let his Wife go out, if ſhe ſhould attempt it, and not being contented with that, he took the Key along with him; he preſently ran into his Cloſet, out of which having taken a brace of Piſtols, and a long Stilletto, he preſently return'd again; he then gave order to two Servants to ſtand at the Street-Door, charging them, that ſo ſoon as they ſhould ſee the Doctor come into the Houſe, they ſhould ſhut him in, and not let him go out again, till he gave them order; two more Servants he plac'd at his Wife's Chamber door, with order to ſhut it ſo ſoon as the Doctor ſhould be come in; and two more he ſet in his Wife's Cloſet, charging them to be ready to come into the Chamber with their Swords drawn, ſo ſoon as he ſhould give the word; having thus plac'd his Centuries, he walk'd up and down the Chamber, after ſo ſtrange a manner, with ſuch ſtrange actions, and muttering to himſelf ſtrange things, that it might eaſily be gueſt at the fury which did poſſeſs his Soul.

Mean time the poor Marchioneſs, who had not ſpoken one word all this time, thinking that it would be to no purpoſe to make any excuſes, lay agitated with divers horrid fears; the leaſt of which haing been ſufficient to have broken any heart, leſs fortified with innocency and courage than hers. Sometime ſhe did reflect on what her Husbands paſſions had forc'd out of his Mouth, which threatned no leſs than her Life; at other times ſhe fear'd, having obſerv'd with what readineſs *Zora* was gone to fetch *Camille*, leſt that ſhe being affrighted with his rage, ſhould bring him along with her; and ſometimes too ſhe fear'd, leſt he ſhould come of his own accord, before that *Zora* ſhould come

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to him to give him notice of the imminent danger; and in a word, ſhe fear'd more for him, than for her ſelf; with a thouſand ſuch fears her mind was poſſeſs'd, when on a ſudden ſhe heard a great out-cry in the Houſe; the Marqueſs, who heard it likewiſe, did ſend one to know what was the matter, who preſently return'd with thoſe two that had been plac'd at the Street-door, who were bleeding, they told the Marqueſs, that the Doctor had enter'd the Door, but that as they were ſhutting it after him, he diſtruſting ſomething, it had made him to retire, but they oppoſing him, he had ſnatch'd a Sword out of their hands, and with it forc'd his way through them, into the Street again; at this relation the Marqueſs tore his Hairs, and drawing his Sword, had certainly run it through him that ſtood neareſt him, had he not diligently eſcap'd it, which furious action did make the reſt alſo to ſtand alſo at a further diſtance. I want words to expreſs, all that the height of the greateſt rage imaginable, did make the Marqueſs to ſay and act, therefore I ſhall paſs it by; to tell you, that while he was in the midſt of his fury, *Zora* came into the Chamber; ſhe having miſs'd of *Camille*, had left her meſſage with Father *Andrew*, with an account of all that had paſs'd, in as few words as ſhe could, that ſhe might haſten back to prevent *Camille's* getting into the Marqueſs's Houſe, who was gone forth in order to go there, after that he had call'd at *Don Alphonſo's*; but ſhe coming near home, had learn'd what had happen'd, by a Servant that was running for a Chiruregon to dreſs thoſe that *Camille* had wounded; all this was very well ſhe thought, but for fear that the Marqueſs

to let his Wife go out, if ſhe ſhould attempt it, and not being contented with that, he took the Key along with him; he preſently ran into his Cloſet, out of which having taken a brace of Piſtols, and a long Stilletto, he preſently return'd again; he then gave order to two Servants to ſtand at the Street-Door, charging them, that ſo ſoon as they ſhould ſee the Doctor come into the Houſe, they ſhould ſhut him in, and not let him go out again, till he gave them order; two more Servants he plac'd at his Wife's Chamber door, with order to ſhut it ſo ſoon as the Doctor ſhould be come in; and two more he ſet in his Wife's Cloſet, charging them to be ready to come into the Chamber with their Swords drawn, ſo ſoon as he ſhould give the word; having thus plac'd his Centuries, he walk'd up and down the Chamber, after ſo ſtrange a manner, with ſuch ſtrange actions, and muttering to himſelf ſtrange things, that it might eaſily be gueſt at the fury which did poſſeſs his Soul.

Mean time the poor Marchioneſs, who had not ſpoken one word all this time, thinking that it would be to no purpoſe to make any excuſes, lay agitated with divers horrid fears; the leaſt of which haing been ſufficient to have broken any heart, leſs fortified with innocency and courage than hers. Sometime ſhe did reflect on what her Husbands paſſions had forc'd out of his Mouth, which threatned no leſs than her Life; at other times ſhe fear'd, having obſerv'd with what readineſs *Zora* was gone to fetch *Camille*, leſt that ſhe being affrighted with his rage, ſhould bring him along with her; and ſometimes too ſhe fear'd, leſt he ſhould come of his own accord, before that *Zora* ſhould come

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being disappointed of his revenge on the Pilgrim, should in his passion discharge it all on his Wife: So soon as she was enter'd, she made signs unto the Marquess, as if she had something to say to him in private, he presently sent the Servants out and went into the Closet, where *Zora* followed him, after she had thrown a piece of Paper unto the Marchioness, in which was written: *Fear nothing.* She told the Marquess, that though she had fail'd of the Pilgrim, she had met with a Person as dangerous as he, and that was Father *Andrew*, that finding a Door shut she had look'd through the Key hole, and there she had seen and heard the Fryar, who with half a dozen more were contriving to take the Marchioness away by force at a Night, or upon the Road, when ever he should offer to remove her; that she understood that they had made many Friends in that City that were as willing as able, to serve the Pilgrim in that wicked design; and that therefore he was to lay his passion aside, and think what he had best to do, to prevent their designs. Do, said the Marquess, in as great a fury as ever, I will help them in it, they shall have her, I will bestow her upon her Minion, my self, I'll only keep her Heart to my self, and they shall share her Carcass amongst them; then presently after a little pause, fetching a great sigh, from the bottom of his Heart, but why should I design so foolishly, this would be to serve them according to their own desires, the Pilgrim has had her Heart long since, and it is only for her body that all this is; here he made another pause, which gave time to *Zora* to say, *Sir, there is no time to lose, spend it not therefore in vain reflections; once more let me persuade you to lay aside all passion, and to think of what is to be done*

done to ſecure the Marchioneſs from all their attempts: I have thought on't, reply'd the Marqueſs haſtily, *ſhe ſhall dye, and then there's an end of all, of all my miſeries at once, yea, and of me and all: Heavens forbid,* ſaid *Zora, Pray, Sir,* —*What wouldſt thou have me to do then?* reply'd the Marqueſs, interrupting her in a milder tone? *I will tell you, Sir,* reply'd *Zora, give out to your Servants immediately, that you will be gone from this City in the Morning early, that all things ſhould be got ready to that purpoſe with all the Oſtentation that may be, that the noiſe of it may be ſpread about the Town, eſpecially about the Confederates Quarters, ſo that they may know of it, and provide for the taking of the Marchioneſs on the Road; mean time let a Litter be got in private, wherein the Marchioneſs ſhould be convey'd in the dead of the Night, by force if ſhe makes reſiſtance; I ſhall take care to prevent her from making any noiſe, or getting out, and let the Litter be driven quite another way, than it ſhould have been given out that you intended to go, while that ye follow with your Mule; no doubt but this will deceive the Pilgrim and his Friends, who certainly will be upon the Road that way that you have given out you would go to intercept the Marchioneſs, mean time ſhe will have been convey'd to ſome other place of ſafety. This,* Sir, continued ſhe, *I have been thinking of, as I came home; the apprehenſions of ſome ſudden attempt, having ſet me upon it; for now that your Enemies are ſtrong and powerful, when they find that you ſtir not from hence, they will attempt any thing even here, and Heaven knows what they may not do, having the Marchioneſs always ready to aſſiſt them. And now, Sir, I leave to your prudence to judge, whether what I have propos'd, is not reaſo-*

nable, and the products of an Heart that is wholly devoted to your Service. My Dear, and Faithful, *Zora*, reply'd the Marqueſs, I can never thank thee ſufficiently for the cares which thouh aſt in my concerns, and I ſhall never forget it; I find all that thou haſt ſaid to be very good, and to proceed from a faithful Heart, but I will, or rather we will with deliberation, Methodiſe it ſo that our deſign ſhall not be capable of failing. I am of opinion therefore, as you have diſcreetly propos'd, that a Litter ſhould this day be got in readineſs, but I would have it to be convey'd a little way out of Town towards the place that I intend to go to, which is *Tolledo*, ſo privately that no notice may be taken of it, and in the Evening I will take thy Miſtreſs and thy ſelf in a Coach, and we will be carried thither, where you two ſhall get into the Litter, and I will follow upon my Mule, none of the Servants knowing of this but one that I dare conſide in, who ſhall be buſied with the reſt of his Fellows in geting all things ready for to be going in the morning, to ſome other place that I ſhall appoint them to meet me at: by theſe means we ſhall get a conſiderable way in our Journey, before any notice is taken of it, and the Villains will be fruſtrated of their expectation to morrow, when they ſet upon my empty Coach, and my Men, and the further to deceive them, my Servants ſhall tell them that we did not deſign to ſtir forth till the Evening, though we had ſent them before, for this will make them to deſiſt any further purſuit at that time, in hopes of meeting with us at Night. This is ſuch a way, reply'd *Zora*, as would be infallible, of getting your Wife ſafe from hence, if we could but be provided with a Litter and Mule drivers to attend

tend it without noiſe. There's the ſtreſs of the whole buſineſs, reply'd the Marqueſs, neither know I whom to truſt as to that; and I believe that I muſt go about it my ſelf. I would not have you to leave the Marchioneſs one moment, reply'd *Zora*, you have ſo affrighted all your Servants, that none dares to appear before you, but ſhe that would adventure a thouſand Lives to ſerve you; what do I know but that at this very preſent there is ſome correſpondency, between your Wife and her Confederates? Sould they attempt any thing in your abſence, either by the Garden, to get her out of the Window, ſhe being as ready to go, as they to receive her, who ſhould oppoſe them? where would be any aid? I ſhould quickly be diſpatch'd, and then the booty would be their own; therefore I think it very neceſſary for you to remain by her, till we all three are going in the Evening: That which thou haſt ſaid is very true, ſaid the Marqueſs; but then how ſhall we get this Litter and Men convey'd ſecretly another way out of Town, than we muſt ſeem to go? Let that be my care, Sir, ſaid *Zora*, I have ſome acquaintance here in Town, that ſhall do that buſineſs for us, I will go inſtantly to ſet them about it; but ſtay, reply'd the Marqueſs, till I have been in my Cloſet to fetch out ſome writings, and then I will not move from her Chamber till thy return. After this, the Marqueſs went out of the Chamber to his Cloſet, which gave time to *Zora* to tell the Marchioneſs, that ſhe ſhould fear nothing, that ſhe had appeas'd her Husband for the preſent, and that that Night ſhould be the laſt of her miſery; that ſhe would inform their Friends of all the buſineſs before ſhe return'd, take their advice likewiſe,

and of all make an abſolute concluſion, which ſhe would bring her back in writing, that ſhe might know what part ſhe had to act, and not be ſurpris'd; this did *Zora* deliver with ſuch a chearful countenance, kiſſing the Marchioneſs's Hand, that ſhe was very much comforted by it: *Zora* was after that adviſing her Lady to riſe, and pack up all her Jewels and other things of value by themſelves, when the Marqueſs return'd into the Chamber, to whom *Zora* ſaid, I have been perſuading, my Lady to riſe, and to prepare for her Journey, but ſhe will not believe that ſhe has need to make ſuch haſte. No! reply'd the Marqueſs; yet ſhe may be certain that ſhe ſhall not lye one Night longer in this place; therefore let her riſe, and pack up her things her ſelf, if ſhe will, for I have other employs for you, and now go about what I have ſent you to do: *Zora* preſently went about her buſineſs; the Marqueſs employ'd himſelf about making up and examining of Accounts, while the Marchioneſs went into her Cloſet, where ſhe employ'd her ſelf in diſpoſing of her Jewels privately about her, with other things of concerns, and ſtuffing up of thoſe Boxes and Caſes, that they were uſually carried in, with other things of little or no value: Thus the Marqueſs in the Chamber, having continually one Eye on the Cloſet Window, and the Marchioneſs in the Cloſet, did remain till *Zora* return'd, without ſpeaking one word to one another, to the Ladies great ſatisfaction.

Zora was not long before ſhe got to *Camille*'s, whom ſhe inform'd of what ſhe had done, and that the Marchioneſs had a knowledge of it: She likewiſe gave him an account of his fair eſcape, which

which he had made out of the Marqueſs's Houſe, while that the Marqueſs had ſent her on purpoſe to bring him to his inevitable Death. How that he had ſworn to tear his Heart out of his Body, and to give it to her: he need not put himſelf to that trouble reply'd *Camille*, I have long ſince ſav'd him that labour, in preſenting it my ſelf to her, in a condition to do her more Service, and therefore more acceptable. Let us loſe no time now, ſaid Father *Andrew*, and let it not be ſaid, that this Woman has done all her ſelf, but let us act our parts likewiſe. Then *Zora* told them, that there was to be got out of hand a Litter, Mules, and Mule drivers, that were to be convey'd very privately, at ſome ſmall diſtance from the City, at a place which ſhe nam'd. That ſhall be my charge, reply'd the good Father, and let me alone to deceive that wicked Father *Andrew*, and that abominable Filgrim; and be certain, that within three hours at fartheſt it ſhall be at the place appointed: Yes, but where will you find truſty men to attend it? reply'd *Zora*: Are not here two, anſwer'd the brisk Fryar? how many would you have? And for their fidelity to us, I will engage for the one if you will engage for the other, continued he, addreſſing himſelf to *Camille*; that will do very well, reply'd *Camille*, and my task ſhall be to diſcharge the Houſe, to provide good Horſes, and to crave the aſſiſtance of my worthy Friend *Alphonſo*, of his Lady, and of his Houſe and Servants, to receive us and our Prize, when we have it. Another thing is to be thought on alſo, ſaid Father *Andrew*, which is, to convey ſomething between the Marqueſs's Mules Feet and her Shooes, that ſhe may fall down right lame

within a little while after that he ſhall be got upon her, which will cauſe him to ſtay behind, while we diligently go on with the Litter. Better and better ſtill, ſaid *Camille*, I ſee that we ſhall bring it to ſomething at laſt. This will do, ſaid *Zora*, and I think that we need no further to conſult about it. No, no, reply'd Father *Andrew*, and therefore I am gone to get the Litter and all things belonigng to it: And if you pleaſe, Sir, ſaid *Zora* to *Camille*, to write down the reſult of our conſultation, I will inſtantly return and give it the Marchioneſs, and tell the Marqueſs, that within theſe two hours there will be a Litter in readineſs, at the place that he has appointed. That I'll ingage for, ſaid Father *Andrew*, and away went he: *Camille* having writ the Note of advice, did give it to *Zora*, who return'd home with it, and *Camille* having diſcharg'd the Houſe, went to his Friend *Alphonſo*, who he did very eaſily ingage and his Lady likewiſe, to ſerve him in that buſineſs, ſhe highly praiſing his reſolution, of putting the Marchioneſs into her hands, when that ſhe were at his whole diſpoſal; and *Camille* having told them the time and place that they ſhould meet them on the Road, where *Alphonſo* aſſur'd him he would not fail to be exactly; he return'd home, to wait for Father *Andrew's* return, which was preſently after, with a Litter, in which there were two Suits of Cloaths, to dreſs himſelf and *Camille* in, like Mule-drivers. He bid one of the Perſons that were come along with him, to follow him up ſtairs, where he ſhould receive his Money; ſo ſoon as he came into the Chamber, he call'd upon *Camille* to pay the Money, which he had agreed for, *Camille* did readily do it, and went into

to the Litter to the place appointed, where Father *Andrew* follow'd ; they were no ſooner got thither, but they ſent back the Mule-drivers, and accoutred themſelves in thoſe Cloaths which the Father had brought, which made a couple of excellent Varlets of them, in which poſture they waited for the Marqueſs's coming.

While theſe things had been tranſacting abroad, the Marqueſs had been examining the Pilgrim, which the Jaylor had brought to him according to his Orders ; at the very ſight of him, he found him not to be that Pilgrim which he meant, and at laſt having found his miſtake, and the cauſe of it, through his examining of every circumſtance, he diſcharg'd the follow, giving him a piece of Money for to make him amends for the wrong which he had done him, with which he went his way very well ſatisfy'd, that he had got his liberty at laſt, with a good ſum of Money.

Mean time *Zora* was return'd home, where ſhe had ſome opportunity, during the Marqueſs's examination of the Pilgrim, to give the Marchioneſs the Note, and a full account of all their proceedings, the Marchioneſs was very well pleas'd with what *Zora* did tell her, whereby divers ſcruples which had riſen in her mind, were remov'd : preſently after the Marqueſs came into the Chamber, and *Zora* told him, that there would be a Litter at the time and place appointed, with which he ſeem'd very well ſatisfy'd : The reſt of that day the Marqueſs did ſpend in giving his laſt orders to his Servants, and to get thoſe things together which he intended for his preſent uſes.

Having diſpatch'd all other buſineſſes, he return'd to his Wife's Chamber, where he bid his

Wife

Wife and *Zora* to prepare to be going within an hour, it being already towards the Evening. This made *Zora* to buſſel about, and to fit the Marchioneſs in a travelling poſture; at laſt, the Coach which the Marqueſs had appointed came to the Door, which made him to call upon his Wife once again; he led her to it, where he plac'd her, after which, he and *Zora* went in it; it was dark, and he had ſo muffled up both his Wife and *Zora* in Cloaks, that no body could well diſcern, if they were men or women; in a ſhort time after they came to the place, where the Litter was waiting for them, and his Mule likewiſe, which he had ſent before, whoſe Feet had been ſtuff'd, by the two new Mule drivers, with things more uneaſie, than ſhe could well indure. So ſoon as the Marqueſs did ſee the Litter, and having haſtily plac'd his Wife in it, and *Zora* by her, he made it up himſelf, and bidding the Mule-drivers go on, he got upon his Mule and follow'd.

They had not gone far before the Marqueſs's Mule began to halt, but he put her on ſtill, till at laſt ſhe could, or would not go any further; he did what he could to force her to it, but all in vain, for at laſt ſhe fairly laid her ſelf down, which oblig'd the Marqueſs to alight, and call after the Mule-drivers to ſtay, but they impatient to be at that place where they were expected by *Alphonſo*, and his Lady; they went on the faſter, he run after crying as loud as he could for them to ſtay, but the uncivil Mule drivers, did not ſo much as once look back; on the contrary the louder he call'd, and the faſter he did run, the faſter they drove, till they came to a turning, where they met with their Friends; preſently was the Marchioneſs taken,

ken out of the Litter by *Camille*, and led to *Alphonſo*'s Coach, where reſigning her into his Ladies Hands: *Thus, Madam,* ſaid he, *do I part with you, according to your deſires, and my promiſe, into the Hand of this moſt worthy Lady; and now, Madam, you are at your own diſpoſal*; there was no time for longer Compliments, the Marchioneſs only ſaid: *Now I find that you are truly generous, and that I have not deceiv'd my ſelf*: *Camille* gave her not time to ſay more, for he preſently put off his diſguiſe, and having got a Horſe, he and *Alphonſo* did ride by the Coach ſide, while it carried the two Ladies, *Zora*, and Father *Andrew*, another way into the City again, where they all got into *Alphonſo*'s Houſe by the back Door.

Mean time the poor Marqueſs did continue his hallowing and calling after the Mule-drivers, though he had long ſince loſt the ſight of them, and did trudge as he could after them; but the Gallants were gone with their Booty long before he did overtake the empty Litter, which the Mules (being left at their own diſpoſal) had carried to a little by-place, cloſe by the great Road, where they were biting upon a little Graſs, which they had met with; ſo that when he came up wearied and almoſt ſpent, he preſently look'd into it, but finding no body there, nor any where thereabouts, he fairly enter d it to reſt himſelf, never minding where the Mules did carry him; and they having eaten that little of Graſs that they had met with, they went on, as by chance they had turn'd themſelves, which prov'd to be the ready way back to the City.

The

The poor Marqueſs being thus carried, he knew not whither, nor did he care to know, with a very ſlow pace: He had both time and conveniency, to reflect on all his misfortunes, and eſpecially on the greateſt of all, the loſs of his Wife; concluding with himſelf, that the whole world did conſent to his miſeries. What to do, which way to go, or what to reſolve upon, he knew not; therefore letting the Mules go which way they pleas'd, he began to conſider with himſelf, what was the reaſon that he was ſo unfortunate above all other men: amongſt many things which came to his Fancy on this account, the great ſeverity with which he had us'd his Wife, by giving too much ſcope unto his paſſions, did not a little perplex him, which might be the cauſe that ſhe had hearkened after any deſigns that had been propos'd to her, of freeing her ſelf from it, which otherwiſe peradventure ſhe had refus'd: No, no, then would he ſay again, I muſt not charge my ſelf with a fault that is wholly hers; thoſe moſt laſcivious papers which I did ſee ſo lately, by meer accident, do but too well expreſs her inclinations; yet ſhe did not write them, continued he; then after a little pauſe, but ſhe receiv'd them, and gave them harbour in her own Bed; and it is conſequently to be believ'd, that ſhe own'd them, approv'd of them, and gave a ſilent conſent to all the ill that was contain'd in them: At this reflection he made a great ſigh, and remain'd a while ſilent, after which, he again broke out in this manner: *But when I firſt had her, and that ſhe did yet enjoy ſome moments of liberty, I could never tax nor accuſe her of any the leaſt correſpondency imaginable with any man; neither could I*

with

with all the exacteſt inquiſition that I could poſſibly uſe, learn that ſhe ever had any publick, or private and particular converſe with any Perſon; ſo that this Pilgrim which now poſſeſſes her, is perhaps known to her but of late, and by meer accident, and ſhe perceiving him to be a man of good meen and parts; why might not ſhe wiſh that he might know of her hard reſtraint, and deſire that he might relieve her out of it; and where is that man that would refuſe her; ſhe in all this may have aim'd but at liberty; and notwithſtanding what hopes ſoever he may build upon, as he expreſs'd in his writing: She might have nobler thoughts, and ſuch as might defeat all his ill deſigns: Yea, but thoſe Kiſſes, would he ſay again, in a little paſſion, *thoſe laſcivious Kiſſes might have been ſtoln from her*, continued he, as anſwering himſelf, *and I think that they were ſo mention'd, and if ſtoln from her as well as from me, why ſhould I think that ſhe did approve of it, or conſented to the ſtealth?* Thus was he canvaſſing the caſe to himſelf, willing in ſome meaſure to take upon himſelf the cauſe of his Wife's leaving of him, when on the ſudden, a noiſe which he heard, did cauſe him to look out of the Litter, at which the Mules did ſtop, this made him to alight, and preſently he perceiv'd that he was not far from his late Houſe, where his Servants were ſtill, he therefore finding that that noiſe which he had heard, was termining into a quarrel, and that there were Swords already drawn, and being not in a humour to mind ſuch things, at that time eſpecially, he made what haſte he could toward his Door; but as he came forth of the Litter, he perceiv'd ſome ſcatter'd Papers in it, which he had the curioſity to take up, and having given a blow to one

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of the Mules, they went on, while he got into his Houſe, where he was receiv'd with as much wonder as unexpectedneſs, by all his Servants. He preſently caus'd what they had diſplac'd in his Chamber, in order to tranſportation, to be laid in order again, and having forbid any of them to ask him any queſtions, he went to Bed, where he read thoſe Papers which he had found in the Litter.

The one of them was that Letter which the Marchioneſs had torn, not thinking it ſevere enough to rebuke *Camille*'s inſolence, in kiſſing of her; at which the Marqueſs ſeem'd as well pleas'd, as if he had been in hopes of getting his Wife again. The other were indifferent things, yet with ſomething or other ſtill in them, which ſpake more a deſire of being freed from Slavery, than of Love: theſe looſe Papers were, it was likely, ſcatter'd in the haſtily getting out of the Litter, at the time of the ſeiſing on the Marchioneſs; but ſuch as they were, they did ſo confirm him in thoſe thoughts which he inclin'd to have of his Wife's honeſty, that taking hold thereon, he did lay the whole cauſe of his miſcarriage upon himſelf; this with his late miſchance of the Tub, and his over heating himſelf in running after the Litter, together with the trouble of Spirit which he had upon him, for obliging, and in a manner, forcing his Wife to that extremity of leaving him, did preſently caſt him into a violent Feaver, to which a remorce of having divers times had a deſign of poyſoning of her, did not a little contribute.

Of truth the Marchioneſs was not ſo much to blame as ſome Perſons might imagin, if all the circumſtances of her late action was weigh'd with an

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equal hand, in the Scale of reaſon: She was young, and endowed with excellent parts of the mind; ſhe had been forc'd by her Parents into the arms of a Perſon for whom ſhe had a natural averſion againſt his Perſon, as well as againſt that moroſe, crabbed, and jealous Nature, which had always been predominant in him, that even before Marriage he had made her ſenſible of ſome of its ill effects, and had given out ſuch words within her hearing, as did ſufficiently expreſs how he would uſe her, when once ſhe was his Wife; ſhe had ever ſince that found and felt the ſad effect of thoſe Menaces, without the leaſt cauſe given by her to be ſo ill treated; it was a very hard Fate, for her thus to be ſequeſtred from all converſation, though never ſo modeſt and innocent, to be buried alive in the Arms of a Perſon that ſhe ſo perfectly loath'd, and that far from endeavouring to gain her affection, did uſe her ſo barbarouſly, that it daily did increaſe her averſion againſt him. All that ſhe had done was but to free her ſelf from that intolerable ſlavery under which ſhe lived moſt miſerably, and whatſoever her deliverer did promiſe, or propoſe to himſelf, as a reward for his Services; ſhe knew what was fit for her to give, not to prove ungrateful, and what to retain, not to be counted vitious: It is true, that ſhe had thrown her ſelf into the Power of an amorous young man, whom peradventure nothing would ſatisfie, but what ſhe was not to give, but then ſhe had not the opportunity to pick and chuſe: *Camille* was the only Perſon that had proffer'd his aid, to free her from her miſery; if ſhe refus'd this, ſhe knew not whether the Heavens wou'd be ſo kind to her again, as to ſend her any other opportunity; ſhe was going to b

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made yet more miſerable than ever, by that ſevere reſtraint that her too cruel Husband was going to put her under, as he had often given out he would, nay, her Life had often been threatned, though at a diſtance; in all theſe conditions ſhe could not hope to find any relief but in Death; ſhe was ſequeſtred from all her Friends and Relations, carried away into a ſtrange Country, where ſhe had no body to make her complaints unto. In the midſt of all theſe afflictions, *Camille* ſeem'd to her, as ſent from Heaven to be her deliverer; he was a Gentleman, ſo all his actions did ſpeak him, he might for ought that ſhe knew be virtuouſly given as ſoon as vitious, or at-leaſt virtue might have ſo much aſcendant over him, that with a modeſt reſiſtance againſt any inordinate deſires, ſhe might aſſiſt that virtue to get the upperhand in him. That in caſe he ſhould prove otherways, ſhe would endeavour to get out of his power, by the aſſiſtance of ſome Religious Perſons, or by giving private notice of it to her Relations, that in the mean time ſhe would ſtave him off with fair promiſes and delays, and finally if all that would not do, ſhe was reſolv'd to ſacrifice her Virtue to Death, rather than her body to his laſcivious Embraces.

It were with theſe and divers other conſiderations of the like Nature, that were back'd with that laſt reſolution of dying rather than yielding, that the Marchioneſs had caſt her ſelf into the Arms of *Camille*'s protection, which ſhe did ſoon put into practice; for the next morning, *Don Alphonſo* and his Lady going to ſee how *Camille* did, after the firſt Compliments were over, he did beg of her before her Husband, that ſhe would endeavour

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to prevail ſo with the Marchioneſs as that he might but ſee her. She immediately went about it, and was not long before ſhe return'd with leave for him to come to her, where he might ſtay ſo long as ſhe were by, to which he preſently conſenting, he went with her to the Marchioneſs's Chamber, he was no ſooner at the Door, but that he run, and caſting himſelf at her Feet, he ſaid: *Madam, I am come to offer you an heart more buſied with an earneſt ambition of ſerving you further yet,* than poſſeſt with the thoughts of receiving any recompence for his former Services: *Yet, Madam, not ſo wholly inſenſible of the happineſs, which he might receive from you, if you would but allow him ſome place in your eſteem, as not humbly to ſue for it. Sir,* replyed the Marchioneſs, making ſome motion which expreſs'd her deſire that he ſhould riſe, *I cannot be ſo inſenſible, of that generous aſſiſtance which I have receiv'd from you, as not to reſent it with all the gratitude that my boſome can be capable of, and it is ſo lately that I have felt the advantage of it, that I cannot ſo ſoon forget it. I do acknowledge, Sir, before this Lady here,* continued ſhe, *that I am infinitely oblig'd to you for what you have lately done in my concerns, for proof whereof, I do confeſs that I owe you all that my abilities in the preſent condition I am, and that my honour can permit me to give you; beſides this, I being of a Diſpoſition, as will not permit me to remain long in peace with my ſelf while that virtue lies unrewarded: I gladly receiv'd, and entertain'd your requeſt of ſeeing me, that I might have the opportunity of giving you ſome ſmall Tokens of my gratitude, till my good Fortune does enable me to further reach the merits of your ſingular Services to me; be pleas'd therefore to accept of all that little*

which I have in my own disposing at present, till Time and Fortune do further enable me to suit my rewards more proportionable to your deserts. *Camille* was going to answer, when she thus went on, taking hold of the middle of a Toylet that was upon a Table near her: Here, Sir, is all I have, it is small, considering what I owe you, I doubt not but that a Person that has acted so generously as you have done, will be contented with the good will, where the Power cannot extend any further, with that she lifted off the Toylet which she held in her hand, and discover'd to *Camille's* Eyes, a parcel of Jewels of great value. *Camille* had no sooner cast his Eyes upon them, but turning his Face from them, with an air that did express a contemning of such trifles. You have a design to mock me, Madam, said he, with an emotion which express'd his dislike, in pretending to gratify me, while you offer me this parcel of Jewels, and at the same time you reserve to your self that inestimable Gem, your heart, which might set me in possession of those Mines of Treasures which discover their Lustre over your Face, and—he was going on, when the Marchioness did thus interrupt him: Sir, you have very soon forgot the promises which you made to my Servant here, and doubtless that you were thinking of something else while you made them; yet I am happy in that you have observ'd so much of them as has invited you to put me into the hands of so worthy a Lady as this is, and in a place where I need not fear any thing beyond words; yet give me leave to tell you that they surprize me much; but however, Sir, I am extreamly sorry, that I cannot gratifie you out of my own store, and that you covet that which I was forc'd

long

long ago to part with to another, tho' I muſt confeſs abſolutely againſt my will; but however now it is no more mine, and though this Boſome, pointing at her Breaſt, is ſtill the Caskanet, wherein it is kept; there is ſuch a ſtrong Guard ſet upon it by Virtue, as can never be forc'd but with the loſs of my Life, till the right owner of it, though he is never ſo unworthy, loſes his property in it by death. If that were all, Madam, ſaid *Camille*, his Life were not ſo conſiderable, that he ſhould be loath to loſe it, or any one fear the taking of it away, which would be but like removing a Stone out of the way that would lead to the poſſeſſion of that precious Jewel: This did *Camille* ſay in a tone that expreſs'd much diſorder in his mind, of which the Marchioneſs taking notice: That were the way, ſaid ſhe, to caſt ſo dark a Cloud over it, and the raſh undertaker of ſo foul a deed, as would eternally darken its luſtre, and hide for ever from my Eyes that Perſon, that ſhould ſo unworthily attempt it, or ſhould they offer the leaſt violence to deprive me of it, I ſhould look upon them, as on the worſt of men; and I would certainly ſacrifice my Life for its preſervation. This did the Marchioneſs ſpeak with ſo much reſolution and boldneſs, that *Camille* was at a ſtand, not knowing what he ſhould ſay. Which gave the Marchioneſs leiſure to continue in this manner. But I can diſtinguiſh between what is ſpoken in raillery, and by way of common diſcourſe, from that which might proceed from the Heart, and I have better thoughts of my deliverer, neither can it enter in my imagination, that a Perſon that has ſo frankly ſerv'd me, ſhould harbour in his Breaſt ſuch mean and unworthy deſigns, while he contemns thoſe things which might have taken with any mercenary, and low Spirited Perſons. But I am confident,

continued she, that you are above those trifles, and that like all other brave Souls, yours expects its reward from that virtue, which set it on those brave actions, which cannot be recompenc'd, but by that same virtue, which first did move it to the performance. Here *Camille* being overcome by the Marchioness's generous expressions, and looking upon those designs with which he had approach'd her, as gross and foul Earthy exhalations, which if not dispersed from his mind, by those refulgent Rayes, which the brightness of the Marchioness's brave example did cast upon him, would hinder him from appearing with the like lustre, and from moving in the same Sphere of Virtue that she did; he therefore, wholly changing his mind, and first designs, as scorning to be out-done by a Woman, did immediately cast from himself all lascivious desires, and low thoughts, to give a full and entire possession of his Soul to Virtue, which made him answer the Marchioness in this manner.

That Virtue, Madam, which shines with so much lustre through all your actions, were more than sufficient, were I any other ways inclin'd, to work perfect reformation in me. It appears so great, so glorious, and so amiable in you, that nothing but that can be said to surpass all those other blessings of body and mind, that the Heavens have showr'd upon you with a prodigal hand, which moves an emulation in all generous Spirits; henceforward, Madam, continued he, I bid adieu to all the little Sallies and Gayeties of inordinate Youth, to wait with patience at your Feet, for what the Heavens will be pleas'd to set apart for me; only this, Madam, I humbly crave of you, that if ever there be hopes, I may stand the fairest in your

your affections; he will out-live your patience, Sir, reply'd the Marchioneſs; then turning her Head aſide to hide ſome bluſhes, which what ſhe was going to ſay did ſpread over her Face: at leaſt I fear ſo, continued ſhe, with a ſigh, after a little pauſe: Oh! Madam, what a Cordial have you adminiſtred to my fainting heart? reply'd *Camille*, ſay but once more, Madam, that you have that eſteem for me, as to allow of your Hearts good Wiſhes in my behalf, and I proteſt by all that is ſacred, never to endeavour my happineſs by any ſiniſter means; I ſhall with an exemplary patience wait for what my Stars and your fair ſelf have decreed for me, and employ all that time that ſhall run betwixt this moment and then, in admiring your Beauties, in ſetting forth your praiſes, and in obeying your Commands, with all the fervour, zeal, and diligence, that a Heart ſo poſſeſt with the admiration of your Virtues, as mine is, can be capable of. And I muſt tell you, reply'd the Marchioneſs, that ſo long as you bring that temper along with you, you ſhall be welcome to my heart, in which you may claim as a great ſhare, as Virtue and Honour can allow you. This Crowns that Victory, Madam, anſwer'd *Camille*, which I have lately obtain'd over my paſſions, and that honour which I receive of being the firſt in your eſteem, is ſo far beyond all that I ſhall ever merit, that I can deſire no more than the permiſſion to ſeal the proteſtation which I here make to be eternally yours, (with that the Marchioneſs gave him her Hand to kiſs) upon this white Author of my happineſs, continued he, till I have leave to taſte of that Nectar which flows on your Lips. That you once took, ſaid the Marchioneſs, when I was

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not in a condition to forbid it, which I have you know forgiven you, and I will not refuſe ſo inſignificant a thing however you eſteem it, when you ſue ſo modeſtly for it, but ſtop there, and let the bounds of your deſires be limited within this compaſs, till it ſhall pleaſe the Heavens to enlarge them; After this *Camille* kiſs'd her Lip, and was going to return her thanks with an aſſurance of his moderation, when Father *Andrew* enter'd the Chamber as brisk as could be, ſaying, Madam, give me my News-gift before I tell you the beſt news that you have heard ſince your deliverance. That I will good Father, reply'd the Marchioneſs, for I own my ſelf already much indebted to you; with that ſhe took up a fair Diamond-Ring which lay upon the Table, and taking out of her Pocket a Purſe of Gold, Sir, ſaid ſhe in a low voice to *Camille*, giving him the Ring, accept of this pledge of my Friendſhip, and wear it for my ſake; then turning to Father *Andrew*; and you good Father, continued ſhe, receive this ſmall reward of your Services, until I am in a better capacity to acknowledge them: ſaying this, ſhe gave him the purſe of Gold. The good Father having receiv'd the golden bleſſing with an humble bow, he thus began his Story.

I am but juſt now return'd from the City, where after divers inquiries, I have learned that the Marqueſs your Huband, Madam, was return'd to his Lodgings before day, that he had been taken ſo violently ill of a Feaver, that all the Phyſicians of the Town that are about him had given him for dead; notwithſtanding the frequent repetitions of bleeding, and all the other means that their Art can uſe upon him; his Feaver increaſing ſo violently

lently that he ſays himſelf that he is a dead Man: This made me go to a Religious Father of my acquaintance here, where having fitted my ſelf with a Religious Habit, I deſired him to accompany me to the Marqueſs, where I prayed him to mix amongſt his comforts ſome gentle touches of his hard uſage of you, with ſome admonition to make you amends at his Death. But when we came there, I ſtanding a little aſide, leſt my preſence ſhould diſtract his thoughts, I found him already diſpos'd as I would have him, he was ſaying to his Kinſman the Juſtice that is with him, that he was very ſenſible of the wrongs which he had done his Wife, that he wiſh'd that he could but once again ſee her before he died, to ask her pardon for it; that for proof that this reconciliation to his Wife was ſincere, he declar'd, after ſome few Legacies and ſome guifts to the Church to pray for his ſoul, he would leave his dear Wife ſole Heir of his Eſtate. This news made the Marchioneſs to go immediatly to her Husband, who did no ſooner perceive her, but he took her by the hand, and did a Thouſand times ask her pardon for his ill treating of her, and after he had ratified the Will which he had made, ſince Father *Andrew*'s abſence, and which was in his Kinſmans hands, having call'd for it, and given it to her in the preſence of all, he preſently after gave up the Ghoſt. The Marchioneſs after this, leaving directions with her Husbands Kinſman concerning what ſhe would have done, leaving to his management all the concerns in that City; as alſo the care of her Husband's Tranſportation and Burial in his own Country, according to his deſires, amongſt his Anceſtors; ſhe return'd to *Alphonſo*'s

Houſe,

Houſe, where being fatigated and late in the Night, ſhe went to Bed.

The next morning after that ſhe was up and ready to receive a viſit, *Camille* came to her to renew his ſuit, ſummoning her of her promiſes; to which ſhe made anſwer, that ſhe would do him Juſtice; after which *Don Alphonſo*, his Lady, Father *Andrew*, and *Zora*, being preſent, ſhe declar'd before them all, that ſhe receiv'd Signior *Camille* for her Husband, ſhe gave him her hand in aſſurance of it, and further ſaid, that ſo ſoon as ſhe had paid thoſe formalities which were due to the dead, ſhe would confirm it by marriage. *Camille* full of Joy did return her all the thanks imaginable; the whole company did applaud her choice, and wiſh'd them both all Joy and Happineſs.

After that all the ceremonies of the Funeral were over, and that the Marchioneſs had ſent her late Husband's Kinſman to take poſſeſſion in her name of what he had left her, ſhe began, through *Camille*'s inceſſant importunities, to think on Marriage: In ſhort, within the compaſs of ſome Months they were Married, to both their contents, after which they having return'd infinite thanks to *Don Alphonſo* and his Lady, and given them ſome preſents, as alſo to the Juſtice who had been their Friend: they took leave of all, and return'd into *Italy*, taking along with them, the good Father *Andrew*, and *Zora*, where they were both provided for during their lives very plentifully; and *Camille* having made his peace with the Church, he enjoy'd his Marchioneſs with great pleaſure and content.

5 AP 66

FINIS.